MODERN
SCOTTISH POETS
SECOND SERIES

JAMES MCKENZIE,
New and Second-hand Bookseller,
238, Buchanan Street, GLASGOW.

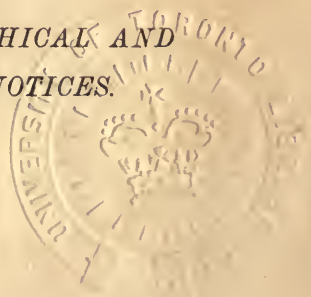
[Edwards, David Herschell]

E 926 B

*Second Series.*

# MODERN SCOTTISH POETS

*WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.*



506097
4.4.50

BRECHIN:
D. H. EDWARDS.
1881.

PR
8657
E4
ser. 2

## PREFATORY NOTE.

AFTER our introductory remarks to the first series, it is unnecessary for us to do more in the way of explaining the nature of this work. We have now merely to state our reasons for extending it so much beyond the limits at first intended. When the first series was almost completed, we received heavy budgets of valuable matter; and this fact becoming known to many literary friends, we were advised to endeavour to complete the work by issuing a second and third series, and thus in a measure make it a complete dictionary or gazetteer of Modern Scottish Poetry. As several competent authorities considered that many of the previous sketches were too brief, we have here, where desirable, gone more fully into details of the career of the authors. We feel grateful for the kindly reception the first effort met with from the public and the press, and trust our conscientious endeavours will again meet with approval.

D. H. EDWARDS,
*Brechin Advertiser* Office.

# CONTENTS.


PAGE.

ANDERSON, WM. . . . . 234
The Lanely Widow.
Jean Findlater's Loun,
The Forsaken.
My Luckyminny's Kist.

AITKEN, WM. . . . . 161
Jean and Geordie.
The Song of Death.
God Bless my Bonnie Bairn.
The Auld Laird's Deid.

BALFOUR, WM. L. . . . . 167
Wanted a Wife.
Peter and his Pig.

BARNET, J. . . . . 288
My Ain Bell.

BARR, MATTHIAS . . . . 200
When we were bits o' Bairnies.
Only a Baby Small.
Borthwick Braes.

BELL, THOMAS . . . . . 55
Ballad.
Song.

BETHUNE, G. W. . . . . 313
The Auld Scotch Sangs.
O, Happy was the Gloamin'.
Words for Music.
Early Lost, Early Saved.

BLACK, J. . . . . 179
Child Memories.
The Smile o' the Lass we Lo'e.

BLYTH FAMILY, THE . . . 97
Had I a Galley.
My Gude Auld Cotton Umberell.
A Flight.
This Summer Day.
The Gale.
Sonnet—To Liberty.

PAGE.

BROWN, J. . . . . 131
She was not Old.
Mary Cree.
My Ain Native Vale.

CHISHOLM, WALTER . . . 62
To a Thrush—In Winter.
A Heather Lilt.
Spring.
Griefs an' Cares.

COCK, JAMES . . . . . 181
To a Mouse.

CRAIG, J. . . . . 121
Robin's Welcome.
The Wastlan' Win'.

CRAIG-KNOX, ISA . . . . 292
Our Father.
My Mary and Me.
Treasured.
A Father to his Infant Daughter.
A Song of Summer.

CHAMBERS, R. . . . . 357
Young Randal.
Scotland.

CHAPMAN, J. . . . . 318
The Sword and the Cross.
Culloden.
The Moral Rubicon.
Bocht Wit's Best.

CRAWFORD, W. . . . . 328
My Sailor Laddie.

CRUICKSHANK, WM. . . . 192
Charlie Neil.

DONALD, GEORGE . . . . 72
Our Ain Green Shaw.
The Ruined Hamlet.
Autumn Musings.

PAGE.

DAVIDSON, THOMAS . . . 84
The Auld Ash Tree.
The Course of Feigned Love Never Did Run Smooth.
The Yang-Tsi-Kiang.
Primroses.
His Last Poem.

FERGUSON, F. . . . . 249
Resting by the Sea.
Hermitage.

FRASER, GORDON . . . . 157
A Legend of Kyrke-Mayden.

GALBRAITH, JAMES . . . 147
The Lyre.
Prometheus.
The Cataplasm.

GARDEN, WILLIAM . . . 24
The Auld Man's Fareweel.
A Mother's Lullaby.
Ode to my Countrymen.

GARDEN, ALEX. F. . . . 117
Pleasures of a Ploughboy's Life.
Summer in the City.
The Beauties of a Border Landscape.

GEMMELL, ROBERT . . . . 57
Address to Dundonald Castle.
Looking Back.
To my Books.
The Trysting Tree.

GORDON, G. J. . . . . 256
A Mother's Grief.
Cuddle Doon, my Bairnie.
Dreich i' the Draw.

GUTHRIE, J. . . . . 92
The Redeemer's Tears.
Nature's Anthem.

HARGRAVE, HUGH D. . . 139
Oor Fire En'.
There's a Bonnie Bairnie.

HOWDEN, ROBERT . . . 34
The King's Welome.
The Raven and Mavis.

PAGE.

IMRIE, D. . . . . 224
Lament of a Mother on the Death of her Son.

JAPP, ALEX. H. . . . . 106
A Music Lesson.
Sister Helen.
Little Baby.
A Debt Unpaid.

JERDAN, SAMUEL SMILES . 17
Bread.
By-and-By.
Speiring the Guidwull.

JARDINE, J. . . . . 239
Time.
The Evening Beams.

JOHNSTONE, REV. J. . . . 174
The Twa Elders.

LAIDLAW, W. . . . . 331
Spring.

LAING, ALEX. . . . . 273
The Wayside Flower.
Ae Happy Hour.
Archie Allan.
Adam Glen.
The Winter Evening.

LANCASTER, G. E. M. . . 183
The Waking of the Lark.
Beethoven at the Piano.

LOGAN, THOMAS . . . . 30
The Kirkyard at Hame.
My Ae Year Auld.
Hame Reform.

LONGMUIR, J. . . . . 39
Hain an' Hae.
The Pleasure Trip.
Professor Beattie's Garden Lesson.

LYTE, H. F. . . . . 78
Abide with Me.

MARSHALL, CHARLES . . 28
A Right Spirit.
My Mither's Counsel.

MACPHERSON, R. S. . . . 203
A Word to the Bairnies.
When Skies were Blue.

PAGE.

MACRAE, DAVID . . . . 188
In Memoriam.
On Fire.
Charlie's Grave.

MAC DONALD, G. . . . . 266
This Side an' That.
An Old Sermon with a New Text.
Wha's My Neibor.
Baby.
The Waesome Carl.

MARTIN, J. L. . . . . 333
Forced.
The Ploughman Student.

MILLER, F. . . . . 265
In the Garden.
Carlisle Cathedral.

M'INTOSH, D. . . . . 329
The Mitherless Laddie's Lament.

M'LAUCHLAN, A. . . . . 259
Old Adam.
May,
Old Hannah.

M'KAY, ARCHIBALD . . . 375
Be Kind to Auld Grannie.
The Mither to Her Bairns.
The best thing wi' Gear is the Haining O't.
My First Bawbee.

MACKELLAR, MARY . . . 196
To a Sprig of Heather.
Lame Willie.

MANNERS, J. M. . . . . 289
I saw the Wood change Colour
The Spring Banquet.
Courage.
The Highland Tartan.

M'CRAKETT, P. . . . . 340
The Bairnie Awa'.
Patience Amid the Ills o' Life.
The Lammermoor Hills.

M'LAREN, J. W. . . . . 346
The Wee Lock o' Hair.
The Sun i' the Lift was Shinin' fu' Bonnie.

PAGE.

MITCHELL, ALEX. . . . . 37
Wordsworth.
Roslin.

M'QUEEN, T. . . . . 323
Address to the River Garnock

M'AUSLANE, WM. T. . . . 135
The Flight of Time.
Resigned in Hope.
The Higher Life.

MILNE, J. . . . . 362
Leap Year.
The Murderer's Last Dream.

MUIR, J. K. . . . . 381
Hope's Whisper.
Song.
Passing Away: or the Wind's Words.

MUIR, WILLIAM . . . . 49
Jubilee for Jubilee.
Speed to the Plough.

NICHOL, J. . . . . 245
Lucerne.
Contrasts.
Song from Hannibal.
Mare Mediterranean.
J. P. N.

ORMOND, T. . . . . 354
My Mither's Red Plaid.
Oor Lumheid.

OUTRAM, G. . . . . 214
The Annuity.
What will I do gin my Doggie Die?

PATON, J. N. . . . . 296
The Chieftain's Coronach.
Song.
Love and Friendship.

PATON, REV. J. . . . . 309
The May-Day of the World.
The Princess Alice.

PROCTOR, JAMES . . . . 79
Abide in Me.
Behold the Lamb of God.

ROBERTSON, ALEX. . . . 155
Thorns Amongst the Flowers.

PAGE.

REID, W. . . . . 349
Auld Tammas Marr.
My Mither Tongue.

RIDPATH, WM. S. . . . . 242
Povertie's Counsel.
Annie.

ROBERTSON, ALEX. . . . 326
The Auld Birken Tree.
To the Auld Wife.

ROSS, J. . . . . 352
The Year That's Awa'.
A Song of Control.

SALMON, J. . . . . 205
Gowodean, a Pastoral.

SCOTT, WILLIAM . . . . 67
Harp of the Border.
The Auld Slitrig Brig.

SCOTT, W. . . . . 367
The Witches of Cairn Catta.
Robin Burns at Hame Shall Bide.
The Broken Heart.

SMITH, REV. WM. W. . . 141
The Bairnie.
Fare Thee Weel, Bright Land of Story.
Bonnie Meg.
The Nurse o' Men.
Summer Friends.
Wee Jeanie.
Out of Captivity.
The Visitor.
Peden's Prayer.

SMITH, D. M. . . . . 211
Wrecked.
Take the World as you Find It, Lad.
The Deil's Stane.

SPENS, WALTER COOK . . 124
Chords of a Heart.
The Brooklet.
Beside a Little Grave.
Blantyre.

STODDART, J. H. . . . . 300
The Blacksmith.
The Village.

PAGE.

SMIBERT, THOMAS . . . . 379
The Widow's Lament.

TASKER, D. . . . . 280
The Bairnies at Hame.
The Picture on the Wall.

TEENAN, J. . . . . 229
The Provost.
Jimsie.
To the Robin.
A Strolling Player.

THOMSON, DAVID . . . . 112
The Wee Orphan Wean.
The Highlander's Return.
Scotland's Bairns.
God seen through Nature.
Cheerfulness o' Simmer.

THOMSON, WM. . . . . 156
Dews.
Love's Summer.

WALLACE, ANDREW . . . 101
Moonlight.
To Spring.
Hurrah for our Island.

WATSON, T. . . . . 220
The Deil in Love.
The Weary Spule.

WATT, WILLIAM . . . . 51
Hab o' the Mill.
Kate Da'rymple.

WATERS, D. . . . . 253
Kitty.
Norman's Song.
The Banks o' Doon.

WHITELAW, J. M. . . . 226
Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani.
To Jean.

WILLIAMSON, EFFIE . . . 304
A Summer-Day Reverie.
Curly Pow.
My Native Land.
Falling Leaves.
O, I wish it were weel awa'.

WINGATE, D. . . . . 283
The Gloamin' Hour.
October.
The Collier's Ragged Wean.

# MODERN SCOTTISH POETS.

## SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN,

A NEPHEW of Samuel Smiles, the author of "Self-Help," not only bore his uncle's distinguished name, but in his literary leanings, early manifested, gave proof that he had been baptised into his spirit. He was born at Haddington in 1846, in the house of his maternal grandmother—Mrs Smiles. His parents removed from Dunkeld, where his father was a bookseller, to Dalkeith, when the subject of our sketch was a year old. Here he received the ordinary elements of a good English education, and although naturally restless, and fond of innocent boyish pranks, his quick perception and bright intellect enabled him with little application to make a creditable appearance in his classes. In a biographical sketch in a volume—"Essays and Lyrics," edited by his brother, Rev. Charles Jerdan, M.A., Dundee, and published by Andrew Elliot, Edinburgh, in 1878, we are told that he must have received by far the larger part of his training after leaving school; and, indeed that he was in an emi-

nent degree self-educated. The most successful of all curriculums of education is always that to which a man subjects himself; and the brief career of Samuel Smiles Jerdan is fitted to remind us that there are strong educational forces in the world besides those that breathe in academic groves, or that are locked up in the classics of ancient Greece and Rome.

In his fourteenth year he was apprenticed to a firm of merchants in Dalkeith, with whom he remained for six years. During these years the higher faculties of his mind began to awake, and he showed the first signs of those literary sensibilities and aspirations which were destined to colour to such an extent his brief manhood. He read daily the book of human character, and became a keen and accurate observer of manners. He began to be charmed with the spell of poetry, growing familiar especially with Longfellow and Tennyson, and poring over the dramas of Shakespeare.

On leaving his first situation, Samuel entered into an engagemeut as a commercial traveller for a business house in Leith, and gave this migratory life a sufficiently long trial to find it somewhat uncongenial to his disposition and temperament. By-and-by he entered the Excise department of the Civil Service, and was located successively at Edinburgh, Fettercairn, Brechin, and Kirkliston. Having a considerable amount of time at his command, he devoted much of his leisure to general reading, and subjected himself to a course of study in mathematics and philosophy.

It was in April, 1869, that "Bread," the first of his lyrics written for the *Scotsman* newspaper, appeared in the columns of that journal. The hearty appreciation with which it was received seems suddenly to have awaked within him the consciousness of his latent talent, and unlocked the fountain of his poetic inspiration. Others speedily followed in the course of the same season. These, as well as many

of his subsequent poems, were copied into other newspapers, both Scottish and English. Several of his lyrics were set to music shortly after they appeared, and published in London with considerable success.

In 1872 he was transferred, in accordance with his own desire, to the head office of the Inland Revenue, in Waterloo Place, Edinburgh. His desk was in the Stamp department, and he found his new duties there more congenial to his refined and educated tastes than those which he had discharged in connection with the out-door service. The growing appreciation of his poetical talents made gradual way for him into the society of literary men. He made the acquaintance, among others, of Mr Alexander Russel, editor of the *Scotsman*, in which newspaper the best of his lyrics continued to appear.

Mr Jerdan began now also to contribute prose papers to various periodicals, in the form of essays, literary criticisms, short tales, and sketches of character. Most of his reviews and critiques appeared latterly in the columns of the *Edinburgh Courant*. His essays and miscellaneous papers were principally written for the *People's Friend*. "Shakespeare's Seven Ages" appeared in successive numbers of that periodical towards the close of 1874.

In 1876 his strength began to fail, and it became apparent that an arrest had been put upon his eager and active spirit. He began to "set his house in order"—remarking one day to a friend that "he felt now as if some one had tapped him on the shoulder and told him he was wanted elsewhere." In the memoir already referred to, and to which we are indebted for these particulars, we are told that until near the end he found it difficult, in the presence of those visitors in whose society he delighted, to reduce his spirits to a degree of tranquility befitting his physical weakness; for he often wore himself out in entertaining them with his easy flow of intellectual conversation, intermingled with sallies of merriment,

and sent them away wondering if he could be so very seriously ill after all. He died, with a simple, peaceful trust upon the righteousness and love of the Redeemer, in February, 1878.

Our leading newspapers expressed in graceful language their warm appreciation of his talents, and their regret that such a bright and promising career had been so suddenly brought to a close—in the words of his friend, L. J. Nicolson—

> "The song was hushed that was so well begun,
> To add a name to unfulfilled renown."

His intellect is said to have been acute rather than strong, and brilliant rather than profound. His prose contributions showed that if his life had been prolonged he would have attained a distinguished place in English literature, while his lyrics gave evidence of delicacy of thought, fertility of imagination, and felicity of language—clear and running as a brook, and as full of liquid melody. His poems are mostly subjective—expressing his own individual thoughts and emotions, and viewing the outer world chiefly as reflected in the experience of his own life. Some little incident which came under his own observation, or which struck him in the course of his reading, and which another mind might not have observed at all, he would revolve awhile in his fertile fancy, and presently issue enshrined in a clear-cut, suggestive, "solemn-thoughted idyll."

### BREAD.

To toil and moil,
Early and late,
Poor Humanity,
This is thy fate!

Go to the town, with its noise and din,
Look at the faces pinch'd and thin;
Hear the tramp of hurrying feet,
As men jostle and push on the crowded street.
Ever, for ever, they strive and strain,
Wearing and tearing nerve and brain,

Selfishly each one trying to gain,—
What ? Not money, or honour, or fame,
But a little fuel to feed the flame,
The fire of life, which must be fed ;
And the strife is the struggle for daily bread.

Buy or sell
Whatever you may ;
Hammer or spin
Night and day.

Since man first fought with the sulky soil,
Harder and harder has grown his toil,
Till now, with the very struggle and strife
In trying to live, men wear out life.
See the mother attending the factory wheels,
Trying to stifle the love she feels,
While over her heart there gently steals
A thought of the child in her lonely cot.
Is it crying for food, which she has not got ?
Bread ! bread ! that is the cry.
Well, work very hard and you may not die !

Sweat of the brow,
Sweat of the brain—
These are the wages
Of sin, the pain

Which fell on man when he fell from God,
And was banish'd from Eden's bless'd abode.
Trying to grasp intangible breath,
And drive away the fear of death,
Man labours for that *which perisheth*.
Generations of men, they come and they go,
Like the restless tide, with its ebb and flow ;
One passeth for ever out of the strife,
One rises behind to fight for life ;
And the wail of the world, as it whirls through space,
Ever pierces the "high and the lofty place."

## BY-AND-BY.

By-and-by,
By-and-by,
With a heigh-ho and a long-drawn sigh,
The child is thinking of by-and-by.
Sitting and gazing into the fire,
He watches the flickering flame leap higher.
And he sees the falling spark expire ;
And he longs, and he thinks, and he heaves his sigh,
And he dreams of the golden by-and-by.

By-and-by,
By-and-by,
The road is steep, but the aim is high,
And the man is working for by-and-by.
Struggling and fighting night and day,
Selling God's time as best he may,
He grasps at the world as it passes away ;
And he fights, and he strives, but he breathes no sigh.
He gathers the treasure for by-and-by.

By-and-by,
By-and-by,
Weary and worn, with a helpless cry,
The old man waits on the by-and-by.
His eye is dim, and the sun is cold,
And the man is wither'd, and pale, and old ;
His by-and-by 's under the churchyard mould,
And he waits, and he longs, for his time is nigh,
And the weary shall rest in the by-and-by.

## SPEIRING THE GUIDWULL.

The moon was shinin' bright and fair,
The wind blew cauld across the moor,
As Robbie Bell, spried-up and clean,
Wi' weel-spun hose and buckled shoon,
In shepherd's plaid, and bannet blue,
Gaed yont to see "his cushie doo,"
A weel-faur'd lass, a sonsie queen—
Faith ! he was prood o' bonnie Jean.

At kirk or market sly was she,
Took unco care that nane wad see
The look she meant for Rab himsel' ;
In troth the neebours couldna tell
Whether she liked the lad or no—
The mair she'd like, the less she'd show ;
But weel kent Rab, and him alane,
That a' her heart was a' his ain.

Doon by the wimplin' burnie's side,
Where droopin' saughs and willows hide
Fond lovers frae a' pryin' een,
Rab aft had courted bonnie Jean—
Had sweetly pree'd her cherry mou',
Had ca'd her een sweet, saft, and blue,
Had fum'led wi' her gowden hair,
An' praised her charms in Doric rare.

But tho' Rab courted geyan slee,
Fair Jeanie's mither fine could see
Hoo lay the land, and unco weel
Was pleased that sic a wiselike chiel

Had fancied Jean. Did she no ken
That Rab had taen a but and ben?
Full prood the wifie was to learn
O' guid doon-sittin' for her bairn.

Wi' anxious heart, across the hill
Rab gaed a-speirin' the guidwull.
When Jeanie heard his whustle clear,
She slippit out, she wadna hear
The story he had come to tell.
Auld Tammas likit Robbie Bell,
An' weel she wot he's sure to tak'
The offer Robbie comes to mak'.

The tale's sune tellt: Auld Tam agrees,
An' Jeanie's mither, laughin', sees
Rab lookin' for his darlin' lass.
But, bide a wee, he still maun pass
Another trial: "The but an' ben,
A canty biggin doon the glen,
Is fine," says Tam; "but has he poo'r
O' utterance when comes the 'oor?"

The "big ha' Bible" fra its place,
Tam hands to Rab, looks in his face,
An' layn't on the laddie's knees,
Says, "Rab *ye'll tak' the exercese.*"
Wi' reverent look, the bannet blue
Is doffed; he reads the chapter through:
In trembling voice he tries to pray;
Outside fair Jeanie's lis'nin' tae.

Noo a' is dune, and by the han'
Tam grippin' Rab, says, "Ye're the man;"
An' Jeanie's mither gangs to see
"Whaur can that glaikit lassie be;"
But Jeanie, wi' her heart at mou',
Comes in to see her laddie noo;
And Rab gangs whustlin' ower the hill,
Weel satisfied he's "speired their wull."

O Scotland dear! I love thee well,
Dear to my heart is hill and dell,
Dear rocky glen and ferny scaur,
Dear mountain peak; but dearer far
These annals of a bygone time,
Howe'er uncouthly shaped in rhyme.
'Tis well the poet sweetly sings—
"From scenes like these our grandeur springs."

## WILLIAM GARDEN

WAS born at Auchanacie, parish of Keith, Banffshire, in 1848. His father had a "wee craftie" in that district, and William was the seventh of a family of ten. He was sent to the school during the winter months, but, along with the others, he had to take his turn at the "herdin'" in summer. After a few years spent in farm service, he was sent to Keith to learn the baking trade, and in the evenings attended a literary society, at which he made the acquaintance of William Donaldson, author of "The Queen Martyrs." His mental powers awakened, he began to think, read the great masters, wrote verses in his leisure hours, and in 1868 published a volume, entitled "Meg's Wedding, and other Poems." This volume was very successful. After working some time in Edinburgh, he returned to the north, and commenced business on his own account in the village of Archiestown, Craigellachie, where he still resides—believing, to use his own words, "not only in the stern necessity, but in the blessing of steady, manly, honest work." His poems are reflective, and his songs are sweet and musical—the expression of an inner music—an abiding sense of a harmony that comes upon him most powerfully when busy at his daily employment.

### THE AULD MAN'S FAREWEEL.

O, come an' hicht the pillow
That supports my aged head,
For a few mair fleeting moments
Will lay me wi' the dead.
The san's o' time are dancin'
And quiverin' in the glass,
The eternal gates are openin',
Thro' which I soon must pass.

Come, gie's your han', my darlin',
The han' aft link'd in mine,
As on the road we bounded
Wi' joyous steps langsyne,
An' lead me to the border,
An' enable me to brave
The stream o' death, sae sullen,
For I hear its rushin' wave.

The spark o' life is flickerin',
Wi' a weak, unsteady lowe,
An' I feel the sweat sae clamy
That's gatherin' on my brow.
An' a dark an' misty shadow
O'er my eyes is floating slow,
An' my limbs are growin' chilly,
An' my heart is beatin' low.

Thro' my brain a sickly feelin'
Gaes boundin' wi' a stoun';
On my sicht a' thing is fadin',
An' swimmin' roun' an' roun'.
O' this dull life I'm weary,
An' I lang to be at rest,
An' the green grass saftly wavin'
O'er my still an' quiet breast.

We hae linkit lang together
Down the thorny vale o' years,
Thou hast ever been the sharer
O' my hopes an' gloomy fears;
An', like a guardian angel,
Aye watchin' by my side,
To keep my frail bark sailin'
O'er the rough an' troubl'd tide.

In the cloudless blazin' mornin'
O' life's bricht happy hours,
When a' aroun' was smilin'
Like burstin' bloomin' flowers,
An' the birds a' sweetly chantin'
On ilka leafy tree,
Thy voice was aye the sweetest,
Like the saftly humin' bee.

When the win', sae sad an' gusty,
Was moanin' in the trees,
An' distant wailin' voices
Were borne upon the breeze;
When tempests wild were rushin',
An' storms did darkly loom,
Ye, like a bricht star shinin',
Aye dispell'd the thick'nin' gloom.

But why this idle dreamin'
O' the dark an' dreary past?
I hae lang for this been waitin',
An' noo its come at last.
An' why the tear that's tricklin',
An' why that sobbin' deep?
My hairs are thin an' hoary,
An' I noo should be asleep.

## A MOTHER'S LULLABY.

Come an' lay yer headie doon,
Come awa', come awa',
Saft will be yer sleep an' soun',
Come an' gently lay it doun;
Bonnie dearie, come awa'.

Come, an' I will sing a tune,
Come awa', come awa',
Sweet will be yer sleep an' soun',
Come an' lay yer headie doun,
Bonnie lammie, come awa'.

Come an' saftly lay it doun,
Come awa', come awa';
Angels frae the land aboon
Will descend an' flit aroun';
Bonnie dearie, come awa'.

Come an' lay yer headie doun,
Come awa', come awa';
Come an' I will deck it doun,
Deck yer bonnie curly croon;
Bonnie lammie, come awa'.

Come an' I will hum a tune,
Come awa', come awa';
Lovely dreams will fa' aroun'
Wi' a soothin', cheerin' soun';
Bonnie dearie, come awa'.

Come an' lay yer headie doun,
Come awa', come awa';
Shinin' forms will watch aroun',
Sweet will be yer sleep an' soun';
Bonnie dearie, come awa'.

## ODE TO MY COUNTRYMEN.

Winds ever wander,
Seas never rest,
Heavens never wrinkle,
Stars ever twinkle;
And the flush sunset
Paints the bright west.

Gleams the old glory,
  On sea and shore;
God is still bending
O'er us, and sending
Joy from that fountain,
  Love, evermore.

Many tongues warble
  O'er the green earth,
Love is eternal,
Blooms ever vernal,
Shines on our life-way
  Back to its birth!

Let us be faithful,
  Patient and brave;
Hope over-arches
All our sore marches,
Spans like a rainbow
  Cradle and grave!

Crowned with existence
  That ends not again,
Souls never-dying
Within us or lying,
That thrill with the motion
  Of pleasure or pain.

Round us the shadows
  Of our life's dawn
Still clinging linger;
God's gentle finger
Moves, and the curtains
  All are withdrawn!

There lies before you
  Eternity grand,
Repose of the sweetest,
Reward of the meetest;
March, then, ever upward,
  Victorious band!

## CHARLES MARSHALL.

THIS venerable poet, divine, and friend of the industrial classes, was born in Paisley about the year 1796. In early life he engaged in mercantile pursuits, but afterwards studied for the ministry. In 1827 he was appointed governor of Watson's Institution, Edinburgh, where he remained for thirteen years; and while holding that office, the Directors gave him permission to attend the Divinity Hall. In 1841 he accepted a call to the North Extension Church, Dunfermline. At the Disruption he joined the Free Church, and laboured very zealously as minister of the Free North Church, Dunfermline, until the infirmities of age caused him to give up his ministerial duties.

In 1853 he published a volume of prose and poetry, addressed to industrial females, "Lays and Lectures to Scotia's Daughters of Industry." This work rapidly passed through various editions. In 1856 he appeared as the author of a similar publication, entitled "Homely Words and Songs for Working Men and Women," to which his former work has been added as a second part. His latest publication, entitled "The Watchman's Round," appeared in 1867. In 1880, a fifth and cheap edition of his early works was published by Mr Gemmell, Edinburgh.

To the moral and religious reformation of the industrious classes, as well as the improvement of their physical condition, the Rev. Charles Marshall has long been earnestly devoted. His lectures, or more properly speaking, "hamely counsels," are practical, sensible, and sympathetic, and shows that the author thoroughly understands the everyday life, and the joys, the cares, and the troubles of the people he addresses; while his poetry is homely and tender—glorifying the domestic virtues, and showing how homes are to be made happy.

## A RIGHT SPIRIT.

Our mither's grown feckless, puir bodie—she's dune,
We canna weel haud her—we've bairns o' our ain,
Wi' little to keep them in meat, claes, and shoon,
The poor's-house provision, Jean, should we disdain?

O whaur is your heart, woman? look at that frame,
Sae crined and sae crazy—sae doubled thegither.
Say, hae ye forgotten her? fie! fie! for shame—
That image o' earth, though half dead's still our mither.

We lay in that lap, on that bosom we hung,
Thae hands for us toiled, and thae feet for us ran.
That heart, scarcely beating, pleads for her; that tongue,
Half speechless, has pow'r my heart canna withstan'.

My heart's like to break, when that waesome auld face
I gaze on. Wi' tears I remember her prime
O' womanhood's glory—how changed now, alas!
A ghaist glowrin' out through the ruins o' time.

Our mither a pauper!—na, never sae lang
As I've hands to toil, or a morsel to spare:
At my ingle-neuk she shall hae, though we're thrang,
The cosiest corner, the easiest chair.

Our mither a pauper!—she brought us a' up,
Behauden to nae ane, except to her God:
Sae lang as God spares her—my aumrie, my cup,
Are her's, till her auld head sleeps under the sod.

## MY MITHER'S COUNSEL.

The blessings o' a mither's heart,
My bairn, rest on thy youthfu' head.
We part—O may we never part
Frae poortith's Help in time o' need.

He kyth'd aye, kind to me and mine,
He shelter'd, clad us, fed us a',
And made his candle brightly shine
To lighten our bit cosie ha'.

Now, Jeanie lass, thou'rt gaun to dwell
'Mang unco folk—folk strange to thee;
Thy fortune God alone can tell—
But hark—a partin' word frae me.

Be eydent aye—haud a' thing right,
And keep thysel' trig, neat, and clean,
When needed, ne'er be out o' sight
And lassie—keep the house at e'en.

My woman, dinna joke and crack
Wi' strange chiels in yon unco toun :
When tongues are supple, hands are slack—
Be wary of ilk fremit loon.

Be carefu' o' thy master's gear—
Beneath thy hand let naething tyne,
Betimes repair the tear and wear,
Mind lass, "a steek in time saves nine."

To make thee blythe's the morning lark,
To keep baith head and heart in tune,
In God's great name begin thy wark,
And thank God when thy wark is dune.

## THOMAS LOGAN,

BROTHER of Alexander Logan, a sweet bard referred to in our last volume, published a very interesting and successful volume (Andrew Elliot, Edinburgh,) in 1871, entitled "The Green Glens of Lothian." He was born in Edinburgh in 1835, and while still a youth went to the United States, where he resided for several years. While living in New York, he commenced verse-writing, and his first poem appeared in the *Scottish American Journal*. He has been a welcome contributor to newspapers and periodicals in this country, but of late he has written very little. Mr Logan is at present manager of a brush factory in Dalkeith—the largest of the kind in Scotland.

In his verses he has sung of the loves, sorrows, and joys common to humanity, as well as the heroic struggles of his country for civil and religious liberty. In his leisure hours he tells us that he has made himself familiar with the green glens of his native county—with their scenes of rural beauty, fragrant

with the scent of the hawthorn, and musical with the voice of running waters. These he has treated with much facility and felicity of utterance, showing that he has a deep feeling for what is homely, tender, and pathetic in Scottish life, while in his descriptive pieces he has interwoven in a vigorous manner many substantial facts of history.

## THE KIRKYARD AT HAME.

Wild and lanely's the spot 'neath a heather-clad hill,
Where a wee brattlin' burnie rins wimplin' alang,
The deep voice o' nature is hush'd, calm, an' still,
Save the sough o' the breeze the pale willows amang.
Green an' lowly its wa's where the saft mosses creep,
An' the dark ivy twines ower the ancestral name,
That marks oot the spot where the lost an' loved sleep,
As they lie side by side in the kirkyard at hame.

Ower the dial-stane rude, weather-beaten and grey,—
Auld Time's silent sentinel trusty an' true,—
Have fled mony simmers an' winters away,
But mem'ry still fresh brings the scene to my view.
The lowly green mounds and the flowers wildly springing
Ower the rude sculptur'd tablets, the records of fame,
While fancy can listen the birds sweetly singing
Requiems for the blest in the kirkyard at hame.

At the lone gloamin' hour how oft in my wand'rings,
At the low stile I've loitered, so peacefu' an' calm
Was the spirit that fell ower my dreams and my pond'rings,
Like oil on fierce waters a sweet soothing balm,
While heart-cherished words and mony a token
O' love and devotion remembrance could claim,
Frae the dim happy past ere the circle was broken,
O' faces now hid in the kirkyard at hame.

When the dew draped wi' pearls the purple-bell'd heather,
The shy timid maukin would steal frae its lair,
An' the ewe wi' her lambkin would lie doun thegither,
While sported around them the swift-bounding hare.
An' the merle's deep sang as the grey shadows hung,
Floated clear thro' the still air—how sweet was the theme!
While the burn stay'd its murmurs and low dirges sung,
As it swept calm and deep past the kirkyard at hame.

Blow gently ye breezes, sing saft in your bowers,
Ye birds wildly warbling, or haste to some other,
Fall lighter ye dews, bloom brighter ye flowers,
And sweet fragrance shed o'er the grave of a mother.

There's a charm in the name, a spell that can ever
Awake love and reverence 'mid honour or shame,
When life's work is finished and cross'd death's dark river,
O ! to rest by her side in the kirkyard at hame.

## MY AE YEAR AULD.

Stand up, my wee man, set your back to the wa',
Now mind, a' alaney, take care an' no fa'.
Come here noo to faither, be cautious but bauld,
Well dune, my wee birkie, my brave ae year auld.

Eh, but he's prood, but, my wee croodlin doo,
King's hae lost their bit croons wi' their pride before noo,
Ye'll be down yet, I tell't ye, but try it again,
Perfection is born out o' practice an' pain.

My wee white hair'd pet 'neath thy calm bonnie broo,
The dark een o' thy mither is looking me thro,
Wi' a gaze sweet an' joyous, o' where hae they riven
That gleam frae the glory an' glamour o' Heaven?

Eh, but he's bonnie, nane could bonnier be,
My braw man sae muckle, come hither to me;
Noo walk like a bailie, sae cantie and douce,
Be dignified noo, ye're the hope o' the hoose.

Hurrah, my wee toddler, noo sit on my knee,
An' what is my wee toddlin bairnie to be?
For the prizes o' life ilka brave heart maun try,
Some win an' some lose ane can hardly tell why.

Will we mak you a minister? hoo will that do?
I've seen waur heids than that in the poopit ere noo;
Or a doctor to kill what ye canna weel cure,
Or a lawyer to lee mair than man can endure.

Will ye battle grim labour, an' fecht for dear life,
It's a sair weary struggle, yet honour'd the strife;
Tho' the rich fool may sneer, an' the knave's lip be curl'd,
The worker's strong hand moves the wheels o' the world.

If I was a spaewife, O fain would I gaze
Doun the lang glitt'ring vesta, o' forthcoming days,
But whatever thy fate be, in life's varied span,
If spared may my bairn be a true honest man.

## HAME REFORM.

Whaur drouthy Newhaven stands doon by the sea,
Dwalt a douce honest couple, as cantie's could be,
Wi' little to fash them—their wants were but few—
And the sea was the farm whence their harvest they drew.

But—and pity it is that a but there should be,
Tho' there'll aye be a but, till perfection we see—
Tam liket his dram, and whiles cam to shame,
Then Jean lost her temper, and sat sad at hame.
No that Tam cared for drink—at least so he said!
A profession, I dootna, that's ower often made;
But on politics keen, and fond o' oration,
He eloquent grew ower the wants o' the nation.

. . . . . .

Ae day when the sky showed the fleeces o' June,
Wi' her creel on her back, Jean strode grim thro' the toun;
She gaed to the Public where Tam had got fou',
Reform had been there—for he lay like a soo.
Wi' mony a sad grane, and mony a strong wheel,
Her liege lord she doubled up snug in her creel.
"Ye crack o' your suffrage, wha suffers like me?"
Sighed Jean, as she stood wi' a tear in her e'e,
"An' your Redistribution—the siller kens that
Ye have spent mair this day than wad fill the kail pat,
An' o' Rating," she cried, as her rage up did flame,
"Ye'll get Rating eneuch when I get ye at hame."

Then her creel she set carefu' upon her braid back,
An' awa thro' the toon her hame-route did tak';
She march'd brave alang, tho' she carried nae feather,
Tam's head swung at ae side, his heels at the ither.
Jean, sair, sad, and weary, had noo reach'd the pier,
She set doon her creel, an' she look'd at her dear;
"Guidman, ye aye said, an' I think ye said true,
The people deserve the Fransheise as their *due*;
I canna be wrang in beginning wi' you."
She coupit her creel, and without muckle clatter,
Save a cannie bit plump, Tam went into the water;
Hale sober'd, half chokit, he raise frae his bath,
His face like a cloot, wi' vexation and wrath;
Jean took to her heels, and hameward she ran,
While wetter an' wiser cam' hame her guidman.
Tam drew in his horns, an' noo thinks wi' his dame,
That reforms o' a' kind should begin first at hame.

## ROBERT HOWDEN.

SON of John Howden, farmer of Longmoor, in the parish of Stow, was born there about the year 1776. He was trained to farm labour, and followed that line of life till about middle age, when he took to horticulture, and was employed until his death as gardener to the Drummonds of Hawthornden. His wife died a few years before him, leaving him with six of a family. He was held in much respect by the Drummonds, who built for him a cottage which they named after him, and which he occupied till he died. He was buried beside his wife in Lasswade Churchyard.

In addition to many poems never printed, he wrote the well-known humorous story, published in 1822, entitled "The King's Welcome to Edinburgh," a great favourite with Scotch audiences when read by Melville Bell, and other professional elocutionists. His "Raven and Mavis" is another admirable poem, written a few years before "The King's Welcome," in ridicule of a controversy arising out of an effort to improve the psalmody in the Burgher Congregation, Dalkeith. We have the authority of the late Miss Walker, aunt of Sir James Walker Drummond of Hawthornden, for saying that the humour of the piece was greatly enjoyed by Dr Chalmers. Robbie Howden, as he was familiarly termed in the district, was a man of high moral character, and fine feeling, and was possessed of much poetic power. We give the opening lines of "The King's Welcome," and a quotation from "The Raven and Mavis."

### THE KING'S WELCOME.

As honest, thrifty Matty Gray
Was sitting busy spinning,
She looked out, 'an' doon the brae
Saw Robin, barefoot, rinning.

Then up and to the door she sprang,
And lang ere he came near her,
She cries out—"Robin, O what's wrang?"
But Robin didna hear her,

As he was brushing o'er the bent,
And skelping through the rashes;
He'd left behind his plaid and kent,
His shoon and spatterdashes.

The brig was twa-three yards aboot,
That lay across the syke;
But he plashed thro' abune the spoot,
And lap the kail-yard dyke.

"O what's the matter, Robin, man?"
Quo' Matt, "what's a' the hurry?"
Half-breathless he replied, "A'm gaun—
A'm gaun to Edinburgh.

"Gae 'way, lay oot my linen sark,
An' a' my Sunday claes;
Jock, pit the ewes in Nicol's park,
That's gaun on Wilmoor braes.

"An', Sandie, gang—take Gather w'ye,
See a' the lambs be right;
Let them fa' yont the Thrashie Lee,
An' fauld them again at night.

"Ye'll get a piece gin afternoon;
An', Grizzy, take the bairn,
Gae ye a-field, fetch hame ma shoon,
They're up at Kebbuck's cairn."

"The man's gane skire," muttered Matt,
Wha partly heard his sonnet,
As she was taking doon his hat,
And hanging up his bonnet.

For though she answered his demands,
As well became her station,
Her tongue gaed faster than her hands
In quest o' information.

## THE RAVEN AND MAVIS.

A Raven once addressed a Mavis:—
That tongue o' your's is like to deave us;
Ye yelp and squall so shrill and loud,
Disturbing a' the neighbourhood;
In fact there's neither auld nor young
Can hear their voice for your lang tongue;
I beg you'll either silent be,
Or take to some more distant tree;

Is it in reason to allow
We a' be whistl'd deaf wi' you?
Aye, says the Mavis, master Raven,
What right have ye (your pardon cravin')
To dictate where I am to sit;
May I not sing as I think fit?
If that ye dinna like to hear me,
Ye needna sit an croak sae near me.
The woods and bushes both are free,
Equal alike to you and me;
Here we may sit and sing with ease,
And ye may croak as loud's ye please.
Although I dinna like to hear ye,
Your will's your ain, and I can bear ye.
This put the Raven in a huff,
He rais'd his feathers like a muff;
Then, in a haughty tone, says he,
Is that a way to speak to me,
Who am a Raven, grave and sage,
Upwards of sixty years of age?
I've sung within this wood unmatched
Before your grandfather was hatched;
And think my presence might be law
To keep the like o' you in awe;
A naughty upstart of a sprig,
Hatch'd but last season from an egg;
A dunghill mushroom, to dispute
With me, a fowl of such repute;
Whose hoary head, and sable cleeding,
Demands respect, and better breeding.
O' a' the singing birds around,
The Raven makes the sweetest sound—
A name of note in history too—
There is no mention made of you.
Some twa three thousand years ago
When I was in the ark wi' Noe,
From thence my great progenitor
Went out as an ambassador;
And why he ne'er returned again,
The reason's good, as well as plain,
He couldna bear the noise and din
O' yelping trash like you within;
And still his offspring do inherit
His free and independent spirit.
Go hence, ye wasp, or haud your cleck,
And learn your betters to respeck.

## ALEXANDER MITCHELL,

PROVOST of Dalkeith, is the author of a book of poetry, printed for private circulation in 1873, and entitled "The English Lakes, and other Poems." He was born in a cottage near Earlstoun, Berwickshire, in 1804, and has been in extensive business as a merchant in Dalkeith for a period of fifty years. Mr Mitchell is a self-taught and self-made man, having by sheer force of application and integrity raised himself from the ranks to a position of great local influence. He is alike distinguished for his commercial enterprise, his public spirit, and devotedness to the public good, and his literary tastes and attainments. He founded the Dalkeith Scientific Association in 1834, and has presided as Chairman at its meetings ever since. For many years he has devoted a portion of his leisure hours to the cultivation of his poetic gifts. The sonnets and lyrics contained in his printed volume reflect the wide culture and pure literary taste of their author; while the two principal poems—"The English Lakes," and "The Months"—show his ability to sustain lengthier poetic efforts. His verse glides along with the smoothest and freest flow, and show keen observation, and much descriptive power.

### WORDSWORTH.

He that would walk with Wordsworth must abjure
  All gross companionships, all pleasures mean;—
Enslaved by wealth, or stained by joys impure,
  Our feet should stumble on those heights serene.
  Of that clear mount no eye may bear the sheen
Till purged from earthly soil; no untaught ear
  Catch the still raptures of the mystic scene,
Where meditative thought and fancy clear
Enwreath ethereal bowers with laurels never sere.

The muse has many servants, some who sing
Of love, of war, of commerce, and of art;
'Twas Wordsworth's joy on all that lives to fling
The lustre of a large and loving heart.
To him the earth and common air impart
Unmingled transport and perpetual bloom;
Wealth has no charms, nor traffic's crowded mart;
But Nature's humblest forms his soul illume,
And lift his heart to heaven in grandeur or in gloom.

## ROSLIN.

Smit by its sylvan charms and storied lore
On Roslin's classic soil we softly tread,
Where, shrined in beauty, by Esk's rocky shore,
Rise the grey relics of the mighty dead.

With conscious awe we view these crumbling towers,
The feudal stronghold, and the Christian fane,
Whence steel-clad warriors led their vassal powers,
Where lettered churchmen held their gentler reign.

What pomp barbaric filled those ancient halls!
What valour guarded them! what beauty graced!
Yet, 'mid their buried spoils no gem recalls
The life which breathes in letters, science, taste.

. . . . . .

No more in abbey rich, or cloistered cell,
May studious monk o'er wasted vellum pore;
But nobler aims to nobler search impel
Throughout truth's widening realm by sea and shore.

Yet long to mouldering aisle and ruined tower,
With pensive steps shall pious pilgrims stray,
Mark the rude ruins of forgotten power,
And muse on creeds and conflicts passed away.

Flow on, fair stream, be still thy rocky dell,
The haunt of sportive youth and pilgrim sage,
While clustering woods and deepening verdure swell
Along thy beauteous shores from age to age.

## JOHN LONGMUIR, A.M., LL.D.

ALTHOUGH the collected poems of Dr Longmuir do not occupy a very conspicuous place in our literature, yet the number of pieces both in English and Scottish verse, which he has contributed to our periodicals during the last fifty years, gives him an undoubted claim to a place among the poets of his country.

He was born in the vicinity of Stonehaven, 13th November, 1803. An accident from a cart in his boyhood greatly retarded his education; but as his father removed to Aberdeen about 1816, so his son enjoyed the advantage of being taught in the Grammar School of that city. He thence proceeded to Marischal College, gained a bursary, and, in due time, took his degree of Master of Arts. He then prosecuted his studies as a Student of Divinity under Principal Brown and Dr Mearns, the latter of whom, after commending a lecture on Psalm lxxxv., said that, "if any fault could be found with it, it was rather poetical." Having been invited to teach a Subscription School in Stonehaven, he taught there according to what was then beginning to be known as the "intellectual system," for four years, and was then appointed, after comparative trial, to the English Department of Anderson's Institution, Forres. It was during his residence there that he received licence to preach the gospel. In 1837, he was appointed Evening Lecturer in Trinity Church, Aberdeen; and, in 1840, he was ordained minister of a new *quoad sacra* Church, in the vicinity of the harbour, which was named the *Mariners'*, and soon gathered around him a considerable congregation, largely composed of that class of men from whom it took its distinctive name. At the Disruption, the whole congregation followed their minister into connection with

the Free Church; and, notwithstanding several calls both from the south and north, he steadily adhered to his original charge till, at the very time we are writing these notes, he has been under the necessity, from repeated attacks of bronchitis, to make application through the Presbytery to the General Assembly for a colleague and successor, after an active ministry of upwards of forty years. The Presbytery, deeply sympathizing with Dr Longmuir, resolved to transmit the application, with an earnest recommendation that it might be dealt with favourably.

At the stirring period of the Disruption our author wrote several pieces in connection with that important movement, such as—"Would that May were Come!" "The Banner of the Covenant," "Hymn of the Church in Troublous times," &c.; hence as a correspondent has kindly informed us, he was styled the "Poet of the Disruption."

As Dr Longmuir, when a student, had showed a predilection for physical science, so several gentlemen, when he was in Stonehaven, prevailed on him to deliver a course of lectures on some of the branches comprehended in that term, which proved a great success, and led the lecturer into a course of instruction which he more or less continued afterwards to pursue; for, on the formation of the Free Church College in Aberdeen, he delivered, by appointment of the Presbytery, a course of lectures on Natural Science in two successive sessions. Afterwards he was requested by the Senatus of King's College, Aberdeen, to conduct a similar course as one of the extra-mural lecturers connected with that University, which was discontinued on the union of King's and Marischal Colleges, when the lecturer received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

When passing through the higher classes at the Grammar School, Dr Longmuir's poetical propensities were manifested by his translations into verse of the

prescribed portions of Virgil and Horace, and, so early as 1822, he began to contribute to the "poets' corner" of the *Aberdeen Chronicle*. In 1825, on the eve of leaving the University, he published a small volume called "The College," in which he gives an account of the progress of a student during the first half of his course, and perhaps with more zeal than prudence, pointed out what he considered defects in the way in which matters were conducted, and many of these he had the satisfaction afterwards to see corrected. In a contemporary review of this little work it was said:—"There are pleasing touches introduced, which would do credit to one of more years and experience in the poetic art." It was under his influence that the right of the students to elect their Lord-Rector was revived, and Joseph Hume was the man of their choice.

In 1835 appeared our author's account of "Dunnottar Castle," in which the sufferings of the Covenanters in the "Whigs' Vault," are forcibly narrated. This little work is now in its *ninth* edition. On his leaving Forres he gathered together a number of pieces that had appeared in periodicals, under the title of "Bible Lays;" but, as the number of copies printed was nearly confined to the number of subscribers, the volume could scarcely be said to have been published. On some specimens having been submitted to James Montgomery, that elegant poet was pleased to say that they "appeared to be of more than ordinary excellence among the multitude of similar compositions which the last, and present age especially, have produced." A second edition, with the addition of several sonnets, was published in Edinburgh in 1877, of which the late Dr Duff was pleased to say:—"Apart from the purely missionary spirit, there is a fine evangelical tone—rather an exhilarating evangelical ring—throughout the volume."

In 1854 Dr Longmuir produced a neat little volume, "Ocean Lays," in which he gave a tasteful

selection of poems on the Sea, the Ship, and the Sailor, culled, as one of the reviewers said, "from the poets of all ages—from Homer to Hemans." This work, which contains twenty-five pieces by the compiler, was well received, and has run through several editions.

In 1860, our author produced another topographical work, illustrated by fine steel engravings, on "Speyside," which was speedily disposed of, and has long been out of print.

Dr Longmuir has done good service in the way of editing dictionaries. In English, he prepared, in 1864, "Walker and Webster Combined," together with an Abridgement of that work; and, soon after, "Walker's Rhyming Dictionary," with an extensive introduction on English versification, which has been favourably referred to by Professor Bain. He has edited an Abridgement of Dr Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, and is now engaged in editing a new edition of the original dictionary, in which the whole of the supplement will for the first time be incorporated, in four quarto volumes. In 1866, Dr Longmuir edited an elegant edition of Ross's "Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess," to which he prefixed a description of Glenesk and a life of the author, in which he produced many facts previously overlooked, and set the pious character of the author in a striking light. As the Queen felt interested in what she had heard of Ross in passing through Glenesk, within sight of the ruins of his humble hut, the editor transmitted a copy to her Majesty, which was graciously received. The late Thomas Carlyle, in acknowledging a copy forwarded to him, said, in his characteristic style:—"Ross's strange helpless chauntings and dreamy delineatings of a Highland Arcadia and Wonderland have left on me an impression which is unique in my experience; and marks poor Ross to me as one of the truest, though most down-pressed of Nature's own sons of song."

When no small commotion was raised by Sheriff Napier's attempt to prove that two female covenanters were not drowned at Wigton, Dr Longmuir visited the scene of the execution, and, in 1872, published his "Run Through the Land of Burns and the Covenanters," in which conclusive proof was afforded of the execution of the "Two Margarets," whom he still further celebrated in some vigorous stanzas at the close of his volume.

As Dr Longmuir has for nearly the last fifty years practised and zealously advocated total abstinence, so many of his productions have been composed for the promotion of that great cause. Not a few of these have appeared from time to time in *The League Journal;* and, for many years, he has composed a number of lyrical pieces for the New Year's Temperance Festival at Aberdeen, which have always been received with much applause. All these works have been produced in the course of an active ministry, in which our author has not only preached, conducted Sabbath School and Bible Classes, but delivered scientific lectures not only in his own church, but in the congregations of his brethren throughout the country.

It will be seen that Dr Longmuir's pen has not only been active, but also somewhat versatile; hence the difficulty of giving within our limited space specimens of his different styles of composition. He has never produced any poem of considerable length, which may be partly accounted for by the active life he has led, and the multifarious nature of the subjects to which he has directed his attention.

His verses, therefore, have, for the most part, been suggested by passing events. We may say, in general, however, that it will be found, that the subjects that have most powerfully excited his imagination, and found embodiment in his verses, relate either to religion, temperance, or the sea. In his English pieces, we meet with energetic language,

correct versification, and cultivated taste. In his Scottish productions, he is not only at home in the command of appropriate language, but there is a quiet humour and pawkiness of manner that so often characterise the best productions of the Scottish muse. A critic of his "Bible Lays" states, what is obvious in the generality of our author's productions, that "every line, so to speak, is packed with thought, almost to a fault—if such a circumstance, somewhat uncommon, may be styled a fault." His poems and songs in the language of the north-east coast have never been published in a collected form, although they have been separately circulated by the thousand. In the close of a critique of his last-published volume, it is said—"We would venture to suggest, whether he (the author) might not favour the reading public by-and-bye with another volume of poems—one on social questions of the day, including those treated in our mother tongue—guid braid Scots—over which few have attained a surer mastery than has our townsman, Dr Longmuir."

As a minister, he has been in the practice of specially addressing the young of his congregation twice a-year, and on these occasions he has presented each hearer with a hymn, generally of his own composition, which used to be looked for with great eagerness by his youthful hearers, and carefully preserved between the leaves of their Bibles. It was suggested that these might be collected into a little book, and forty-two pieces were, accordingly, published in 1860, under the title of "Lays for the Lambs."

As the result of our author's antiquarian inquiries, he published (1869) an enlarged "Lecture on the Maiden Stone of Bennachie," with a beautiful lithograph of this remarkable Monolith, and a tradition connected with it, which he rendered in verse.

As it is chiefly as a poet that we have to deal with Dr Longmuir, so we have confined our remarks principally to his poetical works; but we may

state that, at the request of his audiences, several of his sermons have been published separately, under the respective titles of the "Anchor of the Soul," "The Water and the Blood," "Christ's Kingdom and its Antagonist," &c., and each commonly had an original hymn attached to it. These by no means exhaust the publications of our author, but they will sufficiently indicate his activity, and the diversity of subjects to which he has from time to time directed the public mind.

## HAIN AN' HAE.

*If Spring neglect to plough and sow,*
*Then Winter will have want and woe.*

Ye Sons o' Labour and o' Care,
Wha baith the heat an' burden bear,
An' for your toil get hamely fare,
An' little thank;
Lay up the mulocks ye can spare
In *Savings Bank*!

When Autumn rustles o'er the plain,
An' brings a fouth o' gowden grain;
Think, were the Farmer to refrain
To shear an' stack,
How would the hungry toun complain,
An' gang to wrack!

Behaud the Bee, in sunny hour,
That eident bums frae flow'r to flow'r;
*She* hoards the honey in her bour,
To feed the hives,
When o'er the blossoms winter dour
Destructive drives!

When, blessed by Him who bread could rain,
Five barley loaves and fishes twain
Had feasted thousands on the plain;
Yet said their host,
"Collect the fragments that remain;
Let nought be lost."

Then quench the *Cutty's* sick'ning fume,
And cast the *Sneeshin* frae your thoum;—
Why madly turn your halesome bloom
To sickly sallow,
An' keep your Savings' pyne-pig toom
O' white or yellow?

An' shun the houff where *Whisky's* wooin'
The thoughtless chiel to his undoin',
An' wae to wife an' bairnies brewin';
Your siller's clink
Rings Principal an Int'rest's ruin
In sic a sink!

For cauldrife Winter fast advances,
When joyous Spring nae langer dances,
An' manhood's might, through change an' chances,
Is daily wanin';
Then blythe the ee o' *Prudence* glances
On simmer's hainin'!

The Poor-house door—ye gang nae near it;
Th' Inspector's snash—ye dinna fear it;
Auld age—your *clockin' hen* will cheer it,
On Savings' nest;
Your sair won gear—he canna steer it,
When ye're at rest.

Then, Sons o' Toil, wi' honest thrift,
Still mak an *independent* shift;
Yet scorn the miser's waefu' tift,
Baith bare an' lank;
Ye lodge what gies the Poor a lift
In Heaven's Bank!

## THE PLEASURE TRIP.

TUNE—"Comin' thro' the Rye."

Gin the couthy meet the drouthy,
Comin' frae the toun;
Need the drouthy wi' the couthy
Sense an' reason droun?
Tho' Holiday bids Labour play,
An' failin' health recruit,
Yet need a body lat the toddy
Mak the man a brute?

Let Labour's shanks leave shafts an' cranks,
An' roam by mount or main;
But shun the dens where tappit hens
Cleck nought but shame an' pain;
Ilka valley has a wallie,
Free to loon an' laird;
There fling your length, renew your strength,
An' drink till ye be sair'd.

Gin the drouthy meet the couthy,
O' the causey's crap,
Need the drouthy gar the couthy
Gang an' hae a drap?
Oh, Friendship's low will never glow
Where stoups an' glasses shine;
Gin Bacchus' bowl maun warm the soul,
There's little heat to tine!

Dinna leave your little bodies
I' the smoky toun ;
Lead them thro' the flow'ry roadies,
Where the burnies croon ;
Or lat them play on gow'ny brae,
Nor gloom their sunny joy ;
But blythely sing their jingo-ring,
Nor blush to be a boy !

Or lat them rove thro' leafy grove,
An' hear the cushie coo ;
Or playfu' lave in sparkling wave,
An' dip like snowy mew ;
Then shellies fair an steenies rare,
They'll pick for hamel ploys ;
But, ah, the shame, should they bring hame
A father's drunken noise !

Poor Mary-Ann, wi' sic a man
The yoke is hard to draw ;
An' sad you mane, he drank his lane,
Fat was to sair ye a' ;
But binna nice and scorn advice,
Tho' gie'n afore you ask ;—
When whirl'd again in Pleasure-train,
*Wi' water fill the flask !*

## PROFESSOR BEATTIE'S GARDEN LESSON.

[Respectfully inscribed to the Rev. JOSEPH COOK, Boston, in memory of the morning when the writer had the pleasure of conducting him to the "corner of the little garden," where the father "wrote in the mould with his finger the three initials" of his son, JAMES HAY BEATTIE, and sowed garden cresses in the furrows.]

When we summon the "Minstrel," he glides through the glen,
Where babbles the brooklet to lambkins at play :
Or the crag of the cliff he ascends, far from men,
That the murmur of ocean may blend with his lay.

But, ah, what a change, when our fancy surveys
"Young Edwin" installed in Philosophy's chair,
Exposing the windings of Sophistry's ways,
And luring to Virtue, majestic and fair !

Here commerce brings clamour for swain's mellow horn,
For the glow of this valley, the gloom of this Lane ;
The furnace breathes smoke for the incense of morn,
And the bounds of a *garden* the rover restrain.

Yet the Spring here withheld not her influence mild,
When the Sage in the mould with his finger had traced,
The letters beginning the name of his child,
And filled them with cress, ere the soil be replaced.

Then a force, that eludes our microscopy's eyes,
Soon brought to the surface that literal sowing;
The child read the letters, and with surprise
To tell *that his name in the garden was growing.*

His father, beholding it, carelessly turns,
As nothing uncommon had sprung to the light;
But a thought undefined in the son's bosom burns,
And he urges his parent's return to the sight.

Then kindly the Sage to the Pupil replies—
So you think your initials have not sprung by change,
But that some one has thus made the cresses arise?—
"I think so," he answered, with confident glance.

Then look at yourself—at your fingers and hand—
Combining for use both the round and the flat;
Say, came they by chance, or as somebody planned?—
"No; something has made me—I cannot tell what!"

As the dawn of his reason thus calmly unfolds,
He learns the great name of his Maker and God,
Who all things created, controls, and upholds,
And purifies man for his future abode.

How hallowed this spot! Here, materialist, pause,
And let candour admit this experiment's force—
What begins to exist is the fruit of a cause,
And *order* involves an *intelligent* Source.

In the chill of December, from Boston came COOK,
And silently prayed, that the thrice-holy Name,
That had communed through nature with souls in this nook,
By the fire of the Spirit would cold hearts inflame.

Those symbols he stooped to retrace with his staff,
On the sod that the frost in its rigour had iced;
Then rose he, refreshed against infidel laugh,
To proclaim, that the *Cause* of all causes is CHRIST!

ABERDEEN, 22*nd December*, 1880.]

# WILLIAM MUIR

WAS born at Birdston, a small village in the parish of Campsie, Stirlingshire, in 1766. While in his "teens," he was apprenticed to the saddler trade in Kirkintilloch. He afterwards followed Fortune to Glasgow, and to perfect his knowledge of business, in 1791, he reached London. Broken health compelled him to return. Some time after this he removed to Falkirk, and commenced business on his own account, but was unsuccessful, and he again retired to his native village. On the 21st October, 1817, while on a visit to Kirkintilloch, he fell to the bottom of a stair, and was killed on the spot. In the ancient burying-ground at Clachan of Campsie, where he was interred, a monument was erected to his memory by public subscription at a comparatively recent date.

## JUBILEE FOR JUBILEE:

### OR, FIFTY YEARS SHEPHERD, FOR FIFTY A KING.

*An Address to His Majesty, 20th October, 1809.*

Frae the Grampian heights, will the royal ear hear it,
An' listen to Norman the shepherd's plain tale?
The north win' is blawing, an' gently will bear it,
Unvarnish'd an' honest, o'er hill an' o'er dale.
When Lon'on it reaches, at court, Sire, receive it,
Like a tale you may read it, or like a sang sing,
Poor Norman is easy, but you may believe it,
I'm fifty years shepherd, you're fifty a king.

Your jubilee, then, wi' my ain I may mingle,
For you an' mysel' twa fat lambkins I'll slay;
Fresh turf I will lay in a heap on my ingle,
An' wi' my auld nei'bours I'll rant out the day.
My pipes that I play'd on lang-syne, I will blaw them,
My chanter I'll teach to lilt over the spring,
My drones to the tune I will roun' an' roun' thraw them,
"O' fifty years shepherd, an' fifty a king."

The flock o' Great Britain ye've lang weel attended,
The flock o' Great Britain demanded your care;
Frae the *Tod* an' the *Wolf* they've been snugly defended,
An' led to fresh pasture, fresh water an' air.

My flocks I hae led day by day o'er the heather,
At night they aroun' me hae danced in a ring;
I've been their protector through foul an' fair weather—
I'm fifty years shepherd, you're fifty a king.

Their fleeces I've shorn frae the cauld to protect me,
Their fleeces they gave when a burden they grew;
When escap'd frae the shears, their looks did respect me,
Sae the flock o' Great Britain still looks upon you.
They grudge not their Monarch a mite o' their riches,
Their active industry is aye on the wing;
Then you an' me, Sire, I think are twa matches,
I'm fifty years shepherd, you're fifty a king.

Me wi' my sheep, Sire, an' you wi' your subjects,
On that festive day will baith gladly rejoice;
Our twa hoary heads will be fu' o' new projects,
To please our leal vassals that mak' us their choice.
Wi' sweet rips o' hay I will treat a' my wethers,
The juice o' the vine to your lords you will bring;
The respect they hae paid us is better than brithers'—
I'm fifty years shepherd, you're fifty a king.

My crook I will dress in the relics o' Summer,
My dog I'll gi'e butter that day to his bread;
An' to my wee cabin I'll welcome each comer—
The frien' that has plenty, the stranger in need.
Ye'll sure do the same, tho' naebody broach it,
Ye've plenty o' beef, butter, labsters, an' ling,
An' routh o' musicians to strike up the crotchet
"O' fifty years shepherd, and fifty a king."

My hame is the cottage that Norval was bred in,
You live in a palace your ancestors rear'd;
Nae guest uninvited dar'd come to your weddin',
Or ruthless invader pluck us by the beard.
Then thanks to the island we live in, whar shipping
Swim roun' us abreast, or like geese in a string;
For safe, I can say, as my brose I am supping,
I'm fifty years shepherd you're fifty a king.

But ah! royal George, an' ah! humble Norman,
Life to us baith now draws near to a close;
The year's far awa that has our natal hour man,
The time's at our elbow that brings us repose.
Then e'en let it come, Sire, if conscience acquit us,
A sigh frae our bosoms death never shall wring;
An' may the neist jubilee 'mang the saints meet us,
To hail the auld shepherd, an' worthy auld king.

## SPEED TO THE PLOUGH.

When cauld sleety blasts an' surly March weather,
Scowl bleak frae the north o'er the grey summit's brow,
An' wave the thin locks o' the brown shaking heather,
Then, then is the time to wish "speed to the plough."

The husbandman cheerfully tramples the furrow,
Tho' drenched wi' the sleet is his bonnet o' blue;
At night on a pin he hangs't up till to-morrow,
Then rises again to put "speed to the plough."

Thro' thick an' thro' thin he whistles his sonnet,
Thro' foul an' thro' fair his toil to pursue;
He's king o' the land, tho' his crown is a bonnet,
An' his subjects pay homage wi' "speed to the plough."

Frae wars an' fell weapons o' death in the battle
Secluded, he to his dependents is true;
He studies their gude o'er the stilts an' the pettle,
An' asks nae mair o' them but "speed to the plough."

To a' our best wishes his right comes frae Adam,
The first wha did tumble the furrow, I trow,
Then Master, an' Missy, an' Monsieur, an' Madame,
Join a' in the chorus o' "speed to the plough."

## WILLIAM WATT,

AUTHOR of "Kate Da'rymple," and "The Tinkler's Waddin'," was born in 1792, at West Linton, Peebleshire. The career of this "peasant poet and precentor" is not so well-known as his popular songs.

By the enlistment of his father in the army, William was early placed under the care of his paternal grandmother, who was housekeeper to the parish schoolmaster of East Kilbride. After attending school for a few years in winter, and herding during summer, he was apprenticed to the weaving trade—having the benefit of the teacher's tuition in the evening, and the use of his library, which was a great boon in a time when books were much dearer than they are now.

While an apprentice, he had begun the cultivation of the three sister arts of Music, Painting, and Poetry, In 1823 he removed to Rutherglen, where he became acquainted with a musical circle, and during that and the following winter he sang at concerts in Glasgow with several of our wellknown vocalists of the period. "Kate Da'rymple" was composed for James Livingstone, the celebrated Scotch comic singer, and was crooned over by him for the first time in the Bush Tavern, Glasgow, where he then resided. Watt and Livingstone were great friends, and often when at Glasgow with his cloth on Saturdays he dropped into the Bush to have a song and a crack with the popular comic singer and story-teller. Latterly he was appointed precentor of the Parish Church of East Kilbride, where for 26 years he led the praises of the sanctuary. He died in 1859. His widow still survives, and we believe his son lives in the village of East Kilbride, and inherits not a small share of his father's poetical and musical talents.

The first edition of his songs was published in 1835, and sold rapidly; but before the time expired at which he was to receive his share of the profits, the publisher went to America leaving the business affairs to be settled by a lawyer. On the author making application for a settlement, he was told by the "man of business" that he could say nothing regarding the matter, and that was all he got in lieu of about £40. The second edition of his songs was published in 1845, and it also proved profitless, as the publisher was sometime afterwards reported to have lost his reason, and his business affairs not being in a prosperous condition the place passed into other hands. An edition of his poems and songs was published by subscription in 1860, whereby a few pounds were realised after defraying the expense of printing.

William Watt was a man of versatile genius,

honourable and kind-hearted. In music his achievements were very considerable—he having composed upwards of a hundred psalm and hymn tunes, besides hornpipes, marches, reels, &c. His artistic work was chiefly confined to painting coats of arms, flags, and devices for public bodies. His poems abound in lively pictures of Scottish customs and observances, and evince graphic power, breadth of humour, and lively description. His name will be cherished as the author of several songs which his countrymen "will not willingly let die." Of his lyrical productions, we only require to mention the titles of such well-known songs as "Kate Da'rymple," "Merrily danced the Quaker's Wife," "Auld John Paul," "The Tinkler's Waddin'," "Katie Christie," and others of the same stamp, to show that his merits as a song-writer are of the first order.

## HAB O' THE MILL.

AIR.—"Todlin' but an' todlin' ben."

'Mang a' the fine feelings to frail mortals lent,
There is nane that's mair sweet than the smile o' content;
It gars the time flee sae delightfully smooth,
That oor noddles turn grey while we think we're in youth.
Yet it shuns courts and crowns for the glen and the hill,
An' tak's shelter remote wi' auld Hab o' the Mill.

Auld Hab has wonn'd there for years three-score and ten,
Yet he ne'er was sax miles frae his ain native glen;
And though the same scenes to his e'e still appear,
Yet they never him tire, but are ever as dear.
While the blackbird's blithe sang, and the laverock's gay trill,
Ever cheer up the heart o' auld Hab o' the Mill.

Auld Mirren and he, as guidman and guidwife,
Hae a half-cent'ry passed free o' dull care and strife;
While a family they've raised, by example and thrift,
That for virtue are equall'd by few 'neath the lift,
Which delights the auld pair wi' true joy's sweetest thrill,
Sae few mortals are blessed like auld Hab o' the Mill.

His sons they are hardy, true hearted, and leal,
What they say wi' their tongue, wi' their blood they will seal;

His dochters are bonnie, and modest, yet free,
And the blithe blink o' love flashes warm frae ilk e'e;
And fou crouse is the wooer wha gets the guidwill,
To become son-in-law to auld Hab o' the Mill.

In winter, when snell frost the mill-dam up locks,
And the shochles, like crystal, hing clear frae the rocks,
Wi' some auld couthy friend he the time passes by,
Nor complains o' the drift wheeling chill through the sky.
Wi' a crack and a snuff, and a cog o' guid yill,
Never king was mair happy than Hab o' the Mill.

O fortune, shower titles and wealth on the great,
For me, I'll ne'er wish for their splendour nor state;
If Thou'lt only me bless wi' contentment through life,
Far frae malice, frae envy, frae discord, and strife,
Then the cup of my lot to the brim Thou wilt fill,
And I'll toddle through life like auld Hab o' the Mill.

## KATE DA'RYMPLE.

AIR.—"Jinglin' Johnny."

In a wee cot-house far across the muir,
Where peesweeps, plovers, and whaups cry dreary,
There lived an auld maid for mony lang years,
Wham ne'er a wooer did e'er ca' "dearie."
A lanely lass was Kate Da'rymple,
A thrifty quean was Kate Da'rymple;
Nae music, exceptin' the clear burnie's wimple,
Was heard round the dwellin' o' Kate Da'rymple.

Her face had a smack o' the gruesome and grim,
Whilk did frae the fash o' a' wooers defend her;
Her lang Roman nose nearly met wi' her chin,
That brang folk in min' o' the auld Witch o' Endor.
A weegle in her walk had Kate Da'rymple,
A sneevil in her talk had Kate Da'rymple;
And mony a cornelian and cairngorm pimple
Did bleeze on the dun face o' Kate Da'rymple.

She span tarry woo the hale winter through,
For Kate ne'er was lazy, but eident and thrifty,
She wrought 'mang the peats, coil'd the hay, shore the corn,
And supported hersel' by her ain hard shift aye.
But ne'er a lover cam' to Kate Da'rymple,
For beauty and tocher wanted Kate Da'rymple
Unheeded was the quean by baith gentle and simple,
A blank in the warld seem'd poor Kate Da'rymple.

But mony are the ups and the downs in life,
Whan the dice-box o' fate's jumbled a' tapsalteerie;
Sae Kate fell heiress to a friend's hale estate,
And nae langer for lovers had she cause to weary.
A Squire cam' a-wooing soon o' Kate Da'rymple,
The Priest, scrapin', bowin', fan' out Kate Da'rymple,
And on ilk wooer's face was seen love's smiling dimple,
And now she's nae mair Kate—but *Miss Da'rymple.*

Her auld currystool that she used at her wheel,
Is flung by for the saft gilded sofa sae gaudy,
And now she's array'd in her silks and brocade,
And can brank now for ruffs and muffs wi' ony lady.
Still an unco fash to Kate Da'rymple,
Was dressing and party clash to Kate Da'rymple;
She thought a half marrow, bred in line mair simple,
Wad be a far fitter match for Kate Da'rymple.

She aftentimes thocht when she dwelt by hersel',
She could wed Willie Speedyspool, the sarkin' weaver;
And now to the wabster she the secret did tell,
And for love or for int'rest Will did kindly receive her.
He flang up his heddles soon for Kate Da'rymple,
He brunt a' his treddles doon for Kate Da'rymple;
Though his right e'e doth skellie, and his left leg doth limp ill,
He's wedded to, and bedded now wi' Kate Da'rymple.

## THOMAS BELL,

AUTHOR of the following ballad and song was born in February, 1766, at Ceres, in the county of Fife. His birth was humble, and his education conformably scanty. He was thrice married, and died on 13th December, 1824.

### BALLAD.

TUNE.—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."

In plaintive mood, the ither morn',
Whan walkin' by yon plantin',
Where bloom the fragrant brier and thorn,
Where birds sae sportive wanton;

They sang their tender tales of love,
In bowers sae green and shady,
Whan thro' the trees in yonder grove
I spied my bonnie lady.

"Matilda fair, why up sae ear',
My boding fears alarming;
Come ye to hear in notes sae clear
The blackbird sing sae charming!"
"O, Sandy dear, I've ventured here,
Unkennin' to my daddy,
That you may know the dismal woe
Awaiting me, your lady.

"This morning in you castle drear,
I left a' soundly sleeping,
That I might tell my only dear—
How can I tell for weeping?
Sir Malcolm has most fiercely sworn,
Ah, unrelenting daddy!
He'll make you rue you e'er were born,
For wooing me, a lady.

"Tho' you be neither duke nor lord,
Ae farm you hae—'tis plenty;
That we may store our frugal board
With halesome fare, and dainty.
I'll lay aside my silken train,
With lichtsome heart and glad aye,
To tend the dairy o' my swain,
Altho' I be a lady.

We parted with a solemn vow,
A glowing kiss it plighted,
That we should meet by yon lone yew
Soon as the gloom benighted.
Matilda came with throbbing heart,
The priest at hand was ready,
Wha joined our hands nae mair to part—
Syne hame I took my lady.

## SONG.

TUNE.—"Rock an' wee pickle tow."

I'll sing of a weaver wha loom'd an ill web,
And briskly began the weavin' o't;
His purse was reduced to a very low ebb,
His wame he felt constant the cravin' o't!
'Twas ae hapless nicht when it turn'd gloamin' dark,
He lichted his lamp for a late e'enin's wark,
When down frae the croosie there fell a red spark,
That put a sad stand to the weavin' o't!

His yarns and his heddles were soon in a blaze,
Which fairly concluded the weavin' o't;
Frae selvage to selvage the lowe ran wi' ease,
And nought could be done for the savin' o't!
The weaver sat greetin' and scartin' his heid—
"I'm habbl'd, I'm ruin'd, beyond a' remeed;
I've naething to purchase potatoes or bread,
For a' had to come by the weavin' o't!

"My wife and relations gie me their advice,
That I should relinquish the weavin' o't;
And never to toil for a low reduced price,
As naething can equal the slavin' o't!
As now, by the burnin', I'm next to undone,
I'll list for a soldier and carry the gun,
Then, sorrow-me-care tho' a thread be ne'er spun,
And as little I'll care for the weavin' o't!

## ROBERT GEMMELL

WAS born at Irvine in 1821. At school he was an apt scholar, and showed a taste for reading, and thoughtful study. On leaving school he was apprenticed to the trade of shipbuilding, but before he had completed his term, he enlisted in the 30th Regiment. He tells us that his first impressions of a military life were more delightful than he had anticipated. The stately bearing of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers, the handsome uniforms, the martial music, and the continual sounding of bugles and beating of drums, being the signals which announced the daily routine of parades and other duties in their particular order, interested and absorbed his mind. After serving four years he was induced to purchase his discharge, through hopes that were held out by friends of his obtaining a better position as a civilian. So much was he

esteemed that the captain of his company, and the Lieutenant-Colonel who commanded the regiment, were both unwilling to part with him, and in the hope that he would remain, an offer was made of immediate promotion. He regards these years the happiest period of his life, and even yet he takes a deep interest in military affairs, and his heart invariably warms at the sight of a red coat. On his return home, he obtained a situation as clerk in a railway contractor's office at Irvine in connection with the construction of portions of the Glasgow and South Western Railway between Kilmarnock and Carlisle, and lived for about two years near Mauchline, lodging at the farm house of Mossgiel. The works on that part of the line being completed, he removed to the neighbourhood of Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, staying at the village of Durrisdeer Mill, at the foot of several beautiful hills, with the Carron gliding near. While residing here he met two of the sons of Burns, who had called at the office. In 1850 —the works being completed, and his services no longer required—he returned to Irvine, and was employed at an iron foundry. Here he remained three years, and then entered the service of the Glasgow and South Western Railway Company—acting for sometime as stationmaster, and subsequently in one of their offices in Glasgow. Mr Gemmell has been connected with railways for about thirty-two years, and is at present employed by the Glasgow and Paisley Joint Railway Company, in the goods department at Eglinton Street Station.

During these years he still cherished a love for literature, and occasionally wrote in prose and verse. In 1863 he published a volume, entitled "Sketches from Life, with Occasional Thoughts and Poems." The "sketches" and "thoughts" were in prose, and chiefly of a religious character, sound in tone, and calculated to do good, but inferior in literary excellence to subsequent efforts. The "poems" were

better than the prose; while the volume as a whole gave evidence that the author could do something higher in the field of literature.

In 1868 our author published "Montague, a Drama, and other Poems," a volume which showed progress in thought and finish of expression. The characters in the Drama are well depicted, and a clearly-defined moral purpose is shown throughout. Many of the shorter pieces are of great merit, and the book was very favourably noticed by the press—one reviewer declaring that several of the poems were of such excellence as to entitle the author to a place amongst the best of our modern poets. "Montague" was followed in 1876 by "The Deserter, and other Tales and Sketches; or, Soldiering Thirty Years Ago." The book was written shortly after leaving the regiment, when everything was fresh in his remembrance, but carefully revised at time of publication. The object of the author was to give correct views of military life in its individual and social aspects, and as memorials of a time passed away. The stories are well thought out, and exceedingly attractive; while the advices tendered and the principles inculcated are fitted to do much good—indeed, both in his prose and poetical writings, Mr Gemmell shows forth a highly moral and religious tone of thought, and a genuine love of the true, the beautiful, and the good, uttered in pleasing language, and with graceful sweetness.

### ADDRESS TO DUNDONALD CASTLE.

Hail, noble pile! memento of the past!
Of thee my muse would fain attempt to sing!
Thy lofty towers, unshaken by the blast,
The deeds of other days to memory bring.

Once the proud dwelling of the patriot brave,
When Scotland groaned beneath oppression's yoke;
Who would not stoop to be a passive slave,
But spurning tyranny, his fetters broke!

Immortal Bruce! his sword made foemen fly,
Nor paused he ever from the strife to turn;
But foremost fighting, raised his battle-cry,
And freedom gained at glorious Bannockburn!

Grand were thy halls, proud castle, at the time,
When came thy king, attended by his train
Of warlike knights and nobles, all the prime,
Who fought and flourished in that gallant reign.

Loud merriment re-echoed at the board,
While song and wassail circulated round;
War then had ceased, and sheathed hung the sword,
And minstrel's cheering strains made hearts rebound.

And ladies gaily mingled in the dance,
Whose beauty graced that bright and festive scene
With charms more powerful than the foeman's lance,
Which vanquished those who in the wars had been.

But years rolled on, and others than the Bruce
Became thy owners, and had many a fray
With neighbouring feudal barons, who no truce
Would grant in war, nor dastard fear betray!

Within thy vaulted dungeon, deep and strong,
The captive manacled with rusty chain
For light and liberty might eager long,
But find at last his wishes all in vain.

The foe oft thundered at thy ponderous gate,
And at thy battlements his missiles threw;
But beaten by thy warriors, learned too late
In hurried flight the rash assault to rue!

Nor knight nor lady now in princely state
Within thy halls each kindly favour showers;
The owl, sole occupant, alone doth wait,
In thy forlorn, dilapidated towers.

Proud ruin of the past, alas! no more
In thee will minstrel tune his harp and sing;
Thy massive walls, with ivy mantled o'er,
Can only other days to memory bring!

## LOOKING BACK.

O days of youth! O days of youth!
Sweet time of innocence and truth,
When love and hope attendant came,
And oft we dreamt of future fame;
When friends appeared to us more kind,
And care had not disturbed the mind—
When music breathed a richer tone;
But now those days from us are gone.

O days of youth, too swiftly fled,
What glory is around you shed!
What hours of joy unmixed with pain,
Which we could wish to come again!
But now, though old, and death be nigh,
We look for bliss beyond the sky;
When raised in glory from the tomb,
Our beauty shall unfading bloom.

## TO MY BOOKS.

Hail! sweet companions of my solitude,
Source of unutterable, pure delight;
Imparting to the mind the noblest food,
Affording richest pleasure to the sight.
Through you I hold communion with the dead,
The mighty dead, whose thoughts are priceless store;
And while I read, a light seems o'er me shed,
A glory gilds the page of ancient lore!
Had I not books, I soon should droop and die—
Without them, life a weary blank would be;
They speak of bliss beyond the radiant sky,
And open up the way of life to me.
My books! from them I could not bear to part—
My world—my joy—the comfort of my heart!

## THE TRYSTING TREE.

The youth was brave, the maiden fair,
And few had hoped with them to vie,
For ne'er was seen a finer pair
Beneath the gladdening summer sky.
And oft at eve they sought the vale,
Where flowerets clothed the upland lea,
And sweetly breathed love's tender tale,
Beside the hawthorn trysting tree!

But cruel war with deadly blast,
Called Edmund forth to meet the foe,
And grief o'er Mary's soul was cast,
That he should for a soldier go.
Yet still, amid the hateful strife,
When home no more he thought to see,
A nightly prayer to guard his life
Arose beside the trysting tree!

The foemen fled, and Edmund hied,
Once more to seek the peaceful glade;
And soon the well-known spot descried,
Where oft with Mary he had strayed.
'Twas night, he heard the earnest prayer
Ascend for him, and knew 'twas she—
Then rushed, and clasped her, weeping there,
Beside the hawthorn trysting tree!

As tales of war he strove to tell,
Which she in wonder heard the while,
He kissed away the tears that fell,
And joyful marked her happy smile.
With many a vow expressed between,
How blissful both now seemed to be!
Thus love triumphant crowned the scene,
Beside the hawthorn trysting tree!

## WALTER CHISHOLM,

A GIFTED young poet, was born at Easter Harelaw, near Chirnside, in 1856, and died at Dowlaw, in 1877, before he had completed his twenty-first year. In a very thoughtful "prefatory notice" to a memorial volume of his poems inscribed to his mother, Mr William Cairns, Edinburgh, tells us that his school days were short; for by the time he was twelve he had to assist his father, who was a shepherd. It was while tending sheep that he seems to have aroused the poetic spirit that was within him; for by the time he was sixteen, it began to be suspected by his neighbours that Walter was writing verses. Those who had intercourse with him, it is said, could not help admiring the simple, honest, unsophisticated nature of the lad, utterly unconscious as he seemed to be of any special merit, though he had then written verses showing fine local colouring, richness and chasteness of imaginative fancy, and easy flow of correct lyrical expression—remarkable in one so young, and whose opportunities of culture had been so limited. The signature of "Wattie" was beginning to be known in the poet's corner of the *Haddington Courier*, and his verses appearing in

the *People's Friend*. In the poetic competition instituted by the *People's Journal*, his "Scotia's Borderland" received the second prize at Christmas 1876.

In the same year he went to Glasgow, and found employment as a light porter in a leather warehouse. Of a sound, healthy constitution, much might have been expected of him had his days been prolonged; but when home on a visit to his parents at New Year time 1877, he was stricken down with a severe pleuritic attack. Though he rallied once and again, he never fairly recovered; and after many alternations of hopes and fears on the part of friends to whom he was deservedly dear, the end came, for which he had been calmly preparing.

The memorial volume of selected pieces edited by Mr Cairns was published in 1879 by Mr Thin, Edinburgh. It was warmly received, and altogether successful—a considerable sum being thus secured for his mother, who still survives.

We have found selection a difficult task—almost every piece being worth preserving. His verses possess a rich, varied, and melodious cadence, both in rhythm and rhyme, and are instinct with poetic thought and feeling. Mr Cairns says:—"That one with a spirit such as we now know to have been in him, should have been in intensest sympathy with all—even the commonest aspects of Nature;—and that the dun moors, with, in their season, the golden gorse and the purple heather—their many voices of muircocks, whaups, laverocks, and linnets—and their myriad insect voices, should have filled his eye and ear, and welled over in his song, is perhaps not wonderful. But still the question comes back, whence should one so untutored have had the power to give utterance in words so fit and well-chosen? And the only reply is, that it must have come by direct, incommunicable gift, in its manner and degree, the thing we call—Genius.

## TO A THRUSH—IN WINTER.

Bird of the dappled throat,
Say, shall thy mellow note
Gladden the glades and the woodlands again?—
Say, shall my heart once more,
As in the days of yore,
Thrill, as I list to thy soul-stirring strain?

Oft hath thy joyous song,
Ringing the groves among,
Cheered me, when pressed down with sorrow and care;
Why on the leafless bough,
Art thou so silent now,
Mourning so sadly o'er Nature's despair?

Though now o'er hill and dale,
Winter, so cold and pale,
Brings desolation and want unto thee;
Soon gentle Spring shall come,
Chasing thy sorrow dumb—
Then shall thy notes fill the woodlands with glee!

## A HEATHER LILT.

Can e'er I forget the broon heather
Or the turf biggit house on the hill,
Where breezes blaw hither an' thither,
An' linties their sweet ditties trill;
When the voice o' the whaup an' the plover
Comes pealin' o'er muir an' o'er glen,
An' the muircock aneath the bright cover
Makes love to the bonnie muirhen?

What tho' through the wide-world roamin',
'Mang kind freends a hame I should meet,
My thoughts whene'er fell the gray gloamin',
Wad turn to the heather bells sweet;
An' whene'er, in the mild Autumn weather,
The breeze frae the muirland blew free,
I wad bring the sweet scent o' the heather
Ower mountain an' valley to me.

## SPRING.

Lo! she comes in beauty drest,
From the regions of the West,
With a crocus full in blossom,
Fair displayed upon her bosom,
And a snow-drop on her crest.

Grim old Winter from the land
Flies before her fairy wand:
  And all Nature now rejoices,
  Hearken! to her Zephyr voices,
Sweet and balmy, soft and bland.

Gaily now she trips along,
And the birds—a motley throng,
  When they feel her breath awaken,
  And from broom and withered bracken,
Welcome her with joyous song.

See, the tiny streamlet leap!
O'er the rocky cascade steep;
  Through the valley gently gliding;
  Where upon the surface riding
Water-flags and rushes sleep.

Purple violets peep in sight
From the velvet carpet bright:—
  Beauteous as the eye that gazes
  On the Poet—in the mazes
Of Imaginative Light.

Now the farmer sows the grain,—
Gentle Spring brings quick'ning rain;
  And the seed he now is sowing
  We shall see in beauty blowing,
When sweet Summer gilds the plain.

Lambs are skipping o'er the lea,
Bright buds hang on bush and tree;
  Hark! what means that droning, drumming,
  Which from yonder dale is coming?
'Tis the hum of honey bee.

Gloomy Winter now is gone,
With his ceaseless, chilling moan,
  Spring has come to chase our sadness,
  Let us, then, with voice of gladness,
Seat her on the vacant throne!

## GRIEFS AN' CARES.

This world is fu' o' griefs an' cares,
An' bitter blights, an' hidden snares
  That trip us as we gang;
Where'er we wend, or fast, or slow,
Some luring tempters whisper low
  An' fain wad set us wrang.

They haunt the paths o' country life,
Where Nature sweetly smiles ;
They show, amid the city's strife,
Mair openly their wiles :
Fu' saftly, an' deftly,
They spread their sugared wares,
Till quaffin', some wauf ane,
Fa's in their cursed snares.

Aroond, where'er we turn our view,
It seems as if the tale were true,
That "Man was made to mourn : "
Sae muckle doon-ward draggin' sin
Is warped o'er human frames within—
Sae sair wi' care we're worn ;
Sae mony trip, an' stumbling fa',
In crime's dark, muddy tide ;
Sae few are fun' amang us a',
The waves can safely ride :—
Sae aften, comes waftin',
Alang the airy gale,
Sad moanin' an' groanin',
Some hapless mourner's wail.

But still within my heart I feel,
There is a balm the wounds to heal
O' conscience-racking sin ;
A solace dear to guilty man,
The thought of Christ's redeemin' plan
To make us a' His kin.
A message sweet o' boundless love,
On heavenly breezes borne,
Comes floating gently from above,
To comfort those that mourn.
Wide-sounding rebounding,
It swells alang the air :
"Believe me—Receive me—
My crown and kingdom share."

O ! blest wad be this mortal vale,
Wad ilka ane receive the tale,
An' treasure it in mind ;
How, on the agonisin' Tree,
The "Prince of Glory" deigned to dee,
To ransom human kind :
Wad ilka ane strive for the best,
An' ask God's gracious aid,
To guide him to the endless rest,
For which He man has made.

Nae mair then, wi' care then,
Wad oor life-path be spread ;
Ilk day then, the way then
Wi' joyfu' hearts we'd tread.

## WILLIAM SCOTT

WAS born at Hawick in 1795. For eleven years he acted as cashier and clerk to Wm. Wilson & Sons, manufacturers, in his native town, and it was when thus employed that he wrote some verses in honour of a great festival, held at Branxholm in 1839, to welcome the present Duke of Buccleuch home from the continent. The song came under the notice of his Grace, who was so much pleased with it that he made inquiry about the author, and gave instructions that he should be offered a situation in his service. He was accordingly appointed head clerk in the Duke's colliery office at Thorniebank, Dalkeith, to which he removed in 1840. This situation he held for several years, discharging its duties with fidelity and success. In 1855 a sad and unexpected change for the worse took place in his circumstances, and he removed to Edinburgh, and afterwards to Belfast, where he died in 1859. He was greatly respected for his undeviating integrity, his independent spirit and high sense of honour, his true Christian principle, and his pawky and genuine humour. Mr Scott was an intimate friend of Andrew Leyden, of Roundhaugh, brother of the celebrated poet and linguist, but the latter he never saw, as he was a boy of only eight when Dr Leyden sailed for India.

Mr Scott possessed poetic powers of no mean order,

and wrote in both prose and verse at an early age. In 1826 he published a collection of occasional poetry, and while in Hawick frequently enriched the pages of the local press with the effusions of his muse. All his contributions, whether poetry or prose, were alike distinguished by their high moral tone and truthfulness to nature.

### HARP OF THE BORDER!

Harp of the Border! shall my hand essay—
My trembling hand—to wake thy silent strings?
Silent since Leyden poured his ardent lay
Beside his Teviot's tributary springs:
Home of my childhood! memory fondly clings
To each lov'd haunt, by burn, glen, hill, and vale;
Full many a scene to view th' enchantress brings,
And many a pleasing, many a fearful tale,
She tells of love and war, and "bonny Teviotdale."

Hawick, my native town! in all my dreams
I pace thy busy well-remembered street,
Tread thy bye-paths, and trace thy confluent streams
Which meet as long, long parted lovers meet,
And, kissing, eastward glide in union sweet.
Alas! forever gone those blissful days
Of happy boyhood, when my heart could beat
In unison with all that met my gaze
Among thy wild green shaws, and on thy flowery braes.

Soon youth and manhood came with care and sorrow,
And fell misfortune tracked my luckless way;
In vain I hoped that each returning morrow
Would find me happier, wiser than to-day.
Away delusive dreams! my hair is grey,
And still Adversity besets me round;
But I have learn'd in her stern school the way
Which leads to joy,—where humble virtue's crown'd,
Content to lay my bones far from my native ground.

Harp of the Border! Fare-thee-well for aye;—
Again I hang thee on the "poplar pale,"
For all unskilled am I to pour the lay
And sing of doure deeds done in Teviotdale.
Life's cares and thoughts of passing time prevail
To check my feeble strain. Let others weave
The Border lay. No more my native vale
Shall find me ling'ring at the close of eve,
Intent on song. For aye those walks I leave

## THE AULD SLITRIG BRIG.

Grey relic of the days of old!
Long centuries o'er thy head have roll'd,
Full many a tale could'st thou unfold
Had'st thou a tongue,
Which no recording year has told,
Nor poet sung.

Who rear'd thee on the shelving rocks,
When scroggy bushes screen'd the fox,
And useless nettles grew, and docks
Hid beasts obscene?
Records are dumb—tradition mocks
My question vain.

In schoolboy days, long past, alas!
In simple wonder I would trace
(Though battered and devoid of grace
It seem'd to be)
The likeness of some female's face;
But *who* was she?

Some said the Foundress's, some said
It was the face of ill-starr'd maid,
To meet her parents' eyes afraid—
A suicide,
Who threw herself—the love-betrayed—
Into the tide.

What mean those lances glittering bright,
And prancing war-horse, armed knight!
It is, I ween, a gallant sight;
See mustering there,
The Scott and Douglas, for the fight,
With pennons fair!

Chiefs, kinsmen, vassals sun-embrown'd,
Have left the chapel on the mound
To mount their steeds on lower ground—
Mourn, Scotland, mourn?
These are thy best, for Flodden bound,
Ne'er to return.

Years pass, and in yon ancient fort,
Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch, keeps court,
And knight and noble there resort
From battle broil;
In "game and glee," and manly sport,
To live the while.

Old arch! oft has the clansman's tread
Rung o'er thy river's rocky bed,
When bale-fires rose, all glaring red,
In midnight sky,
Warning the fort of danger hid
And foemen nigh.

Does the blaze rise on Goldieland?
Walter of Branxholm grasps his brand,
And calls upon his gallant band—
"For Hawick ride,
Nor stint your speed, it's my command,
Whate'er betide."

Great men thy ribbéd arch have trod,
Of worth and learning—men of God;
Loved and revered at home—abroad:
Much honoured dust,
Holds yon green mound beneath its sod
In faithful trust.

I see Dunkeld's good bishop stand—
His Virgil in his better hand;
With eye bent on the rocky strand
And glittering stream,
Clothing high thoughts in language grand,
For some high theme.

I see the sainted Chalmers leave
The neighb'ring tower at summer eve,
Pensively pace thee, and conceive
For Sabbath next,
Fit theme to strike dark Vice's slave,
And *fix* the text.

I see long generations pass
Along thy ridge, of every class;
The congregated mortal mass
All silent lie—
Swift as the shadows o'er the grass,
Our moments fly.

What means that youthful band so gay,
With oaken boughs in trim array,
With frequent shout, and loud hurray,
Drum, fife, and fiddle?
Th' auld brig, ye'd think, wad gang in twae,
Right i' the middle!

Young men! take not my words amiss;
You tread the brink of an abyss:
That 'tis a harmless pastime this,
O do not tell me;
Fast thick'ning dangers round ye press,
Which may o'erwhelm ye.

Full many a youth, led first astray
Upon this annual holiday,
Now sadly mourns in locks of grey,
These scenes of riot—
Peace, Wisdom, Virtue, dwell for aye
With sober Quiet!

Old arch ! the bridegroom and the bride
Have trod thee oft in youthful pride,
Linked arm in arm, or side by side—
Blithe sight, I ween ;
While gossips from their windows eyed
The passing scene.

A smiling infant claims their care ;
Again they to the church repair
As parents, and their offspring *there*
Is reverent given,
With holy rite and fervent prayer,
A gift to heaven !

The child becomes a reckless boy—
His father's pride, his mother's joy ;
Youth comes apace ; some witching eye
His bosom fires ;
Her face, her form, his thoughts employ,
And peace retires.

Restless he seeks the greenwood glade—
His wishes centered in the maid ;
Bright hopes, dark fears by turns invade
His beating heart ;
Determined half, and half afraid
His love t' impart.

Grey arch ! by thee long hours he'll sit,
Or lean upon thy parapet,
Lone list'ning for her step—starlit,
His watch he'll keep,
While eerie bats around him flit
With circling sweep.

His ardent hopes at length are crowned,
Smiles dimple on the face which frowned ;
He weds, and enters on a round
Of care for life ;
For Joy and Grief's together bound,
Like man and wife.

Death shuts the scene—the arch which bore
The pair so oft the streamlet o'er,
Echoes their churchward steps no more
To prayer, psalm, rite :
"They are not dead but gone before,"
Faith's chang'd to sight !

Thus onward moves time's fleeting show—
For change is stamped on all below—
Laughter and tears, and joy and woe,
Each other chase
In ceaseless whirl, till hence we go,
And end the race.

## GEORGE DONALD

MAY be said to have inherited the poetic gift from his father, author of numerous poetical pieces of much merit, and one of the contributors to "Nursery Songs," published in "Whistle Binkie," but whose unhappy career entailed on his own family a long struggle with poverty and its attendant ills. The effect of these early experiences on the highly sensitive nature of the subject of our sketch was to strengthen a constitutional tendency to sadness and melancholy, which are a marked characteristic of his muse. Born early in the second quarter of the present century, at the village of Thornliebank, Renfrewshire, where his father was employed as a factory operative, he removed with his parents when a child to St Rollox, Glasgow. Here his father's poetical contributions (which were chiefly political and of a strongly Radical cast) to the local newspapers brought him into considerable repute, and were the means of introducing him to the local leaders of the Chartist movement; and when the *Liberator* newspaper was started in Glasgow he was appointed to a position on the paper. Unfortunately this connection led him to be frequently from home till late at night, and habits of irregularity were formed which were never overcome. He returned to the factory, but soon lost his employment, and his wife struggled for some time to support herself and three children by her own industry, but was at last compelled to remove with them to Thornliebank, where she found a home with her mother and brother. Here our poet, when about twelve years of age, was put to work in the calico printfield, toiling for eleven hours daily. Having from childhood shown a taste for drawing, he was a few years later apprenticed to the pattern-designing

with the same firm, at which he continued for about four years, when failing health compelled him to leave it temporarily for some more active work. He was subsequently employed in the warehouse of the late Mr Thomas Corbett, the originator of the well-known cheap cooking establishments in Glasgow. While with Mr Corbett, he attended the Glasgow School of Art in the evenings; and his health being restored, he returned to his trade, till a dulness in business having occurred, he was thrown out of employment.

Having for some years contributed poetical and other literary productions to the Glasgow newspapers, he thought of turning his attention to a journalistic profession; and being furnished by the late Dr Smith of the *Glasgow Examiner*, in whose paper many of his lucubrations had appeared, with a letter of introduction to the late Messrs Gunn and Cameron, proprietors of the *North British Daily Mail*, they engaged him on the reporting staff of their paper. He continued on the *Mail* about eleven years, the greater part of the time being located in Paisley as local correspondent and reporter. He resigned his connection with newspaper work to engage in a temperance hotel business in Glasgow. Eleven years ago he obtained an appointment in the office of the Govan Parochial Board.

While at Thornliebank he attended an evening school, where he was latterly appointed a monitor —teaching during one hour, and receiving free instruction during the next. He early began a course of self-tuition during his spare time, which he sedulously pursued for a number of years. Being desirous of following a literary career, he specially applied himself to the study of grammar and composition; and while pursuing his occupation as a designer, he attended for a session as a private student the Logic and Rhetoric class in Glasgow University. He also succeeded, without the aid of a teacher, in

acquiring a sufficient knowledge of the French language to enable him to read it with ease; and he has translated a number of poetical pieces from the French of various authors. His attempts at verse-making began about his seventeenth year, but he did not venture on publishing till a few years later. Some verses which he sent to a Glasgow newspaper having been inserted, he was encouraged to continue his contributions to the local press. Since then he has written many poetical pieces, as well as prose sketches, tales, literary reviews, &c., which have been published in the newspapers, periodicals, and magazines.

During the excitement in 1853, caused by the sailing of the Sunday steamer on the Clyde, our poet, full of youthful enthusiasm, published an essay, of which two editions were speedily sold, in support of what he then considered to be the good old mode of keeping the Sabbath. It was entitled "The Christian's Sabbath; an Argument for the Divine Authority for a Day of Rest; being a Reply to the Statements put forth by the Promoters of Sunday Excursions, by a Christian Democrat." His early Sabbatarian views have, however, been greatly modified since then. In 1865 he published a collection of poems, "Reflective, Descriptive, and Miscellaneous," which were very favourably noticed by the press. Though his muse, which indicates a cultured intellect, expansive sympathies, and an amiable heart, has for some time past been less active than formerly, he still devotes, with undiminished ardour, much of his leisure to poetry and general literature.

### OUR AIN GREEN SHAW.

They tell me o' a land whare the sky is ever clear,
Whare rivers row ower gowden sands, and flowers unfading blaw,
But, O, nae joys o' Nature to me are half sae dear
As the flowrets bloomin' wild in our ain green shaw.

They speak o' gilded palaces, o' lords and leddies fair,
And scenes that charm the weary heart in cities far awa',
But nane o' a' their gaudy shows and pleasures can compare
Wi' the happiness that dwells in our ain green shaw.

O weel I lo'e when Summer comes wi' sunny days and glee,
And brings to gladden ilka heart her rural pleasures a',
When on the thorn the mavis sings, and gowans deck the lea,—
O there's nae spot then sae bonnie as our ain green shaw.

While Heaven supplies my simple wants, and leaves me still my cot,
I'll bear through life a cheerfu' heart whatever may befa',
Nor envy ithers' joys, but aye be canty wi' my lot
When wanderin' in the e'enin through our ain green shaw.

## THE RUINED HAMLET.

Silence now reigns where once was heard
The varied sounds of human life;
The feelings and the thoughts that stirred
Each heart amid the cares and strife;
All that could move, or sad or gay,
Have, like a vision, passed away.

The crumbling walls, whose roofs of thatch
Time's ruthless hand hath tumbled down,
Are grey with mould and lichen patch—
For Nature ever loves to crown
Decay with life—and round them all
The clustering weeds grow rank and tall.

The stone seat by each cottage door,
Where gossip whiled the time away;
The oak, beneath whose branches hoar
Rose children's merry shouts at play,
Time's touch hath spared; but now the hum
Of those glad sounds can never come.

Each little plot of garden ground
Neglected lies, nor more are seen
Well-cultured plants and flowers around,
With trimly tended walks between;
The hedgerow round the garden space
Nettles and tall weeds interlace.

Yet here is felt the solemn truth—
Though men and all their works may fade,
Nature, fresh in immortal youth,
Smiles at the ruin time hath made;
And round me now her aspects show
Fair as in ages long ago.

The birds sing in the forest glade;
And still within each leafy nook,
Where happy childhood careless played,
The wild-flowers blossom; and the brook
Its pebbled bed still murmers o'er,
Just as it did in days of yore.

The magpie on the topmost bough
Of the tall fir-tree builds its nest;
And on the distant mountain's brow
Sunshine and gloom alternate rest;
The uplands and the verdant plains
Smile still as fair when Summer reigns.

But where are they whose humble lot
Was narrowed to this quiet scene,
Whose very names are now forgot,
Their only record—"They have been;"
Who toiled contented, laughed and wept,
Lived peaceful lives, and soundly slept?

Came adverse times, and, forced to roam,
When striving hard to live was vain,
Some in the city found a home,
And some in lands beyond the main;
But just a stone-cast from their door,
Within the churchyard many more.

Ah! mournful change, ah! vain regrets,
Memorials sad of vanished years!
Here, as the sun in glory sets,
My eyes are blind with burning tears,
To think thus all life's joys must wane,
Depart, and never come again!

## AUTUMN MUSINGS.

I am sitting idly dreaming
All alone within my room,
As the day's last beams are streaming
Through my chamber's solemn gloom.

'Tis an Autumn eve and holy;
No discordant sound is heard,
Yet the earth seems melancholy,
And my heart is sadly stirr'd;

For I hear strange voices calling
From the fading woodlands near,
And the fitful breeze is falling
With sad music on my ear;

And my fancy visions weaving
From those mystic voices low,
Hears the wail of Nature grieving
In a tone of deepest woe ;

Grieving for her children dying—
All the joys that cheer'd the earth,
For the flowers now withered lying,
For the warblers' songs of mirth ;

For the purple flush of morning,
For the golden haze of noon,
For eve's chastely rich adorning,
For the soft light of the moon ;

For the odours of the meadows,
For the glories of the woods,
For the sunshine and the shadows
In the sylvan solitudes ;

For the streamlets' dreamy humming
Through their mazes as they run,
For the going and the coming
Of the insects in the sun ;

For the thousand beauties filling
With an Eden joy the earth ;
For the bliss the senses thrilling—
For the glory and the mirth !

These, her children, dead and dying,
Nature's yearning heart bewails ;
And I listen to her sighing
While my own with sorrow ails ;

For earth's fading charms remind me
Of the fleeting joys of life,
How the dearest ties that bind me
Are with deepest sorrows rife ;

How the loved ones whom we cherish,
They that glad our lives below,
Are, alas ! the first to perish,
Changing all our bliss to woe !

Earth's delights, now quickly fleeing,
Other summers will restore,
But, oh ! they who bless'd our being
Will be seen on earth no more !

## HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

THE Rev. Henry Francis Lyte was born in 1793, at Ednam West Mains, Roxburghshire, near the birthplace of another great poet, James Thomson, the author of "The Seasons." Mr Lyte's father was an officer of the British army. Originally destined for the profession of medicine, he changed his mind, and took orders in Ireland as an Episcopal clergyman. Shortly afterwards he was appointed as incumbent of Lower Brixholm, in the diocese of Exeter, where he laboured for nearly a quarter of a century. His health failing him, he went abroad for change of climate, and while travelling in 1847, was taken ill at Nice, where he died.

Mr Lyte was the author of several of our best-kown and most popular sacred songs, many of which are to be found in the hymn books of the present day. It is almost unnecessary to quote the following, as its reputation is world-wide.

### ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

## REV. JAMES PROCTOR.

JAMES PROCTOR was born at Dalkeith in 1826. He was the child of humble, but worthy parents. When nine years of age he had the misfortune to lose his mother; but the impressions which she had made on his mind could never be effaced. He received a good plain English education at one of the public schools in Dalkeith. At the age of twelve he was deeply impressed with the death of a young person of his own age; and the question was brought home to his mind, with singular power, "What would have been my condition had the hand of death been laid upon me, instead of upon my companion?" From this time we may date his first decided religious impressions. Like other boys, he would often mount a chair and play the minister; but with this difference, he, on these occasions, generally recited productions of his own of a religious character. How well he subsequently expressed the truth concerning himself and others in the following lines—

I've tried in vain a thousand ways
My fears to quell, my hopes to raise;
But what I need the Bible says
Is Jesus.

He died, He lives, He reigns, He pleads,
There's love in all His words and deeds
There's all a guilty spirit needs
In Jesus.

Tho' some should sneer, and some should blame,
I'll go with all my guilt and shame,
I'll go to Him, because His name
Is Jesus.

He was first of all apprenticed as a tailor to a firm in Edinburgh; but, after a trial of three years, the state of his health compelled him to relinquish the

calling which he had chosen. On his return to Dalkeith, he was apprenticed to a carpenter. It was while engaged in learning this trade that he publicly identified himself with the temperance movement; and even thus early he distinguised himself as an able advocate of the cause which he had espoused. In 1849, he became an agent of the British League of juvenile abstainers. This appointment brought him back to Edinburgh; and he connected himself with the congregation under the pastoral superintendence of the Rev. James Robertson, Newington. Here he entered heartily into the various schemes of this young and spirited congregation. Among the youths who associated themselves together, with the view of promoting their personal improvement, and the good of others, he held a prominent place; and to this day they retain a savoury recollection of their fellowship with him.

He had long cherished the ardent desire to declare to his fellowmen the Gospel, on which all his own hopes depended; and he entered the Edinburgh University, with the view of qualifying himself for the work of the ministry. For several sessions he attended the different classes; and once and again his name was mentioned by his professors with honourable distinction. While attending college he was appointed as a missionary in the congregation of the Rev. William Reid, Edinburgh, and for five years he continued to labour in the district assigned to him. Here he visited from house to house, instructing the ignorant, and consoling the afflicted. While thus engaged, his labours were, however, greatly interrupted by the infirm state of his health.

Soon after entering upon these labours he married a Miss Chisholm. Never was there linked together two souls of more kindred tastes. Mrs Proctor was a pattern of the tenderness and affection which ought to adorn the nearest relation of human life. She lived to be the mother of two children; but on the

birth of the second, God called her and her infant home. Thus was he made to bear one of the heaviest trials of life, in the very beginning of his way. Two years afterwards, when time had scarcely applied the healing balm to his wounded heart, the wound was opened afresh by the death of his only surviving child. His feelings in view of the event are thus described by himself:—

'Tis well, indeed, that we should weep;
Yet, who would wake her from her sleep?

And then referring to the little one's re-union with her departed mother, he says—

She's looking out with look so kind,
For us whom she has left behind.

The weak state of his own health, and the trials with which he had been visited, had greatly interfered with his studies for the ministry; but still burning with an ardent desire to preach the Gospel, and fearing that as his life was not likely to be greatly prolonged, did he pursue the somewhat lengthy course prescribed by the United Presbyterian Church, his desire would never be gratified, he resolved upon offering himself to the Congregational body. He attended the Theological Academy, and in 1857 was called to the church at Hawick. The settlement was not a happy one. A spirit of controversy was in the congregation, and receiving an invitation from the Congregational Church of Hamilton, he became its pastor; but he had only preached there a few weeks, when his health failed, and he was compelled to retire in the hope of obtaining a renewal of his strength. After a short absence he returned, and again attempted to preach, but was obliged to bid a final farewell to the pulpit. He gradually sank, and died in 1859.

The Rev. William Reid, Edinburgh, in a discourse preached to his attached flock in Hamilton, to which we are indebted for many of these particulars, said

Mr Proctor possessed a warm and generous nature. He refused lucrative situations, saying that "ease and emolument were no objects to him in comparison with the pleasure of preaching the gospel." As a preacher he possessed superior talents. To a clear judgment he added a fluent and most effective delivery; while his poetical talents supplied powerful imagery and illustration. Some of his humorous pieces, more especially his little book, "A Crack about the Drink; or, a Poetical Dialogue between a Total Abstainer and a Moderate Drinker," published by Mr Jerdan, Dalkeith, in 1849, attracted considerable notice. He delighted chiefly, however, to dedicate his muse to the cause of piety. Several of his sweet hymns appeared as tract leaflets, and have attained wide popularity.

### ABIDE IN ME.

"Abide in me," or peace will leave thee,
Love and joy will droop and die,
Sins and fears again will grieve thee,
Soon the *song* become the *sigh*.

"Abide in me"—the branch must wither
Parted from the parent tree;
Fruit and freshness, all together,
Spring, and *only* spring from me.

"Abide in me"—for Satan's watching—
Foes are lurking all about—
Subtle plots for thee are hatching:
Venture not a moment out.

"Abide in me"—the world never
Yieldeth ought but transient joys,
In my fullness thou hast ever
An eternal, blissful choice.

"Abide in me"—when storms are raging,
I can whisper "Peace be still,"
Wildest winds and waves assuaging—
All obey my sov'reign will.

"Abide in me"—when all is shining—
Doubly then you need to hide;
Sunny days make sad declining;
Ever, then, in Me abide.

"Abide in me"—whatever changes,
Mark your lot where'er you be;
These my wisdom all arranges—
All is well, "abide in me."

"Abide in me"—and what can harm thee?
All is under my control;
Death itself need not alarm thee,
I myself will keep thy soul.

## BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD!

Come, *trembling* sinner, come away,
O do not fear though Justice may
In anger lift the rod;
A Saviour is provided now
And Justice cannot strike, if thou
Behold the Lamb of God!

Come, *guilty* sinner, come away,
Polluted, come without delay
And wash in Jesus' blood;
If thou wouldst break the power of sin,
And feel a conscious power within,
Behold the Lamb of God!

Come, *doubting* sinner, come away,
Thy doubts aside forever lay,
And take the gift bestowed;
Eternal life and heaven are thine,
If thou with lively faith divine,
Behold the Lamb of God!

*Despairing* sinner, come away,
And Mercy's gracious call obey,
Though heavy be thy load;
Yet One has borne it all for thee,
Look up to yon accursed tree,
Behold the Lamb of God!

Come, *chief of sinners*, come away,
Though heir of hell, yet glory may
And shall be thine abode;
Yes! endless gain for endless loss,
If thou by turning to the cross,
Behold the Lamb of God!

# THOMAS DAVIDSON:

## "SCOTTISH PROBATIONER."

FROM the noble lives that never come to flower and fruit as lofty a lesson of patience and contentment and perseverance can often be learned as from the records of outward success. "The pathos that surrounds incompleted lives," says Dr Japp in his introduction to a sketch of Thomas Davidson in his admirable work entitled "Labour and Victory." (to which we are indebted for the material of this sketch) "has been recognised from old. 'Whom the gods love die young,' said the old Pagans. 'It is better to depart and to be with Christ,' the early Christians responded. And the idea has its roots in the deepest sentiments of human nature. In spite of curiosity for details, its permanent satisfaction lies in possibilities; it can rest only with the eye on the wide and dim horizons, opening up as vistas of morning. The 'might-have-been' is the magical talisman to move us—the ideal that lay yet unrealised and struggled for. As in a work of art, that which charms longest is the combination of real types and real traits, with the suggestion of new and undefined relations which can only unfold themselves in the rise and unison of mixed emotions; so in biography, the most persistent element is that which is suggested but never told. The imagination completes its own picture; it finds the point of unity the more readily that in these cases the tender Christian resignation ministers such completeness as the story of external work or outward success, however well told, scarcely could. That the 'Life of a Scottish Probationer,' published some time ago by Mr Maclehose, suggests such thoughts as these, signifies at once that it tells no ordinary story and reveals no

ordinary character. It is true that we have little that is striking outwardly; it is rather the quiet record of a 'beautiful soul,' pure and elevated, but with no coldness or asceticism; of a nature full of good sense, sociality, and humour, but with rare refinement and power of thought; sitting loose to the ambitions that usually dominate youthful impulse; finding rest and reward in the joy of its own thoughts; and showing forth in varied aspects the Christian character in the most attractive manner."

Thomas Davidson was born in 1838, on the banks of the Teviot, where his father was a shepherd. His father was a man of more than ordinary intelligence —a member of the Relief Church, and walked fifteen miles every Sunday to Jedburgh, "finding these intervening miles no obstacle to continued adherence to the Church of his fathers,"—clearly a reflective, independent man. Doubtless not a little in the son is due to close companionship with his father in the years of early childhood. "When only four years old, he used to accompany his father on his rounds among the hills. If the way proved too long for the little feet, his father would leave him by the side of some whinbush with strict charge not to stir from it till he returned to fetch him. He was thus early tutored to love of nature and solitude; and clearly he was even then quietly observant and discriminating. When he was about eleven years of age, his father removed to a small farm in the parish of Ancrum; and the boy was sent to school at Ancrum village. He delighted in the beautiful scenery as he trudged along; and in after days he put some reminiscences of it into song. His love of reading here developed itself. He made acquaintance with what in after years he called the "literature of levity," and came near to being enthralled by it. Sir Walter Scott was very potent. On his way to bed one night after a long sederunt, he chanced to tread on some lucifer matches which exploded under

his feet. The house was awakened by the cry, "O mother, mother, there's fire flying from my heels." To which the anxious mother replied, "O laddie, laddie, if ye dinna stop reading Walter Scott, he'll turn your heid." Their minister had discovered the remarkable aptitudes of the boy, and recommended that he should be sent to a superior school at Jedburgh. Though it involved a walk of ten miles a day, Tom was delighted, and soon took a high place.

In 1855 he entered the University of Edinburgh as a student of arts. Very attractive is the picture of the simple life day by day, with the relief of the well-filled box which, at intervals, arrived from his home, to which he never ceased to look back with fondest affection. He was soon recognised as a promising student; but he had already been laid hold of by too great a variety of interests to shine in class-lists. The chief distinction he gained was a prize for poetry given by Professor Aytoun. But it says much, both for his popularity and his modesty, that his fellow-students were so convinced of the merits of the poem, that they sent it, unknown to him, to Mr Thackeray, who inserted it in one of the early numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine*, with a fine illustration. "Davidson," we are told, "took this success very quietly." In August 1859 he became student of theology, entering the Hall of the United Presbyterian Church. His theological curriculum was broken up by intervals of teaching, and for a period he was at Forres.

He did not feel himself in his place as a teacher; but he did his duties faithfully and well. In due course he became a "probationer," and during the time he was on the "supply list" he had opportunities of getting glimpses of many parts of the three kingdoms. That his observation was keen, and his humour rich, is shown by letters written to friends at that period.

One of his great enjoyments as he journeyed from

place to place was talking to the people in the third-class carriages, which financial considerations led him to select. He had there ample scope for the study of character, which his warm human sympathies made an unfailing delight. He loved to hear the simple talk of the farmers about their crops, and of mothers about their far-distant sons. On one of his journeys—it was about the time he visited the Carse of Gowrie—he was chatting with an old woman, who was a travelling companion. She was telling him of where the various members of her family were scattered, and she spoke specially of one son who was a soldier far away on the banks of the "Yang-Tsi-Kiang." She seemed to find a satisfaction in the high-sounding name of the distant river. The name filled Davidson's ear, and he could not rest till he had woven it into the refrain of a little comic song, for which he composed a tune. In February, 1869, he thus wrote:—"O fame and immortality! Why did I almost forget to speak of a notable petition I had the other day from Glasgow, that I would graciously condescend to allow that sublime "Yang-Tsi-Kiang" nonsense to appear in a book of songs for children, with pianoforte accompaniment! Inscrutable must be the nature of the Glasgowian children if *that* be suitable to their tender years; but the thing is so incongruous and comical and absurd that it gives me the most entire pleasure and amusement to comply. They shall have it." They had it accordingly, and the song has become popular.

Failing health brought Davidson's preaching career to a close in 1866, when he returned to his father's house at Jedburgh, in the hope that a few months' rest would restore him. Instead, he grew weaker and weaker; but it is noticeable that the weaker he grew in body his brain became more active, his humour burst out the more and bubbled over. As long as he could he read, he wrote, he indited long and pleasant letters to his friends—dis-

cussing literature, theology, and all manner of subjects. Now and then he relieved his other studies by penning a stanza, song, or sonnet, certainly of no mean quality. The idea of death became so familiar to him that he could lighten the weary hours by penning odd fantasies, humorously setting forth his own relations to it; yet over all these exercises there is diffused a spirit of reverent hopefulness. Even when he was able to do no more than creep round the garden, he carried his pen and pencil with him and indited loving, brotherly letters, making quaint fun out of his own difficulties and those of his mother —his companion invalid—in the process.

His generosity and self-denial—his determination to give enjoyment and to obtrude none of his own sufferings, were no less noticeable than his keen affections, his deep religious feelings, and his quiet hopefulness of spirit.

He died on the 29th April, 1870, and his college companions have raised a memorial to him in Oxnam Churchyard; but his elevated thought, his rich humanity, his humour and his pathos, as preserved in the volume by Dr James Brown, should raise for him a memorial in the hearts of many who may never look upon that other.

### THE AULD ASH TREE.

There grows an ash by my bour door,
  An' a' its boughs are buskit braw,
In fairest weeds o' simmer green,
  And birds sit singin' on them a'.
But cease your sangs, ye blythesome birds,
  And o' your liltin' let me be;
Ye bring deid simmers frae their graves
  To weary me, to weary me!

There grows an ash by my bour door,
  And a' its boughs are clad wi' snaw;
The ice-drap hings at ilka twig,
  And sad the nor'-wind soughs through a'.
Oh cease thy mane, thou norlan' wind,
  And o' thy wailin' let me be;
Thou brings deid winters frae their graves
  To weary me, to weary me!

Oh wad I fain forget them a';
Remembered guid but deepens ill,
As gleids o' licht faur seen by nicht
Mak' the near mirk but mirker still.
Then silent be thou dear auld tree,
O' a' thy voices let me be,
They bring the deid years frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me.

## THE COURSE OF FEIGNED LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH.

Love is a rose, a rose,
A dewy dawning rose;
Earth, heaven, and the souls of men were made
But to minister where it grows,
Where it grows.

Love is a rose, a rose,
But a something thorny rose;
And the thorn pricks all the year; alas!
'Tis the flower that comes and goes,
Comes and goes.

Love is a rose, a rose,
'Tis only a faded rose;
The rose is dead, its leaves are shed,
And here be the winter snows,
Winter snows.

## THE YANG-TSI-KIANG.

My name is Polly Hill, and I've got a lover Bill,
But he's caused me many a pang;
For his regiment got the rout, and he's gone to the right about,
To the Yang-Tsi-Kiang.

Oh the war had broken out, though I don't know what about;
But they that make the wars, go hang!
For he's gone with thousands ten, to fight the Chinamen
On the Yang-Tsi-Kiang.

Oh, it's five years passed away, till it fell upon a day,
As I sat at the door and sang,
That a soldier stopped and said, "Oh your lover Bill is dead,
On the Yang-Tsi-Kiang.

It was in a tea-tree glen that we met the Chinamen,
And one of the rogues let bang;
Which laid poor William low, with his toe to the foe
On the Yang-Tsi-Kiang.

'Oh,' says poor Bill to me, 'take this little sprig of tea,
And tell Poll where it sprang.'
Now that was all he said, when his head dropped like lead
On the Yang-Tsi-Kiang.

So here I hand to thee this little sprig of tea ;
'Twas by poor Bill's grave that it sprang :
You may keep it if you will as a *souvenir* of Bill
And the Yang-Tsi-Kiang."

" Now, my soldier boy," says I, "is there green in my eye ?
(Pray, pardon me the use of slang)
For I'm still your Polly Hill, and you're welcome home my Bill,
From the Yang-Tsi-Kiang."

## PRIMROSES.

It's far within yon forest in the spring o' the year,
And deep intil yon glen, I pu'd a primrose for my dear ;
And in amang the buds o' a broon hazel tree,
It's up there gat a wee bird, and sang a sang to me.
Oh the springtime it comes, and the primroses blaw,
An' saft young hearts love wiles them awa' ;
And sune and ere the simmer, the primroses decay.
And waes me for love that it blumes but a day.

Oh it's deep within yon wildwood, and doon beside yon brae,
I thocht on what the wee bird sang, and thocht till I was wae ;
But out frae 'mang the leaves o' the green ivie,
It's up there sat a gaucy merle and liltit to me.
Oh the primroses bloom and the primroses fade,
But green the woodbine grows in shine and in shade ;
And there be true hearts, where love downa die,
Then leeze thee on the lassie that's aye leal to thee.

## HIS LAST POEM.

LEFT UNFINISHED.

This rhyme I build on what my old friend Will,
As having happ'd himself, once told to me.
Of most grave countenance, yet of most keen skill
To set a truth within a jest was he.
Of a fine wisdom he had store, but still
So held in prose of whimsicality,
Few deemed him wise but me ; it was his nature
Rather to stoop than overstretch his stature.

Nor did he hate the Devil with all his heart,
But found some little wrinkles in his horn
So comic-taking that he could not part
From some little kindness to that king forlorn.
I will not name them, we have such an art
Of branding little flaws with blame and scorn
Beyond proportion ; only, like his fellows,
This friend of mine had, too, his piccadilloes.

This fairly wise and pretty virtuous man,
Will Brown, to visit his friend Smith, went forth,
Who in a town by the " vext ocean,"
And insulated far within the North,

Dwelt and had duties. Grim as eye could scan,
A troop of craggy isles on a wild Firth,
Frowned in the face of this poor town; behind it,
Stretching far round and off, dim moors confined it.

Dreary;—yet sometimes the repentant sun
Would turn him on his threshold round at even,
Surprising sea and isle and moorland dun
With bounty, that this town seemed built and paven
All regally; men's vexed hearts would be wun
To peace, and set a-musing upon heaven;
The very children, 'mid the noise and pother
Of their rude games, would stop and kiss each other.

'Twas on an evening when the heavens did make
Rehearsal of such golden episode,
Will topped the last ascent, and on him brake
Full, that transfigured landscape far and broad,
Whose sudden splendours so his spirit did take
With ecstasy, still in the place he stood
With foot half-lifted, resting half a tip-toe,
Joy in his eyes played—played on cheek and lip too.

But the year had reached the dim penultimate
Of all his months, and twilight's too prompt hand
Deplenished soon of glory and bright state
And left to their old sadness sea and land;
The tension of Will's gaze, too, 'gan abate
With the abating brightness, then his stand
He left, and sitting down on a great boulder,
Unstrapped his knapsack from his aching shoulder.

Alack! alack! hadst thou, sweet friend of mine,
In spite of aching joints, but onward fared;
And, spite of rallying flushes or decline
Of beauty in the landscape, thou hadst been spared
That memory of the lamp's illusive shine;
No tale had been to tell, nor to be heard,
Thy journey had been happy and unstoried—
'Tis too late, Will, Time's one lock shades his forehead!

## REV. JOHN GUTHRIE, D.D.,

PREACHER, theologian, social reformer, and poet, was born in January, 1814, in the village of Milnathort, Kinross-shire. He received his elementary education at the subscription school of his native village. His father was a highly respected mercantile agent. At the age of seventeen, young Guthrie entered the University of Edinburgh, and gained several honours in the Greek and Moral Philosophy Classes. The professor of the latter class was the celebrated Christopher North. Dr Guthrie took his degree of M.A. in 1835. He was designed for the ministry, and entered the Theological Hall of the United Secession Church in 1834. One of his fellow-students was James Morison, who was afterwards expelled from the Church on account of his views in the great atonement controversy which agitated the theological mind in those days. Guthrie and Morison became life-long friends, and they subsequently became the founders of the sect known in Scotland as the "Evangelical Union." Dr Guthrie was licensed by the Presbytery of Dunfermline in the spring of 1838, and was ordained minister of the Secession Church in Kendal, Westmoreland, in 1839. Morison was expelled from his denomination in 1841 ; but it was not till May, 1843, that Guthrie's trial and expulsion took place, and the Evangelical Union was formed immediately thereafter. He became Professor in the Theological Hall of the new denomination in 1846—continuing, however, his pastoral duties in Kendal. His church there having endorsed the opinions of its minister, left the Secession body along with him. He remained in Kendal till 1848, when he removed to Glasgow, and shortly thereafter to Greenock, where he laboured till 1861, as minister of the Evangelical Union Church. On leaving

Greenock, Dr Guthrie accepted a call to Tolme's Square Congregational Church, London, in which sphere he continued for a period of five years. He then, in 1866, returned to Glasgow, and formed a new church there. In 1875 he received the degree of D.D., a title to which, one says, "he gave more of dignity than it conferred." In 1876 he was reappointed a Professor of the Evangelical Union, his chair being that of "Apologetics and Church History." He was twice elected President of the Union.

In 1878, on account of failing health, Dr Guthrie resigned both his pastorate and his professorship, and made preparations for going out to New Zealand to spend the remainder of his days among his children, who had previously been resident in that colony. But it was otherwise decreed. He had reached London, and was on the eve of embarkation, when the malady by which he was afflicted overcame him, and he died in September, 1878. Shortly before his death, when told that his medical adviser had no hope of his recovery, he quietly remarked—"Just so; I am not surprised. Living or dying, I am the Lord's." His body was brought back to Glasgow, and was interred in the Craigton Cemetery, in presence of a large concourse of relatives and friends.

Dr Guthrie was a man of high culture and many accomplishments. He was an admirable Greek scholar, and translated a life of Arminus, and many hymns, from that language. He was a prolific writer, and contributed largely to the religious periodicals, not only of his own denomination, but also of several others, both in England and Scotland. During the heat of the atonement controversy he published several pamphlets bearing on the question in dispute. For some years he edited the *Scottish Review*, a quarterly magazine, published in the interests of temperance, by the Scottish Temperance League. He was also editor of the *League Journal*,

and contributed a great many articles to both of these publications. He also published a number of books, amongst which may be named, "Conversations on Church Establishment," "Heroes of Faith," "Physiology of Temperance;" and his last work was a volume of "Memorial Discourses," issued very shortly before his death.

In the year 1869, Dr Guthrie gathered a selection of his poetical contributions into one volume, entitled "Sacred Lyrics," which had an extensive circulation, and was highly appreciated by a large circle of readers. They breathe a deeply pious and evangelical spirit. During the whole of his active and stirring career, Dr Guthrie never allowed his genial noble disposition to become soured by the "odium theologicum" by which he was constantly surrounded. He ever possessed a sweet and gentle nature. His heart overflowed with kindness and generosity, and he was not more beloved by his own ecclesiastical friends than by good men of all denominations who had the pleasure of knowing him.

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world—This was a man.

As a poet, Dr Guthrie may be said to have regarded poetical composition more as a relaxation and a consolation than as a life's work. He only engaged in it in his hours of leisure, but notwithstanding his chequered and busy life, his volume of lyrics is no mean production. It is instinct with a beautiful, devout spirit, a richly poetical and highly cultured mind.

### THE REDEEMER'S TEARS.

'Tis evening; over Salem's towers a golden lustre gleams,
And lovingly and lingeringly the sun prolongs his beams,
He looks as on some work undone, for which the hour has past,
So tender is his glance and mild, it seems to be his last.
But lo! a brighter Sun looks on—more earnest in his eye,
For thunder clouds must veil him soon, and darken all the sky;
O'er Zion still he bends, as loath his presence to remove,
And o'er her wails there lingers yet the sunshine of his love.

'Tis Jesus ! with an anguished heart, a parting glance he throws,
For mercy's day she has sinned away for a night of dreadful woes :
"Would thou hadst known," he said, while down his face rolled many a tear,
"My words of peace in this thy day—but now thine end is near,
Alas for thee, Jerusalem ! How cold thy heart to me !
How often in these arms of love, would I have gathered thee !
My sheltering wing had been thy shield, my love thy happy lot,
I would it had been thus with thee ; I would, but ye would not !"

He wept alone, and men passed on—the men whose woes he bore,
They saw the Man of Sorrows weep, they had seen him weep before—
They asked not who those tears were for, they asked not whence they flowed :—
Those tears were for rebellious man—their source the heart of God !
They fell upon this desert earth like drops from heaven on high,
Struck from an ocean-tide of love that fills eternity.
With love and tenderness divine those crystal cells o'erflow—
'Tis God who weeps, through human eyes, for human guilt and woe !

That hour has fled—those tears are told—the agony is past :
The Lord has wept, the Lord has bled, but he has not loved—his last !
From heaven his eye is downward bent, still ranging to and fro,
Where'er, in this wide wilderness, there roams a child of woe,
Nor his alone—the Three-in-one that looked through Jesus' eye,
Could hush the harps of angel bands to hear the suppliant sigh ;
And when the rebel chooses wrath, God wails his hapless lot,
Deep breathing from his heart of love—"I would, but ye would not."

## NATURE'S ANTHEM.

WRITTEN AT SUNRISE ON THE HILLS OF ROTHESAY.

How still and solemn is this place ! where'er I look abroad,
What see I but the gate of heaven, what but the house of God ?
O'er columned height and aisled retreat cathedral stillness reigns,
And awful sanctities unseen flit o'er these hills and plains.

The morning chaste, in gay attire, sweeps o'er the dewy earth,
And Nature at her summons wakes, as to a second birth ;
The sun with radiant finger, now unbars the Orient,
And cleaves the gilded clouds that form the drapery of his tent.
With locks auroral wide dispread, behold his beaming face,
Joyous as when a strong one bounds to run the appointed race.

Speed fiery courser on thy path, thy Maker's image thou,
Girdling the earth with light and love from Nature's dawn till now!
A thousand beauties ope to thee, a thousand sweets exhale,
A thousand feathered choristers leap up and bid thee hail,
A thousand glories gild thy car, and grace thy flowing robe,
And jubilations, tiding on, attend thee o'er the globe.
Then praise thy Maker, lustrous orb, who lit thine eye benign,
And emblem that supernal light whose love enkindled thine.

Ye mountains, Nature's temple-walls, that monumental rise,
Praise Him who massed your giant forms and wed you to the skies;
Who, on your proud entablature, strange characters did grave,
With pen now dipped in central flame, now in the surging wave.
What time in His Almightiness, Jehovah forth did go,
To tame old Ocean's crested wrath, to curb his ebb and flow,
To set a measure for the deep, and o'er the heaving land
To scatter life and loveliness from His creative hand.
Unfold your secrets, giants hoar, in honour of your God;
Tell forth your mystic hieroglyphs, and sound His praise abroad.

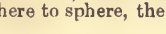
Ye lakes in which the inverted hills in softened grandeur roll,
Like manhood mirrored in the depth of woman's placid soul,
Yea, in whose bosom's inmost deep the highest heaven is found,
Reflect the glories of your God, and flash them all around.

His praise, sublime and solemn main! on every billow roll,
And let thy multitudinous voice be heard from pole to pole!
Who poured thee in thy fulness forth, o'er pearly treasures spread?
Who girt thee in thy yellow zone? who decked thy coral bed?
In marble calm, or sportive smile, under the eye of day,
When in far streams of molten gold, thy dancing ripples play;
Or when, in grave and darksome mood, defiant thou dost rise,
Now pawing low, like wrathful steed, now cresting to the skies;
In storm or calm, still thunder forth His praise to every land,
Who holds thee like a briny drop in hollow of his hand.

Ye deep-voiced forests, tune to praise your harps of thousand strings,
Where every bird, on every bough, yea every leaflet, sings.
Ye mantling vines, ye stately pines, give back the inspiring breeze,
For, as of old, 'tis God's own voice that walks among the trees.
Far through your sanctities of shade, where never foot hath trod,
Wave heavenward all your wealth of palms, and clasp your hands to God.

Thou Eye serene, of night the queen, praise Him, the Lord of Light,
Who set thee in the nightly heaven, to walk with Him in white.

Ye planets praise the Master-hand that each to each doth bind,
While sending you as rolling things before the whirling wind.
Ye starry lamps, hung tremulous, your heavenly ardours trim,
In spheral harmony renew creation's primal hymn,
When morning stars together sung, in unexpressive lays,
And all the sons of God conspired to hymn their Maker's praise.
Ye awful heavens, whose circle seems to bound the blue abyss.
Great dome of Nature's temple, gemmed with rarest loveliness,
Into your bosom, deep as God's, receive the ascending song,
And orb to orb, and sphere to sphere, the echoing notes prolong.



## THE BLYTH FAMILY.

IN our first volume we gave a sketch of David Blyth, a member of a talented family in Dundee, and also referred to several poems and songs in his book, "The Pirate Ship," by members of the same family, showing that they possessed, in no small degree, the poetic faculty, as well as fine musical talent, and a taste for drawing. Our first selection is from the pen of David Blyth, the "sailor poet," whose life is written, in the volume already referred to, by its editor, Mr W. Y. Blyth-Martin, author of "The East," a very entertaining narrative of personal impressions of a tour in Egypt, Palestine, and Syria. The second by the late Thomas Blyth, a merchant in Dundee, who was greatly esteemed, and did much to improve the musical taste of his native town. The others are by "I. B." (Isabella) and "B." Three of the brothers, Charles, Thomas, and Henry, died within a period of about two years—the last in 1875; and the Blyth family has become all but extinct—only the youngest daughter, Isabella, who resides with her husband, Mr Blyth-Martin, at Newport, remaining. In memoriam of her three brothers, she made a free gift of over £4000 to trustees for the erection of a fine public hall for Newport, a thriving and beautifully-situated village on the south bank of the Tay.

## HAD I A GALLEY.

Had I a galley swift and strong,
Might match a rover's mind,
I'd leave afar earth's busy throng,
And mate me with the wind.

Earth's bounded limits suit alone
The tyrant and the slave:
I'd have an empire of my own
Unfettered on the wave!

Creation's concave wide above,
Unfathomed depths below;
Where never yet did mortal rove,
I'd point my daring prow.

Where lurks the magnet's hidden goal,
Its slumbers I'd awake,
And trace the lightnings of the pole
Back to their *parent lake!*

Still onward with an eagle flight,
Till east and west conjoin,
From Arctic Region's lengthened night,
Across the glowing Line.

On broad wings stretching to the wind,
I'd launch my galley forth,
Reverse Time's horologe, and bind
A girdle round the earth. D. B.

## MY GUDE AULD COTTON UMBERELL.

My gude auld cotton Umberell,
I've ken'd ye sin' I've ken'd mysel',
I got ye frae my douce auld mither,
Mony dragley days ye saw thegither;
An' sin' ye've fa'n intill my han'
Feck suns hae shone an' blashes fa'n.
Ay! 'twas aneath yer ain true blue
My sailor lad first *pree'd my mou'*.
O "theekit sticks" ye've been the wale
Throu' your gude claith nae plash wid fyle.
Nae flaughts hae blawn ye inside out,
As they've done mony a silken clout;
The sairest birse I'd warsal throu'
Wi' yer neb to dirk, an' yer cleek to pu',
Ye're like mysel' noo, fell auld-farrand,
Sair cobbled up, an patched, an' darn'd,
But ye'se be mine till I'm nae mair,
An' syne ye'r *Jock's* wi' a' my gear:
He vows aye on a nail ye'll hing
Respectit like a sacred thing,
And like mysel' nae mair be harl'd
Wi' storms in this unchancy warld. T. B.

## A FLIGHT.

"Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head."

Oh, for one spark of true poetic fire,
To nerve my hand, to tune the sounding lyre ;
Both far and wide, both over land and sea,
I would thy praises sing, sweet poesy.

Grant but one feather from thy waving wing,
And o'er my head thy passing shadow fling ;
Inspire my pen to clothe my thoughts in verse,
Thoughts free to roam throughout the universe.

And now on Fancy's wing I swift am borne,
To where the night parts with the rosy morn !
Behold the ocean paved with living gold,
And ships and isles in gorgeous mantle rolled.

Nature, thou glorious art in every land,
Whether in desert bare or forest grand,
Or mighty rivers as they onward roll,
Or towering iceberg near the dreary Pole,

Thy voice is eloquent in trees and flowers,
The sunbeam is thy smile, thy tears the showers,
Thy dew is wealth, like adverse fate thy cloud,
Spring is thy birth time—winter is thy shroud.

I. B.

## THIS SUMMER DAY.

AIR.—"The Dawn of Day."

Come with me while summer lingers
Round Loch Earn's shores again,
Come while Flora's rosy fingers
Paint the heather in the glen.
Thy wandering foot shall ne'er be weary,
Never tired admiring eye,
Come ere winter chill and dreary,
Caps with snow the mountains high.

Come, the woodnotes sweet and tender,
Echo o'er each hill and dale,
Sunbeams shine with softened splendour,
Through the trees and in the vale.
Joys without one tinge of sadness,
Clothe sweet Nature's sunlit face ;
Corn, and fruit, and flowers with gladness
Grow in field and shady place.

The meadow's queen with breath of sweetness,
Fills abroad the morning air,
And by her side with sister meetness,
The fox-glove stands—a graceful pair.
With gladsome heart the lark upraises,
High in air his roundelay,
And far and near the song of praise is
Heard upon "This Summer day." I. B.

## THE GALE.

Like twice ten thousand furies howls the blast,
The rain in torrents from the sky is cast—
See how it flows;
And windows rattle as it were their last—
Hear how it blows.

The sun with fitful beams looks slanting down,
Winking beneath his watery, cloudy crown,
With sickly ray,
And ever and anon he casts a frown
This wintry day.

Surely upon their travels have gone forth
All the winds that ever had a birth
In Pagan story,
From rude blustering Boreas in the north,
Antique and hoary,

To Zephyrus, Æolus and the rest,
From frozen regions to the balmy west
Are hither bent,
To swoop, and roar, and howl with demon zest,
No good intent.

Now here upon the blast the spirit soars,
Now there with all his host hear how he roars
In tops of trees!
Preludes of wintry music now he pours
Into my ears.

Now drives his airy chariot up on high,
Now rides triumphant through the cloudy sky,
His chariot steeds,
Cloudlets are, careering as they fly—
As lightning speeds.

Alas for seamen toss'd upon the deeps!
Pity the helmsman as his watch he keeps
True to his post!
A nameless fury round his vessel sweeps
On yonder coast. I. B.

### SONNET—TO LIBERTY.

Hail, Liberty!
Methinks thou sitt'st too high—beyond the ken
Of mortal eyes: how else dare grovelling men,
Successfully
Impose a painted bawd upon the crowd—
For thee, and thy majestic beauty shroud
As in a lie!

Oh, Liberty!
Lift up thy head, and, with thy beauty stern,
Strike pratters dumb; that men perchance may learn
Thy majesty,
And in the sacred page thy charter see;
Nor demagogue, nor faction insult thee—
Oh, Liberty! B.

## ANDREW WALLACE,

AUTHOR of a very thoughtful volume of "Poems, Essays, and Sketches," was born at Leslie, Fifeshire, in 1835. His father was a stonemason to trade, but, when the subject of our sketch was in his eleventh year, he received an appointment as an Inspector of Works on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway at Edinburgh, and subsequently he held a similar position in Dumfriesshire. When about fourteen years of age, Mr Wallace entered the service of the railway contractor as a clerk. At this period, under the companionship of Mr Gemmell, already sketched by us in this volume, he dates the awakening of a strong love of books, and to Mr Gemmell he attributes the opening of his mind, and the bent it took towards literature.

In the spring of 1852 he sailed with his father for Canada, intending to settle there, and to bring the family out afterwards; but within three months of their arrival, his father died, and feeling that he

could do more for his mother and the family at home than alone in a strange land, he returned to Scotland in October of the same year. They took up their abode in Glasgow, and the mother dying a few months after, the family were left in his charge. He entered the service of the G. & S.W. Railway, first as a clerk in the manager's office, then as assistant cashier, and continued in that position till 1867.

During this period of fifteen years, he occupied much of his leisure time in self-improvement, became connected with a literary and theological class, attended classes morning and evening for the study of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, was also a session at the Humanity Class in the University, and was actively engaged in Sabbath School work in one of of the poorer districts of the city. He was also a contributor of prose and verse to the "Social Reformer," the "Scottish Banner," and other periodicals.

Feeling his health giving way, Mr Wallace became anxious to try the purer air and calmer life of the country. He obtained the situation of Inspector of Poor for the parish of Renfrew in 1867. In the following year he published the volume already referred to. This was merely a selection from the numerous essays, sketches, and poems he had written, yet the volume was received with marks of genuine admiration from both press and public. The edition was disposed of in a very short time. In 1869 he was appointed Inspector of Poor for the parish of St Ninians, near Stirling, and afterwards Registrar for that parish. While there, he contributed largely to the local press, as well as articles and sketches to several magazines. He also gained the second prize for an essay on "Popery," and the first prize for an essay on "The Poor Law of Scotland." In 1872 he obtained the situation of Inspector of Poor for the large and important parish of Govan, afterwards the Govan Combination, which office he still continues to

hold—greatly respected by all with whom he comes in contact, and much esteemed by a wide circle of friends.

Of late years he has chiefly written in prose, and he has occasionally appeared as a lecturer on historical subjects, the Poor Law, and literary characters, and his facile pen appears equally at home as an able and judicious critic as in the mustier sphere of statistics. His style is easy and graceful, and at once instructive and entertaining. We know that it was with much reluctance, and only after the solicitation of literary friends, that Mr Wallace would consent to our request to give him a place here as one of our poets, as he does not consider poetry his *forte*; yet his effusions exhibit purity of sentiment, and a truthful feeling that grapples decisively with whatever is false. Without great imagination or stirring passion, he is decisive, and everywhere we find tokens of his utterances being the pure emanation of a feeling heart, and a rightly constituted mind.

### MOONLIGHT.

How holy and calm is the midnight scene,
When the silver moon, with its smile serene,
Looks down on this world of woe!
How chang'd is the aspect which nature wears,
From that which is seen 'midst our daily cares,
'Neath the sunbeam's ardent glow!

Yon old ruined oak, which the light of day
Serves but to expose in gloom and decay,
Lo! now 'tis with beauty crown'd!
And it speaks of days and of scenes gone by,
Of the lover's vow and the maiden's sigh,
When its branches reached the ground.

The path by the river, which we've trod so oft,
Seems now *not* to lead to the village croft,
But to fairy scenes and gay;
And the river too in the pale moonlight,
Seems to dance along with renew'd delight,
And to gambol on its way.

And *we* feel removed to another life—
Away from this world of suff'ring and strife,
With our cares all left behind;
And we meet old friends beloved and dear,
While well-known voices ring in our ear,
In a welcome warm and kind.

## TO SPRING.

And art thou come in truth? O, gentle Spring!
Or is my poor heart pleasingly beguiled?
Is this, indeed, thy breath I feel so mild?
Are these the larks I hear so sweetly sing?

I scarce can trust my senses thou art here,
So shrill, so cold has been the wintry blast;
Can it be true that it has all gone past,
And sunny, balmy days are now so near?

O yes! thou *hast* returned, dear welcome Spring!
The breeze is thine; it is the lark's glad song
That from yon bright blue sky so loud and long
Falls down to earth, and makes the welkin ring.

Where'er I turn my hope-enkindled eye,
Bright tokens of thy presence I can trace;
Old earth wears now a joyous lightsome face,
And gloomy clouds have left a smiling sky.

The forests budding forth in living green,
Are ringing loud with blackbirds' cheerful lays;
The sportive lambkin on the meadow plays;
While, darting through the air, the swallow 's seen.

Even while I write, as if on angel's wing,
A sweet memento comes from unknown friend:—
The lovely *snow-drop* and the *crocus* blend,
Proclaiming thy return thou flow'ry spring!

Oh! how I've longed for thy return, soft Spring!
As little child sighs for its mother's breast,
Whereon to lay its head and find sweet rest,
So have I longed for thee warm days to bring.

This poor weak frame has bent beneath the storm—
The winter's storm—relentless, stern and wild;
But now soft spring upon the earth has smiled,
And full of joyful hope, my heart beats warm.

Methinks, even now, I feel a healthful glow
O'er-spread my cheek, ere-while so wan and pale;
And whilst thy balmy breezes I inhale,
More quickly through my veins the life-tides flow.

But am I wrong? Hast thou, O tardy Spring!
Arrived too late to save me from the tomb?
Has the grim archer, Death, secured my doom?
Did the cold winds his deadly arrow bring?

Then be it so. My heart doth still rejoice,
Sweet Spring! at thy return again to earth;
For of a new, a glorious heavenly birth,
Thou speak'st to me in no unmeaning voice.

When this poor mortal form to dust doth cling,
My spirit, freed, shall to its Father soar;
There pain and weakness shall afflict no more,
For in His smile there's everlasting Spring.

## HURRAH FOR OUR ISLAND.

Hurrah! for our Island, our brave British Island,
The Queen among Nations, the pride of the sea;
Where the waves loudly roar round the bold rocky shore,
Our dear Native Island, we sing unto thee!

Thou'rt the birth-place of freemen and heroes of fame,
O'er all the wide world revered is thy name;
Thou art foe to the tyrant, but friend to the brave,
And thou breakest the chains of the down-trodden slave.

Though a small tiny speck on the face of our earth,
Yet thy prowess is felt where'er man has birth;
Thy ships may be seen with the Red-Cross unfurl'd,
And thy sons they are found in all parts of the world.

From thy vast dominions the sun-beams ne'er fade,
Religion and freedom by thee are wide spread;
From the grasp of the tyrant the weak thou dost save,
And thou breakest the chains of the down-trodden slave.

Then Hurrah! for our Island, our brave British Island,
The Queen among Nations, the pride of the sea;
Where the waves loudly roar round the bold rocky shore,
Our dear Native Island, we sing unto thee!

## ALEX. H. JAPP, LL.D.,

BETTER-KNOWN for many years by the *nom-de-plume* "H. A. Page" through productions which have enjoyed the enviable and well-deserved reputation of being remarkable for thoroughness of treatment and originality of style, was born at Dun, a parish adjoining Brechin, in 1837. His father, who was a carpenter in Montrose, died when he was but an infant, and, as the youngest of a large family, he was early sent to work—picking up what education he could in his spare hours, and never enjoying much time at regular school. After some years spent with various masters, he began his apprenticeship in a draper's shop in Montrose, but he manifested a decided turn for literary pursuits, and soon began to contribute to newspapers and magazines. A few years later he went to Edinburgh, and while working as a clerk in a draper's shop passed through the Arts curriculum at the University there. He distinguished himself in rhetoric, metaphysics, and moral philosophy. For some years he edited the *Montrose Review*, went to London in 1865, and since then has been an active contributor to the "Contemporary Review," the "British Quarterly," "London Quarterly," "Good Words" (of which he was sub-editor for several years), and numerous other reviews and magazines. He has compiled numerous works, including "Miscellanies from the Writings of Edward Irving," and has published at least a dozen volumes of biography. Amongst these are his "Life of Thomas de Quincey," "Thoreau: his life and aims," and he has been praised by the highest authorities for the sympathy he has shown with mystical, erratic, and exceptional minds. His latest work, "German Life and Literature," it is said, particularly shows this in his treatment of Lessing, Moses Mendelssohn, Tieck, and Novalis. Other recent works are a volume entitled "Labour

and Victory," and "Industrial Curiosities"—the one an admirable collection of sketches of men who have rendered good service to their race, showing great wisdom in selection, excellent treatment, and graceful writing; while the other proves profound and varied knowledge not only of modern industries, but of what is still more interesting, the simple appliances of a period before the days of mechanical and scientific skill. Of his separate works we may mention—"Memoir of Hawthorne, with Stories now first published in England," "Golden Lives," an admirable series of biographies, and "Out and All About," a book of fables, which has been characterised as full of quaint fancy, picturesque humour, and skill in quiet satire.

But it is chiefly as a poet that we have to consider Dr Japp. Although he has not yet published a volume of poetry, he has written a great number of pieces. These have appeared in "Good Words," "The Sunday Magazine," "Belgravia," "Gentleman's Magazine," &c. He has recently compiled two volumes, entitled "The Poetical Reader," for the use of schools, in which many of his productions have a place. When at the University he was not only prizeman in logic, metaphysics, English literature, poetry, and moral philosophy, but he was one of Aytoun's special prizemen for verse. His poetry does not show the vigorous and fertile imagination, refinement, classical taste, and well-cultured energy of his prose. Yet, it betokens freedom of versification. His language is chaste and exact, concentrating rather than expanding his subject. He appears in his happiest mood in those pieces descriptive of rural scenery—the rugged hill, the rocky glen, the wimpling burn, the shaggy wood, with feathery warblers adding their chorus to the hymn of universal nature; while his warm heart melts in tender sympathy when he "sings a bairn's sang."

Dr Japp has had a life of great literary activity, and received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Glasgow in 1879. He is now leading partner in the firm of Marshall, Japp, & Co., publishers, London.

### A MUSIC LESSON.

Fingers on the holes, Johnny,
Fairly in a raw;
Lift this and then that,
And blaw, blaw, blaw!
That's hoo to play, Johnny,
On the pipes sae shrill;
Never was the piper yet
But needit a' his skill.

And lang and sair he tried it, tae,
Afore he wan the knack
O' makin' bag and pipe gie
His very yearnin's back.
The echo tae his heart-strings
Frae sic a thing to come';
Oh, is it no a wonder—
Like a voice frae oot the dumb?

Tak' tentie, noo, my Johnny lad,
Ye maunna hurry thro'—
Tak' time and try it ower again—
Sic a blast ye blew!
It's nae alane by blawin' strang,
But eke by blawin' true,
That ye can mak' the music
To thrill folk thro' and thro'.

The waik folk and the learnin',
'Tis them that mak's the din;
But for the finished pipers
They count it as a sin:
And maybe it's the very same
A' the warld thro'—
The learners the very ones
That mak' the maist ado!

Ye ken the Southrons taunt us—
I sayna they're unfair—
Aboot oor squallin' music,
And their taunts hae hurt me sair;
But if they'd heard a piper true
At nicht come ower the hill,
Playing up a pibroch
Upon the wind sae still:

Risin' noo, and fa'in' noo,
And floatin' on the air,
The sounds come saftly on ye
A'maist ere ye're aware,
And wind themsel's aboot the heart,
That hasna yet forgot
The witchery o' love an' joy
Within some lanely spot:

I'm sure they wadna taunt us sae
Nor say the bagpipe's wild,
Nor speak o' screachin' noises
Eneuch to deave a child:
They would say the bagpipe only
Is the voice of hill and glen;
And hear the wild notes sorrowin',
Within the haunts o' men.

Fingers on the holes, Johnny,
Fairly in a raw;
Lift this and then that,
And blaw, blaw, blaw!
That's hoo to play, Johnny,
On the pipes sae shrill;
Never was the piper yet
But needit a' his skill.

## SISTER HELEN.

We three were little children
When mother passed away,
And the sad silence on the house
Endured but for a day:
We recked not of the value
Of the treasure that was gone;
And our toys and many pleasures
Were fresh to us anon.

We played and rambled carelessly
All through the dear old place;
We sang the songs she'd taught us,
Till sister Helen's face
Was turned upon us gravely,
As to certain words we came,—
And then she'd whisper, "Hush, my dears,"
In tones not all of blame.

We hardly understood it then—
We saw, but scarce could tell
The reason why our Helen's tears
In silent moments fell;—
Why often after bedtime,
When the childish prayers were said,
With the wonted "Bless mamma, dear,"
She lingered by our bed;

And sometimes as we rose again,
On questionings intent,
We'd see the dew within her eyes
As over us she bent,
With look of love so tender,—
Oh, I think I see her now,
Though long she's been in heaven above,
And there's silver on my brow.

She taught us all our lessons,
And kept us trim and neat;
We never went uncared for,
Nor missed the birthday treat;
If aught was e'er kept from us—
We know the secret now—
'Twas because we could not prize it,
And love would not allow.

Oh, the long, long summer evenings
When we were home from school,
How she would help us with our tasks,
Oft making plain "the rule:"
And then the lovely autumn days
Along the country lanes,
When we wandered till the evening,
And the lights danced in the panes!

She knew about the flowers and trees,
And shewed us where there grew
What loveliest and sweetest were
Of star-worts, pansies blue;
Where lords-and-ladies gay were bright,
And daisies prankt the dell,
And where the bindweed, snowy white,
Grew thick, close by blue-bell.

Oh, noble sister Helen—
She was sister, mother too,
She only lingered on to see
Our childhood's perils through;
And then the angels came for her—
What better could they do?—
Perhaps she prayed to be taken *home*,
That she still might have her due

Of watching o'er her children
Out in the world's wide way;
And make avail to keep them still
Secure on Him to stay.
But we, we knew whom she had passed
The worth of mother's love:
The sister's heart had interpreted
The mother's heart above.

## LITTLE BABY.

Little baby's soft blue eye
Is like a bit from out the sky.

Out the sky when all is fair,
And scent of roses fills the air.

If he cries 'tis like the rain
That takes the beauty from the plain.

Little baby's brow is white,
Little baby's smile is bright.

Little baby's hair is fine,
Golden like the sweet sunshine.

Little baby's laugh is clear,
Gurgling, like a brooklet near.

Baby's eyes are fairest sky
To the loving mother's eye.

And his hair so silky fine,
Is her cheering soft sunshine.

And his brow like arch of light
Spread by moon on stormy night.

Little baby is a king;
All to him their tribute bring.

His crown is love, his sceptre light,
Little baby rules by right.

## A DEBT UNPAID.

Oh, my love, you are still so lowly,
Alway when I am with you;
'Tis your meekness makes me unable
To render you all your due.

For you gave me the hope and courage,
Through the ranks to win my way;
Your love the sun that broke my cloud,
And forth came the dewy day.

Like the sunshine was your presence,
And my fears fled like the rain;
The daylight of joy rose on the night
Of my doubt and despair and pain.

If I had the power to repay you,
No princess should be so shrined;
You should walk among endless pleasures,
Alike for the sense and the mind.

'Tis well that my poverty serves me
At once for my grief and my stay;
For, ah, some debts are sweeter to owe
Than if we could tenfold pay.

## DAVID THOMSON,

AUTHOR of the following pieces, was born at Roseneath, Dumbartonshire, in 1806. His father was a shepherd, and David was the youngest of a family of seven sons and four daughters. For a number of years the family resided at various places in the West Highlands, and the little education the subject of our sketch got was at Forestfield, parish of Shotts. As he grew to manhood, we are told in a prefatory note to a beautiful (illustrated) volume, entitled "Musings among the Heather," published during the present year by Messrs Thomson Brothers, Edinburgh, he was engaged in the various labouring employments usual in country life. He settled down at Hillend, near Airdrie, on being appointed keeper of the reservoir for supplying the Monkland and Forth and Clyde Canals, where he remained until his death in 1870.

From early life he was, as his effusions prove, a close observer and great lover of Nature. It was late in life before he attempted poetical composition, but the merits of his efforts at once attracted attention, and several of them became popular beyond his own district. When he directed his muse to social scenes and phases of life, his warm heart and sympathy with the poor and the helpless found ready and touching expression; while his humorous pieces show that he was no one-sided sentimentalist, but one who saw the various shades of human nature, who could detect its foibles, avoid its errors, and laugh at its vagaries.

He took great interest in the political and social movements of his time, and gave expression to his sentiments with a vigour and directness which left no room for misunderstanding as to the leaning of his sympathies. A healthy moral tone is evident in

all his productions. He was much respected by a wide circle, was of a genial disposition, and content with the sphere in life to which Providence had assigned him. His years were passed in the quiet retirement and routine of the duties of his situation.

### THE WEE ORPHAN WEAN.

The cauld win' was blawin', the sleet fast was fa'in';
The kye a' stood coorin' in biel o' ilk stane,
When, cripplin' wi' sair feet, an' dreepin' wi' cauld sleet,
Cam' toddlin' alang a bit wee orphan wean.

His auld shoon were sair worn, his thin claes were a' torn,
The cauld win' gaed thro' them the same's he had nane;
Aft hungry an' no fed, an' wearied an' nae bed;
Oh hard is the lot o' the wee orphan wean!

There is nane noo tae care when his wee head is sair,
Or hungry or cauld, since his parents are gane;
There's nane noo but strangers tae shield him frae dangers;
An' few are the frien's o' the wee orphan wean.

When weans dae forgether tae play a' thegither,
The puir thing is dowie, an' stauns aye his lane;
An' tho' they are cheerie, an' play till they're wearie,
There's nane try tae cheer up the wee orphan wean.

An' when, in the gloamin', they hameward are roamin',
Ilka ane but himsel' their ain road hae ta'en;
But frien'less, an' eerie, an' hungry, an' wearie,
He's nae hame tae gang tae, the wee orphan wean.

The rich are respected, the puir aft neglected;
The wealthy hae frien's, but the needy hae nane;
When poverty pinches, maist ilka ane flinches
To succour the puir, or a wee orphan wean.

A' ye that hae plenty o' a' that is dainty,
Gie some to the puir, ye'll ne'er miss't when it's gane;
Ye will aye get far mair than the morsel ye spare
To puir needy wand'rer or wee orphan wean.

Let your pity extend, an the orphan befriend,
Bring him in to the bink beside your hearthstane;
Ye'll ne'er hae reflection for gi'en your protection
Tae puir hooseless wand'rer or wee orphan wean.

### THE HIGHLANDER'S RETURN.

When Colin frae war's bluidy strife was returning,
Wi' licht heart he trudg'd on, tho' shatter'd an' lame,
In heigh hopes o' meetin' his frien's hale an' hearty,
To welcome him back to his ain Hielan' hame.

His breast shin'd wi' badges o' honour an' merit,
An' weel he deserv'd o' oor rulers far mair;
For lang he had fought wi' a courage undaunted,
An' bled for his country baith aften an' sair.

His speerits grew lichter, as hameward he daunert,
An' aye as some kent place cam' into his view,
He gaed on the faster, altho' he was weariet,
An' tho' sair forfochten, the stronger he grew.

When he cam' in sicht o' the braes an' the burnie,
Where aft he had waded, an' pu'd nits and slaes,
He thocht then his hardships an' toils a'maist ended,
An' noo wi' his frien's, he wad spend a' his days.

But ah! when he cam' to his ain native biggin',
The thack was a aff't, an' the cabers were bare,
The yaird dyke was doon, an' a' things lay in ruins,
An' naething but wild desolation was there.

He glower'd thro' a hole, whaur there ance was a window,
But father or mother nae whaur cou'd be seen,
An' when that he saw that his fond hopes were wreckèd,
His heart it grew grite, an' the tears fill'd his een.

Sic is the reward o' oor country's defenders,
Oh, shame on oor nobles, oor country's disgrace,
Wha drive frae their hames, the brave sons o' the mountains,
An' for selfish pleasure put deer in their place.

Ah! Scotland, your glory is fast, fast departin',
Wild ruin noo strides owre your mountains in haste,
Mean tyrants hae spread thro' your glens desolation,
An' mony braw straths are noo lyin' a' waste.

## SCOTLAND'S BAIRNS.

Hurrah! for Scotland's hills and dales,
Her castles an' her cairns;
Her woods an' glens and wimplin' burns,
And her true-hearted bairns.

Tho' ye wad seek the warl' a' through,
There's no anither place,
Whaurin ye'd fin sic hardy chiels,
As 'mang the Scottish race.

Their country's richts in days o' yore,
Their fathers aye maintain'd,
An' the brave spirit o' their sires,
The bairns hae yet retain'd.

What power on yirth can them enslave?
They're noble, brave, an free,
They winna flinch in freedom's cause,
Nor yield to tyranny.

Success then to the noble chiels,
A' honour to their name,
They'll staun their ain whaure'er they gang,
An' ne'er disgrace their hame.

Then, let us gie three hearty cheers,
For Scotland, freedom's mither,
Her stuffy bairns, her thrissle green,
An' her braw bloomin' heather.

## GOD SEEN THROUGH NATURE.

How wonderful God's works appear
In every season of the year!
When summer smiles, or winter frowns,
And in the spring when flowers are born,
Or autumn with her fruits and corn,
When God the year so richly crowns
With food for all,
Both great and small,
From his exhaustless treasure;
And sends sweet flowers
And sunny hours,
To give his creatures pleasure.

Then who would not delighted be,
To look on flowering shrub and tree,
When rich with blossoms hinging;
Or who would grudge to spend an hour
In bushy glen or leafy bower,
To hear the warblers singing
Their joyful lays
Of artless praise,
To Him who doth their wants supply,
And gives them food,
Within the wood,
To feed their young ones when they cry.

But who can look on nature's face
And not in her rare beauties trace
The hand of the Creator;
In trees and flowers that deck the plains,
In rugged hills and rocky glens,
So grand in every feature;
In bush and brake,
Spring, stream, and lake;
In hoar-frost, dew, rain, hail, and snow,
Birds, beasts, and all
The insects small;
The rainbow, and tides' ebb and flow.

The power that guides the insect's flight
Upholds the sparkling orbs of light,

So lovely and stupendous ;
Controls the tempests when they roar
And lash in fury wild the shore,
With waves vast and tremendous ;
Stills the loud jar
Of nature's war,
When growls the grumbling thunder,
And lightning gleams
In fiery streams,
And rends the clouds asunder.

Day's glorious orb that shines so bright,
The moon and twinkling stars of night,
Each insect, plant, and flower ;
The comet hurrying o'er the sky,
And meteor bright that mocks the eye,
Proclaim God's mighty power ;
So, then, if man
Would nature scan,
In oceans vast, earth, sky, or air,
He then might trace
In every place
The hand of God, for God is there.

## THE CHEERFULNESS O' SIMMER.

When day's bricht orb speels up on high,
'Maist to the keystane o' the sky,
In splendour brightly beamin',
An' on this rugged warld o' ours,
On hills, an' dales, an' wuds, an' flow'rs,
His sparklin' rays are streamin' ;

Invited by the blackbird's lay,
How sweet in fields an' wuds to stray
'Mang nature's flow'ry treasure ;
To hear the cuckoo's welcome cry,
An' see the swallows jinkin' by,
Which fills ane aye wi' pleasure.

Or, wand'rin' by the burnie's side,
To watch within its silv'ry tide
The flow'rs their shadows dippin' ;
While a' the time, in merry glee,
The little, busy, humble bee
Is frae them nectar sippin'.

How sweet to hear within the grove,
The deep enamour'd cushie dove
His love to his mate tellin' ;
While high upon some tender spray
The mavis sings his sweetest lay,
His notes to echoes swellin'.

An' see the woodbine raise its head,
Wi' a' its beauty sunward spread,
An' round it fragrance flingin';
While frae among the blossom'd trees,
The pleasant music o' the bees,
The balmy breeze is bringin'.

To a' the lovely warblers' lays.
The wee grasshoppers on the braes,
Their whirrin' sangs are addin',
To swell the universal strain
That sweetly sounds o'er hill and plain,
Puir mortal hearts to gladden.

Sweet simmer's songsters, in their glee,
Gar sullen melancholy flee,
Their notes are sae beguilin';
An' aft the laverock's cheerfu' sang,
Dings cankerin' care doon wi' a bang,
An' sends despair aff smilin'.

## ALEXANDER F. GARDEN,

BROTHER of William Garden already noticed in this volume, has written numerous pieces of much merit. His muse betokens a pure, contemplative mind, and an ardent admirer of the beauties of nature, of which he sings with graphic tenderness and simplicity. In his life he has experienced many "ups and downs." He was born in 1845. His early years were spent in a manner similar to that of his brother—a few months at school, and a few months at herding. As soon as he was able, he went to work on farms in the neighbourhood. He was also employed at intervals as a labourer on the railway in several parts of Scotland. In 1864 he came across a copy of Burns, which he read with great eagerness and delight. He began to compose verses, and being anxious to see himself "in print,"

he sent several pieces to the *People's Journal*. These were rejected on account of defects in composition. This caused him to study hard during his spare hours, and in course of time he had the pleasure of finding several poems inserted in different newspapers and periodicals. In 1869, after having followed other occupations, he entered the Edinburgh police force, where he only remained for a short time, when he returned to farm work, entered the police service again in 1874, but for the last five years he has been employed by the North British Railway Company at Berwick-on-Tweed.

We quote the following from "The Pleasures of a Ploughboy's Life:"—

Oh, glorious woods and lovely sylvan groves,
How fair for me your summer beauties smile;
Your glowing wilds how dear my bosom loves
As here I labour 'mong the fertile soil.
How fleet and pleasant pass my hours of toil,
With all the soft delightful sounds I hear
That cheer my heart and all its cares beguile,
And drive away dull melancholy drear,
While round me woodlands wave, with rushing waters near.

The song of linties in the woods at morn,
The dance of lambkins o'er the dewy lea,
The dewdrops twinkling on the blooming thorn,
Though simple joys, yet bliss they are for me;
And oh! how calm and sweet it is to see
The quiet loveliness of crofts and farms;
But yet, oh yet, it's sweeter far to be
Away reposing here 'mong Nature's charms,
From a'l the city's din, its horrors, and alarms.

Oh, lovely vales and quiet rural dells,
How soft and peaceful are your calm delights,
Beyond the noise of horrid shouts and yells
Heard in the city with its shocks and frights.
I scorn its pride, its vanity and sights,
Where awful crimes and wickedness are rife;
Its clamorous crowds and shameful drunken fights,
The haunts of tumult and continual strife—
No things like these disturb the ploughboy's happy life.

Here I can see the crimson daisies blush
By verdant paths where I delight to stray,

And hear the flow of summer streams that rush
Through groves of verdure that I now survey.
What lovely fields of pastures green and gray,
With woods around where sweet wild roses spring ;
Here many a mavis tunes its mellow lay,
And makes the valleys with its music ring,
While all my rambles round fresh flowers their fragrance fling.

## SUMMER IN THE CITY.

I love the pleasant summer time, it is my whole delight,
When flowers come forth arrayed so fine in colours rare and bright,
And streams of crystal waters gush with gladness in their flow
By woody vales and meadows soft, where tender daisies blow.

But oh ! for me no daisies bloom, no silvery waters shine,
While I amid the city's throng and narrow lanes must pine,
While sullen walls around my head at every corner gloom,
And sunbeams cannot enter in, the darkness to illume.

Along a narrow crowded street I take my evening walks,
My woodland bowers that rise around are spires and chimney stalks ;
My daisied meadow soft and green, a footway paved with stone,
Where not a flower in all the year can ever bloom thereon.

No strain of Nature's music through the city's vapour comes,
Except the wild and clamorous sound of noisy fifes and drums ;
I cannot hear the strains that waft their music on the breeze,
The voice of brooks, the song of birds, the whispering of the trees.

Oh, could I hear the pleasant streams of summer gush along,
And lay me down upon their banks and listen to their song ;
While round my couch the wild-wood flowers their sunny leaves unfold—
The roses red, the primrose pale, the yellow marigold.

Oh, summer time, how blithe ye seem with all your smiles and looks,
And all your melodies so rare, of murmuring bees and brooks ;
Oh, what a joy to my lone heart your glowing scenes would bring,
If I could live amid your wilds, and here the songs ye sing.

## THE BEAUTIES OF A BORDER LANDSCAPE.

O blissful time of sun-bright hours,
Of genial dew and rain,
And tender tinted buds and flowers,
That blush along the plain.
The woods are drest with fragrant frills,
And now my heart with gladness thrills
When Summer's come again,
With smiling face and pleasant looks
And the glad rush of rills and brooks.

I gaze across the verdant fields
Of pasture fresh and green;
A rich abundance Nature yields,
And here beneath the screen
Of sylvan beauties round me spread,
Like shining fretwork o'er my head,
I view the glorious scene;
While far and near, in flashing streams,
The sunshine brightly flows and gleams.

I love thee, Summer, more than all
The seasons of the year;
Thy footsteps, O how soft they fall,
How fair thy robes appear;
In rich profusion how they smile,
To cheer me at my daily toil.
And when I'm musing here,
The birds and winds and brooks and bees,
A concert hold among the trees.

What beauties clothe the fruitful ground,
At Nature's sole expense,
And glowing woodlands wave around,
In wild magnificence!
Pines, elms, and firs; and plane-tree shades
And primrose groves—delightful glades,
What foliage green and dense,
Whose freshness soothes and thrills my heart,
More sweetly than the works of art.

Ye verdant fields, how lovely fair,
How rich the fertile land;
Adorned with fragrance everywhere,
Around me where I stand.
Waters and woods and groves and farms,
Where flowers and plants display their charms.
The sight is truly grand;
What countless things, whose presence nigh,
Can cheer, instruct, and gratify.

Tweedside! how green thy winding vales,
In Summer's blithesome days;
How sweet to breathe the balmy gales,
And hail the rising rays
Of the warm sun that shines and glows;
Or wander where the heather grows,
Up where the shepherd strays,
Among the lonely, distant hills,
Where Teviot flows in little rills;

Or where, with calm, majestic rush,
The far-famed Yarrow glides;
And heather-bells in wildness blush
On the lone mountain sides.

The glens where grandeur reigns supreme,
And Ettrick's lovely classic stream
  Rolls down its silvery tides;
The dear-loved haunts of Jamie Hogg,
When herding with his collie dog.

Scotia, my own dear native isle,
  My heart aye clings to thee;
Thy hills and vales with beauty smile,
  Bright country of the free.
My soul with soft emotion swells,
To trace thy bowers and rural dells.
  What bliss it is to be
Surrounded with these sounds and hues,
And here to meditate and muse!

Where England's old ancestral shore
  In vernal glory shines,
Its homes and mansions I adore,
  Its oaks and ancient pines,
Its purple hills sublimely grand—
How beautiful the pasture-land
  That here with Scotland joins!
The splendour of these Border shires
My very heart with love inspires.

## JOHN CRAIG

WAS born in the village of Burrelton, near Coupar Angus, in June, 1851, and has resided there during the greater part of his life. After receiving a fair elementary education, he engaged in ordinary agricultural labour, but of late he has turned his attention to fruit-growing, an industry which is extensively followed in that part of the country. In 1865 he gained as a prize at the parish school a copy of Hogg's "Queen's Wake," and his first effort at verse-making was a piece of about one hundred lines, suggested by one of the characters in that poem, entitled "Old David." He

commenced to send his efforts to the Dundee *Weekly News*, and other papers, about 1873. These bore the signature of "Burrelton Muse;" and he also wrote several prose sketches, showing considerable narrative power, and pleasing humour. Two or three years ago, we are told, he began to study Tennyson, and other master poets, and became so impressed with his own inferiority that he has of late hesitated to risk himself in print. A great number of his best productions are chiefly of local interest, but they evince considerable vigour, lively fancy, and a keen appreciation of character.

### ROBIN'S WELCOME.

Ae mornin' whan the rain dang doon wi' cauldrife misty dreep,
A wee bit sang aside the door awoke me frae my sleep.
Richt sweet, yet waesome was the strain; ah, weel that sang I ken,
It cheered me mony an eerie day—it's Robin come again.

Hoo, think ye, has he fun' oor door sae early i' th' daw?
I'll rise an bid him welcome back, he's been sae lang awa.
Ae bonnie day o' bricht sunshine, whan floors had sprung in May,
We tint him, for he gaed awa'—we thocht for ance an' aye.

He was oor daily stranger lang, an' a' the wintry time
He niddilt roun' aboot the door ami' the frost an' rime;
An' sure enouch at supper 'our we faund him watchin' there,
Because the table murlins a' war keepit for his share.

Whaur are ye, Rab? I hear your sang, but you I canna see;
You're i' th' bush, I wadna say, or maybe on the tree.
The fu'ness o' a gratefu' heart seems thrillin' through your sang;
Come here an' gie's your story, lad, for we hae missed you lang.

You've gotten strangers wi' ye, Rab, ane, twa,—what d'ye mean?
There's mair! An hoo sae drookit, Rab, whan you're as snod's a preen?
They follow ye frae bush to bush ami' the draigly shoors;
You rascal, hae ye got a wife, an' are thae bairns yours?

Ah Rab! ah Rab! it is nae richt; it's like to gar me greet
To see thae wee things flichterin' here ami' the cauld an' weet.
They maybe hinna ha'en a bite; oh, dinna ye think shame?
Ye should hae ha'en them in a biel', an' cosie a' at hame.

Whaur biggit ye your house, my man, in summer when awa'?
Aneath some mossy bank, I trew, doon i' the greenwood shaw

Ah, I can picture to mysel' the spot ye likit best,
Whaur through the boughs the mornin' sun fell glintin on your nest.

Had ye a burnie wimplin' by, adoon the floory dell,
Like some wee bairn at its play a-crackin to itsel'?
Did ye no hae the heather bells aboon ye hingin' doon,
Wi' gowanies specklin' a' the grass your cosie biggin' roon?

An' a' the time ye had your hame doon i' th' greenwood shaw;
Was love a dwaller i' your nest, an' bideit care awa'?
Your "whistlin' glee" seems answerin' yes! oh, ye war happy then;
The bliss that ye hae kenned o', lad, but seldom fa's to men.

Here's twa-three murlins to ye, Rab, you're welcome, lad, an' sae
Ye needna fear the comin' storms, you'll fend as lang's we hae.
An' though oor store may be but sma', to sair the winter through,
We'll lippen aye on Ane abune, wha min's the like o' you.

## THE WASTLAN' WIN'.

Oh! for a blaw o' the wastlan' win',
For I've wearied, wearied lang
To hear him reevin' wi' lichtsome din,
The green fir taps amang.

For ten lang weeks, wi' an airn grip,
Winter has boun' us a',
An' he little thocht that the hand wad slip
Frae his nerveless grasp awa'.

A laich saft sough like the soon o' rain,
I heard ower the wuds yestreen;
An' at morn the yird was bare again,
An' the braes war fresh an' green.

Oh, wastlan' win', nae fairy han'
Could do a' ye hae done—
Bringin' the spring to our cheerless lan',
An' heat frae the skies aboon.

The east win' cam' wi' the snaw an' sleet,
An' Boreas blustert lang;
But the snawdrap wauked at your whisper sweet
An' up frae the yird it sprang.

At morn the mavis will sing to me,
As ye gae steerin' by,
Aff the shoggin' boughs o' the sauchen tree
Wi' its briest to the rosy sky.

Within me, fresh as your first saft blaw,
New feelin's will wauken then;
Cauld wintry care will be thowed awa',
An' my heart be young again.

## WALTER COOK SPENS,

ADVOCATE and Sheriff-Substitute for Lanarkshire, is very favourably known as a man of literary and poetic merit, and he is well worthy of a place in our gallery of modern poets. He is a native of Glasgow, having been born in that city in or about the year 1842. His father was for many years the respected secretary and actuary of the "Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society." The Sheriff is also a near relative of the late Rev. Dr Cook, of Haddington. After receiving a liberal elementary education, he was apprenticed to the law under the care of the late Mr William Burns, a man not only well known in the west of Scotland as a sound, shrewd, and sagacious lawyer, but as an ardent Scottish patriot, who was one of the projectors of the Wallace Monument on Abbey Craig, and the founder of the Glasgow St. Andrew's Society; and also as a man of no mean literary attainments, whose "History of the Scottish War of Independence" was received a few years ago with well-deserved approval.

On leaving the office of Mr Burns, the subject of our sketch went to Edinburgh, completing his legal studies at the University there, and in due time he attained to the status of an Advocate in the Supreme Court. Very shortly thereafter he was appointed by the late Sheriff Glassford Bell as one of his Sheriffs Substitute, and for several years he officiated in the Court at Hamilton. Some four or five years ago he was promoted to Glasgow.

Mr Spens is also a prolific writer on parochial, sanitary, and other social questions; and he has all along cultivated acquaintance with the muses, and with general literature. As early as his twenty-first year he published a volume of poetry under the title of "Dreams and Realities," which gave indication of very considerable talent, and much promise of

future excellence. This volume he dedicated to his father, in the following graceful and touching lines:—

> To you, my father, do I dedicate
> These poems of the youth that fled to-day,
> And glad at heart am I that thus I may
> To our beloved Lares consecrate
> Token of love and of that high estate
> In which I shall aye hold your memory—
> Accept these from me, then, although I rate
> Lightly their innate worth, for, truth to say,
> Few youthful poems live—I trust again
> To write, however, with maturer brain,
> In language of a greater grasp, more true
> To music, and a more ambitious strain—
> But yet this offering of life's early dew,
> As such, most fitly is inscribed to you.

There is a blending of modesty and ambition in this dedication which is very characteristic of Mr Spens, and these features form the key-note to his subsequent career—a feeling of dissatisfaction with what he has already achieved urges him on to greater efforts and aspirations towards future excellence. His early effusions are marked a little by immaturity of thought and deficiency of rhythm, but they as unmistakably evince a vivid imagination, a highly speculative mind, and a sensitive, fervent, emotional nature. His principal theme is the master-passion, Love, and he delineates that passion not in the usual hackneyed style of the mere versifier, but with not a little of the pathos and power of the true poet. There is much, too, of devout and religious feeling displayed in his early poems, which is very pleasing in one so young as he then was. The following may be taken as fair specimens of the shorter pieces in this volume:—

### CHORDS OF A HEART.

> There's a melody in sadness
> The light heart cannot know,
> Feeble is the harp of gladness
> Compared with that of woe.

In the grand boom upon the shore
Of the wave-heaving sea,
There's a voice from the evermore
Of dim eternity.

In the calm of a skyey night,
While the moonbeams glister,
As 'twere encircled by their light,
Breaks an angel's whisper.

The lightning's flash, the thunder's roar,
Are other than they seem;
To saddened hearts they tell far more
Than joyous hearts could dream.

Echoes the music of the spheres
In strains so soft and low,
From deepest depths it makes the tears
Of ecstasy to flow.

The silver textured clouds that float
Through sky in seraph wreath,
Strike on the harp a clear-toned note
From heaven to earth beneath.

The wind has whistled through the lyre
And strung its chords again,
Awakening thoughts of living fire
That nevermore can wane.

Babbles the glinting rivulet
Its nature-learnéd part,
In golden language that is set
To music in the heart.

At night the patter of the rain,
Beating upon the street,
Changes perceptibly to strain
Mournfully, strangely sweet.

O! there's a voice in ev'rything,
In ev'rything a soul!
Though those who to aught earthly cling
Comprehend not the whole.

But when earth-formed hopes have faded
Into the dust of death,
And earth's loves were wholly shaded
Save for the rays of faith—

Then, the wide heart doth awaken
To prescience and power,
Heightened glories then can take in
Unknown before that hour.

### THE BROOKLET.

We met within a shady path,
A brooklet babbled low ;
And oh ! how sweetly musical
It sounded in its flow.
I gazed into her glorious eyes,
I read the love below,
And, ah me ! how sweetly sang the brook
In its gently babbling flow.

I whispered, whispered in her ear,
Gazed in that face divine,
Ah lovingly ! right lovingly
The soft hand did entwine
Its taper fingers trustfully
Within the grasp of mine,
As she murmured with that silver voice,
"Thine, thine, forever thine."

Flow on ! flow on ! O little brook,
I shall remember thee,
When this poor frame of earthiness
Itself has ceased to be.
Flow on ! flow on ! O little brook,
In thy pure melody,
To time and to eternity
I shall remember thee.

Having thus viewed Mr Spens in the romantic ardour of his youth, let us now turn to the productions of his maturer years. What these lack in the freshness and exuberance of the early morning of life, they more than make up in the wider sympathy, larger grasp, and deeper principle of manhood.

### BESIDE A LITTLE GRAVE.

"Call no one happy till he dies," the old
Athenian saying has the stamp of truth ;
And oh ! how many a bright and glowing youth,
Lit with the morning's sunshine, and its gold,
As years swept on has darkened with the mould
Of vice and bitterness and sin-brought care !
How many a fond and tearful mother's prayer
Had been unuttered if she could have told
His future life whom she sought God to spare !
Nay, rather she had prayed he should lie cold,
In all the purity of childhood drest ;
And standing o'er my first born's little grave,
I can but humbly murmur "God knew best,"
"Stainless he took the precious life he gave."

The following poem, read to those assembled at an entertainment, in October, 1877, where the profits were to go to the "Blantyre Explosion Fund," is not by any means the best example of his later efforts as regards symmetry and polish of composition, but for vivid, pathetic, descriptive power, and tender, sympathetic feeling, we think it one of his most popular productions; and on account of the heart-rending and thrilling catastrophe to which it refers, we are sure our readers will deem it worthy of preservation in this volume. It has only appeared as yet in the columns of a provincial newspaper.

## BLANTYRE.

In the mist of an autumn morning
When most of us lay asleep,
Along the road to their daily work
In a coal pit dark and deep,
Two hundred colliers were wending their way,
A harvest for death to reap.

And from many a home that Monday
There sallied out three or four;
In sooth from some of the cottages
Came forth, alas! even more,
Who never again, ah! never again
Passed under the cottage door.

The locks of some, many a winter
Had dabbled with touch of rime,
Some of them were in the flush of youth,
And some were in manhood's prime,
And some were but little laddies yet,
And barely beyond school time.

For the season was hard and bitter,
And sore was the colliers' need;
The price of food was never so high,
And many the mouths to feed;
And the bairns must work to keep the house,
Though the mother's heart should bleed.

Two of the pits are together linked—
The fatal pits Two and Three;
By six o'clock round their yawning mouths
The colliers all ready be
To descend below, but they never dream
Their last glimpse of sky they see.

And swiftly the cage its living freight
Of the doomed, bore underground.
In both of the pits had the firemen gone
Upon their usual round;
One spoke in life another thro' death—
"Not a trace of fire was found."

And the men began their daily "darg"
With never a touch of fear;
If they thought of fire-damp and choke-damp
'Twas to dream "there's safety here;"
But after they'd wrought two fleeting hours,
Grim death crept horribly near.

It was a quarter to nine by the clock
When up the Three shaft there came
A roar as of the loudest of thunder
And the hissing sound of flame;
And dust and smoke and a wrench'd-out limb
A ghastly horror proclaim.

And the sound was heard in the village,
And women with faces white,
Half crazed with dread for the sound was known
As the herald of Death and blight—
Rushed to the spot, oh, 'twas pitiful
To see their dazed looks of fright.

But as sad a sight as the women
Were the *bairnies*, who, alone
Went crying all through the village streets
For their mothers, making moan—
Their mothers, who, by the pits of death,
Were waiting, rigid as stone.

And news of the great disaster
With swiftness of lightning spread,
And hundreds of eager colliers soon
Were watching at each pit head,
Proud to risk their lives for the living,
Ay! willing to die for the dead!

They toiled the whole of the weary day,
The whole of the livelong night,
And at intervals through the drenching rain
The moon poured its fitful light,
As crowds of men, all eager to help,
Sat by the brazier's light.

But hope was fading and dying fast
Or ever the morning came;
They could not get in despite their toil,
Thro' the interlacing frame
The explosion rear'd, barring the pit
Choked with gas after the flame.

Yet Tuesday morning saw four brought out—
Who have died, alas! since then—
And after that 'twas too surely known
All hope was utterly vain.
But still they worked with the hungry cry
"Give us back our dead again."

They watched, and they toiled, and they waited,
We think of them all the more
That their hearts grew sickened and angry
When forbidden to explore,
From risk to themselves, for the sacred dead,
When all hope of life was o'er.

And a kindlier thought for the colliers
Has thrilled all over the land.
We have dwelt on their stedfast courage
And have seen, how hand in hand
They have toiled as brother for brother,
A brave and resolute band.

God knows that it is a fearful thing
To behold a loved one die,
To see the life of a darling child
Ebb into eternity,
Or wait by a husband's couch of pain,
And watch the death agony.

But oh! can ye picture to yourselves
How terrible is the blow,
When a husband and three stalwart sons
Are at one fell swoop laid low?
Pray God that never a woman here,
Such a crushing grief may know!

And the sires and sons of many homes,
In these pits lie stark and cold,
Lads scarcely more than bairns—strong youths
And men cast in iron mould.
Oh! the grief of a thousand lifetimes
In a single moment rolled!

Oh, ye husbands with your happy wives
Oh, ye mothers with children dear
You *can* give more than a passing sigh
And the tribute of a tear;
You can shed a ray of comfort till
In the homes so changed and drear.

And the nation's notes of sympathy
Are heard ringing in the air;
Be it ours the charge of the orphan
Be it ours the widow's care.
Give what you can, ye rich and ye poor,
It is not a time to spare.

# JOHN BROWN,

THE subject of the present sketch, is a native of Alexandria, Vale of Leven, Dumbartonshire, but shortly after his birth his parents removed to the neighbourhood of Glasgow, where they remained a short time, and then removed to the village of Dumbuck, near Dumbarton, on the Strath of Clyde. The beauty of the scenery here, and the fertility of its surroundings in all that is lovely in Nature, may be said to have sown the seed of after years' poesy. After remaining at Dumbuck for about six years, there was again another removal to Glasgow, which was for a time a source of disquietude and grief in the young mind that loved the wild flowers, birds, and gurgling rills so well. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to the business of a pattern-maker, which occupation he still follows; and, with the exception of seven years spent in Manchester, he has been in Glasgow ever since.

When a spare day can be had, there is a journey to the country, to drink in its loveliness, and have a peep at "Nature's wildest grandeur." A quiet walk in a rural retreat is a feast he greatly enjoys; and that he has an eye to read Nature's symbolism is shown by numerous poems and songs, giving evidence not merely of an undercurrent of tender and pathetic feeling, but a gift of spirited versification.

## SHE WAS NOT OLD.

She was not old! her brow no furrows knew,
Two jet-black arches span'd her eyes of blue,
Her auburn tresses had not changed with care,
The rose's tint still on her face once fair.
Ah, me! it seems as 'twere but yesterday,
Though more than thirty years have passed away,
Since I beheld the thoughtful loving smile,
That oft my youthful cares tried to beguile,

And can it be that thirty years have sped
Since to her fading sight the sun set red?
And ere he ushered in next morning grey,
The pulse was still, her soul had passed away.
But memory blends the sadness of the past
With sweetest joy mix'd in the bitter blast,
Recalling love, that time can never wither,
The fond endearments in the name of mother.

## MARY CREE.

The dark pine crowned the craggy peak,
And brakens clad the glen,
And heather shed a purple hue
Wide o'er the moorland fen;
The sloethorn and the bramble grew,
A thicket in the dell,
The wild rose, nestling 'mongst the leaves,
O'erhung the azure bell;
The honeysuckle and the briar
With odours filled the air,
And from the violet's mossy bed
Peeped out the primrose fair;
The foxgloves with their crimson plume
And dappled honey lip,
Kept beck'ning to the flitting bee,
Inviting him to sip.
'Mongst bogy weeds and tangled grass,
Grew iris, reeds, and rushes,
Where wild ducks found a sanctuary,
Hedged round with hazel bushes:—
Deep draped in weeds, a maiden fair,
Her face pale as the lily,
Passed by, with listless vacant stare,
And low she whispered "Willie."
Then, with a suppliant plaintive voice,
A melody she sang,
Her sad lament, and bitter wail,
Wild through the woodlands rang:—

*Air*, "O, Rowan Tree."

"My Willie gaed far o'er the sea
Wha won me for his bride,
The barque's no built, nor e'er will be,
That will him hameward glide.
Four pyats crossed my path at e'en—
Would had there been but three;
They omen'd ill, for morn, I ween,
Sad tidings brocht to me.

My Willie sleeps beneath the wave,
Deep in the sullen main
And mermaids weep around his grave,
Wi' seaflowers in their train;

Where pearls are locked within the shell,
And reefs o' corals grow,
Methinks I hear the billows tell
My Willie sleeps below.

And seabirds send a wailing screech,
Far on the crested wave,
That echoes on the rippling beach
A dirge frae Willie's grave.
Oh, welcome death! to Mary Cree,
Thou'lt cool my burning brain—
My Willie's gane; and, woe is me!
He'll ne'er come back again."

## MY AIN NATIVE VALE.

I lo'e the wild haunts o' my ain native vale,
They're inscribed on my memory in love's early tale,
That sweet time o' life when the heart's fu' o' glee,
And an hour wi' my Mary was warl's to me.

The cuckoo, sweet harbinger o' Flora's fair train,
Returns when the wild flowers are spread on the plain;
But the spring o' our life comes ne'er back again—
It vanished, like snaw at the comin' o' rain.

The sweet primrose nooks, an' the blaeberry den,
Fresh ferns, like green feathers, bedeckin' the glen,
An' the wee modest violet, an' gowan sae pale,
A' grew on the banks o' my ain native vale.

The birds held a concert on spring's early morn—
The lark in the sky, an' the thrush on the thorn—
The notes o' the lintie frae bush, brake, an' tree,
An' the sang o' the blackbird a' joined in the glee.

Even winter to me could fresh beauties disclose,
Though the trees were a' leafless an' nae bloom on the rose—
Though the warblers were mute an' the wind loud did blaw,
An' the heath an' fern wither'd lay bedded in snaw.

Noo the spray o' the hoar-frost and pure-driven snaw,
Ha'e spread their white mantle an' cover'd them a',
An' the music o' winter soun's loud in the gale
As it sweeps through the woods o' my ain native vale.

I grieve not that Nature less profuse doth unfauld
Her charms to delight me, for they never get auld;
Frae the womb o' the mornin' the fresh pearly dew
Will sune deck wi' flowers a' the valleys anew.

But I sigh for the dear ones lang laid in the dust,
The smiles that I lo'ed an' the hearts I could trust,
Wha sweeten'd young life wi' a sang or a tale,
Lyin' noo, maist forgot, near the kirk in the vale.

My mother's kind voice still rings in my ear,
The lessons she gied me my Maker to fear;
An' my faither at Bangor, though then auld an' frail,
Like a saint he could lilt in his cot in the vale.

On Sabbath's quiet gloamin' before we gaed out,
He spier'd a' our questions, an' we read verse about;
Then he lectured on Jonah, or some ither tale,
Wi' an earnestness no aften seen in the vale.

Doctor Woodburn, the minister, happy auld saint,
Wha o' cant an' hypocrisy ne'er had a taint,
Wad lay down the law wi' a zest never stale
That frichtit the deil clean awa' frae the vale.

Tam Glen, the precentor o' the kirk on the hill,
Wi' a voice no the sweetest, though in music his skill
Nane ever yet questioned, when he flourished his flail
Nae clock e'er beat time sae correct in the vale.

But his clock has run down, an' his musical fame
Has passed down life's stream, like mair I could name,
Wha played their sma' pairt, but, noo tauld like a tale—
That happen'd langsyne, when a youth in the vale.

Some leave something lasting before they gae 'wa',
Ithers leave us behin' them nae mair than a craw;
Be it mickle or little, may we never fail
To keep the richt side as we pass through life's vale.

## WILLIAM THOMSON M'AUSLANE.

W. T. M'AUSLANE was born in Tradeston, Glasgow, in 1832. His early education was received chiefly at the Parish School of Strathblane, in Stirlingshire. Some years after, he attended evening classes at the Free Church Public School, Alexandria, Vale of Leven; and, later in life, took lessons in French and Elocution. He showed some inclination for rhyming when a boy of ten or twelve, and by the age of fifteen had written several descriptive and narrative pieces, which gave indications of poetic taste and ability capable of being improved by cultivation. The picturesque scenery of Strathblane made a very strong impression on his mind, which was deepened by his residence among the more varied beauties of the Vale of Leven, to which his parents belonged, and where his youth was mainly passed. In 1849 he published a small volume of poems, entitled "Early Efforts," inscribed to James Ewing, Esq. of Strathleven. It was noticed by the press in encouraging terms; and so sanguine of success was the young and inexperienced author that one night, leaving a note for his friends, who, he rightly apprehended, would have dissuaded him from the enterprise, he set off on foot to Glasgow, with copies of his book under his arm, intent on becoming famous. His endeavours to find purchasers were, it is needless to say, disappointing, and, dispirited and penitent, he returned home the following evening. The family shortly after settled in Glasgow, where, in 1850, Mr M'Auslane, who had previously been variously employed, entered the office of the *North British Daily Mail*. Here he acted as despatching clerk, book-keeper and occasional paragraphist, till about the year 1856, when, having acquired in the interval a knowledge of stenography, he was pro-

moted to the reporting department. In 1859, he was appointed one of the sub-editors of the paper. In 1861 he accepted the post of sub-editor and reporter on the *Scottish Guardian*, and at the close of that year, when the *Guardian* became merged in the *Morning Journal*, was transferred to the staff of that paper as chief reporter. In 1865 he was induced to seek a quieter sphere, and became sub-editor and reporter on the *Inverness Courier*; but he did not relish the change, and after a lapse of about five months returned to Glasgow, having been appointed chief reporter on his old paper, the *Daily Mail*. This office he continued to hold till 1875, when, from about seventy candidates, he was chosen to fill his present situation of Secretary to the Association for the Relief of Incurables for Glasgow and the West of Scotland.

In 1854 Mr M'Auslane issued "Milloure, and other Poems," comprising "Early Efforts" and several additional pieces. Both volumes were soon out of print. His subsequent publications have been mainly of a religious character. They include—"Prayer, Pardon, and Peace," an acceptable guide for the spiritually perplexed, now in its third edition; "The Young Student, or Light in the Valley," an interesting biographical sketch, which was extensively circulated in Sabbath schools; and "Gospel Songs, and other Poetical Pieces," published in 1879, consisting chiefly of selections from contributions to well-known periodicals and newspapers. Several of the hymns in this volume have been set to music by different composers. Only three of his father's family survive, one of whom—as was a brother deceased—is a Congregational minister, the Rev. Dr M'Auslane, of London.

Mr M'Auslane is a very worthy man, and is much respected in Glasgow. His poems contain many fine passages, the sentiment is always good, and the versification is easy and flowing. This

is most noteworthy in his treatment both of natural scenery and of moral excellence, the right appreciation of which is such a necessary feature in the character of the poet. His hymns have been spoken of as being characterised by the simplicity, naturalness, and spontaneous fervour which are essential to a good hymn; gentle and mellifluous, like the sylvan stream or the singing of birds; replete with gospel truth, and permeated with hallowed unction. The prose sketches and treatises by Mr M'Auslane have had a very extensive circulation. The narratives are effectively told, and are at once simple and attractive, while his elucidation of vital subjects is calculated to awaken the better feelings of our nature, and afford much light and comfort for perplexed minds and anxious hearts.

### THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Time is flying, years are dying,
Precious seasons pass away;
Onward speeding, months succeeding
Bring again a New Year's-day.—
Day of gladness, day of sadness,
Oft to sinful follies given,
I, with careful mind and prayerful,
Would devote to God and Heaven.

Now recalling mercies falling
On my lot through all my days,
To their Sender I would render
Grateful thanks and cordial praise.
But the favour of the Saviour,
Mine when on His work I stand—
In that blessing all possessing—
Would my loudest notes command.

God is gracious, and most precious
Are the gifts He doth bestow;
Only Jesus, He who frees us,
Is the way by which they flow.
He befriends us, He commends us,
He has answered for our sin,
By His merit we inherit
Heaven, and life eternal win.

Jesus, teach me, I beseech Thee,
More Thy love—Thyself to know ;
Grace to serve Thee and preserve me
Grant me all my life below.
To Thy dwelling, past the swelling
Of death's stream, then take my soul ;
There in glory I'll adore Thee
With the saints while ages roll.

## RESIGNED IN HOPE.

Our little boy is gone !
His gladsome voice, whose music lately filled
Our homes and hearts, is now forever stilled !
How changed his looks ! closed are his bright eyes now ;
Pale is his cheek, as marble cold his brow ;
Those limbs, before so active, are at rest ;
The spring is broken, motionless the breast,
Life, light, and joy are flown !

Oh, earthly hopes, how vain !
Frail is the fabric, fair though it appear,
Which on uncertain human life we rear ;
Before some sudden storm it yields away,
A ruin lies, and sinks into decay.
So have our hopes of what, in future days,
Our boy might prove, crumbled before our gaze,
Ne'er to revive again !

But why should we repine ?
Our darling child was only ours in loan ;
God, when He lent him, lent what was His own ;
And shall we feel displeased He now should come
To claim and take him to the heavenly home ?
O ! rather let us, though 'tis sad to part,
Yield up the loved one, and, with thankful heart,
Bow to the will Divine !

Then let our tearful eyes
Turn from the little tenement of clay,
From which the ransom'd soul has passed away ;
Let us behold, by faith, that land so fair,
Now dearer to us that our boy is there ;
And may we seek to join him on that shore
Where, when we meet, we meet to part no more,
Our home beyond the skies.

## THE HIGHER LIFE.

As through the world I take my way,
All things around me seem to say
"This, this is not thy rest."
Earth fails to fill my soul's desire,
To Heav'n my better hopes aspire,
Where all are truly blest.

Earth's flowers awhile may please the eye,
But soon they wither, fade and die ;
And even in their bloom
They speak to me of deathless flowers
That grow within celestial bowers,
Away, beyond the tomb.

O ! glorious is the summer's light,
When stream and lake and mountain height
The sun comes forth to bless ;
But as it shines for all mankind,
A better sun it brings to mind,—
The Sun of Righteousness !

In woodland shade, mid noon-day heat,
A draught from cooling spring is sweet,
I drink to thirst again ;
But living water Christ bestows,
Which from the throne eternal flows,
And gladdens Heaven's domain.

Thus, nothing here can satisfy ;
What partly pleases makes me sigh
For something future still.
O ! surely he who in the breast
Planted this feeling of unrest,
Such longings shall fulfil !

These aspirations high declare
That immortality we share,
Which, in its fulness sweet,
The saints of God shall all possess
When they, in incorruption's dress,
At God's right hand shall meet.

## HUGH D. HARGRAVE,

TO trade a bricklayer, was born in Parkhead, near Glasgow, in 1854. At an early age his thoughts sought expression in verse, and his happy little poems often appear in the "Poet's Corner" of local weeklies. They generally depict, in a simple, but pathetic manner, the pleasures of a cozy, happy home, where contentment reigns.

## OOR FIRE EN'.

We've had mony ups and doons, wife, at oor fire en';
Aften smiles, yet sometimes froons, wife, at oor fire en';
Dark and owercast's been oor sky,
And rough storms did roon' us lie;
But they've a' blawn safely by, wife, frae oor fire en'.

Icy Death has nipt the flooers, wife, frae oor fire en',
Still we didna ca' them oors, tho' at oor fire en';
We were lent them for awhile,
Just to cheer us in oor toil,
And to cause a happy smile, wife, at oor fire en'.

O' rude purtith we'd oor share, wife, at oor fire en',
Yet he gi'ed us little care, wife, at oor fire en',
For wi' wark and canty sang
Aft we gar'd him strut alang,
Aye fu' sune we made him bang, wife, frae oor fire en'.

Pleasant joys we dinna lack, wife, at oor fire en',
Feth! we're fairly on their track, wife, at oor fire en';
For wi' hearts fu' licht an' gay,
Like the wuds in simmer day,
We hae pleasure, seldom wae, wife, at oor fire en'.

## THERE'S A BONNIE BAIRNIE.

There's a bonnie bairnie, clever wee bit man,
Lean yer back again' the chair, steady if you can,
Lang you've creepit roon' the hoose, but and ben you've gane,
Sae noo attemp', my bairn, to toddle a' yer lane.

Jist haud you there a wee, afore you dae set oot,
Your first stap noo you're takin'; never fear nor doot
In this or ocht that's richt, but persevere to gain,
And dae your best in ilk thing to toddle a' your lane.

Some folk 'll aften try, and that wi' a' their micht,
To draw you to their ways, though you be in the richt;
But haud weel oot, and win, wi' will as strong as stane,
And ne'er min' though you ha'e to toddle on your lane.

But what am I aboot; I doot I ha'e dune wrang
To ha'e you stanin' on your feet, bonnie bairn, sae lang;
Come awa' to mither's airms, there's a clever wean,
That's it—ah! hoo clever—you ha'e dune weel your lane.

Eh! but the day I'm gled, wi' joy my heart is fu'—
Haud up yer chubby face, yer bonnie rosy mou',
Sae fondly them I kiss—o' care I noo ha'e nane
Sin' noo you ha'e, my bairnie toddl'd a' yer lane.

# REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH,

PASTOR of the Congregational Church, Newmarket, Ontario, was born in Jedburgh, in March, 1827. His father and family emigrated to America in 1830, landed at Baltimore, and proceeded to the southern part of Ohio. They only remained there a short time, when they removed to New York, where they resided six years. During this period William had the advantage of three years' tuition in one of the great public schools of that city. In 1837 the family went to Upper Canada, and the father cultivated a farm of his own between Galt and Brantford. The subject of our sketch spent two terms in the classical department of the University Grammar School, New York, in 1847, and taught school for two years.

After appearing in the "Poet's Corner" in various newspapers for several years, he publisned a volume of poems in Toronto in 1850. He has long been connected with the press in various ways. For ten years he was the Canadian correspondent of the Edinburgh *Daily Review*, and he acted as their special commissioner at the "Centennial Exhibition," Philadelphia, in 1876. Many of his pieces have appeared in the *Daily Review*, and other Scottish newspapers and periodicals, and we understand he is at present preparing a volume for publication, bearing the title of "Snatches of Scottish Song." The volume will be dedicated to the Edinburgh Border Counties Association, and will be published by Messrs Rutherfurd, Kelso.

Of late Mr Smith has enjoyed a reputation in the United States as a writer of hymns—tuneful, tender, and full of feeling, replete with gospel truth, and permeated with hallowed unction. His poems are characterised by tender simplicity, naturalness,

and graceful finish; while his songs are sweet and musical. They are marked by a strong poetic vein, and breathe throughout an excellent spirit.

### THE BAIRNIE.

When I left Scotland's shore, I took a bonnie bairn ;
A toddlin' lauchin' thing, owre young her love to learn ;—
I row't it in my plaidie, and pressed it to my heart,—
And aft the whisper 'tween us gaed, "We twa shall never part !"

The simmer rose and fell ; the years gae'd stalkin' by ;
And strength and vigour came, and Hope allured my eye ;
But the bairnie in my bosom is a bairnie ever syne,—
And what's the bairn's I canna tell, and what is only mine !

And aft the bairnie greets at some auld ballad's wail,
And syne the bairnie smiles at the pawky Scottish tale ;
Till I can only say, "'Tis the bairn, it is not I ;
For I hae dignity eneuch, were no the bairnie by !"

I've tried to hae it think and speak in foreign tongue,—
I've dune my vera utmost, and began the lesson young ;
But the bairn is just as Scottish as the day it crossed the sea ;
Ye tell me I should rule the bairn !—the bairn is ruling me !

I tell't it to my freend, and wad his wisdom learn,—
He said he was himsel' just a muckle Scottish bairn !
And aye as I hae speir't, I find the glamour cast,
And the *bairn* within the *man* aye is Scottish to the last !

O bairns that arena bairns ! Whate'er the warld may say,
Aye cherish in your hearts the bloom that lasts for aye !
For he gangs blythest through the warld, and leaves maist guid behind,
Where Country, Love, and Childhood are in his heart enshrined !

### FARE THEE WEEL, BRIGHT LAND OF STORY !

Fare thee weel, bright land of story ;
Scottish glens, and Scottish glory ;
Battle-strath, and haunted river,
Bright in Memory's page forever.

Fare thee weel, ilk mountain sheeling,
Beauty rare and worth concealing ;—
Human love in blossoms tender,
Mixed with Nature in her splendour.

Fare thee weel, thou Lowland maiden,
Ken'dst thou how my heart is laden,
E'en thy scorn to-day might borrow
Ae sweet glance of love to-morrow.

Fare ye weel, ye scenes of pleasure,
Love and hope in wasted measure ;
Far I flee o'er Western billow,
Sunset lands to make my pillow.

Fare ye weel, ye flowers that blossom
Spring's tiar, and Summer's bosom ;
In the shaw, and 'mang the heather—
Grace and sweetness linked thegither.

Fare thee weel, ilk warbler's story ;
Laverock at the gates of glory,—
Purling streams that sing forever—
Highland loch, and pebbled river.

Fare thee weel, bright land of story,
Still thy name shall be my glory ;
'Tis thy love to me imparted.
Gars me gae sae broken-hearted.

## BONNIE MEG.

Raggit folk and bonnie folk are aye ta'en haud o' ;
I was raggit, she was bonnie, down in the meadow ;
She had wooers mony a ane, chiels wi' faces smirkin',
I was unco blythe to win new breeks to gang to kirk in.

Blateness hides a younker's worth, but canna hide his pining ;
In my een devotion burned, and Meggie saw it shining ;
Cam a voice as frae the air, " Daur to speak your passion ;
Love for love is aye the rule that never changes fashion."

Raggit folk and bonnie folk are aye ta'en haud o' ;
E'en my rags grew better claes, and poortith I got rid o' ;
Never mair shall Fortune fecht to keep sic ardour under,
And bonnie Meg to be my ain gars a' the parish wonder.

## THE NURSE O' MEN.

O, mony a ane can whistle
That could never guide the plow ;
And souters may turn sailors,
That can neither steer nor rowe ;-
And a man may bear a Scottish name,
And dwell in Scottish glen,
Yet never hae the hero-heart
That mak's him King o' Men !

I might hae been rich, my Jeanie,
Gin I had lived for gold ;
There was mony a ane to purchase,
Gin I my heart had sold ;
But I kent it lay wi' Scotland's sons
To tak' auld Scotland's part ;
And her dear name, and thy sweet ove,
Were life-beats in my heart.

Though whiles frae the pirn o' Sorrow
Comes Love, the weft o' life,
Yet the sun will shine, my Jeanie,
Through the mirky clouds sae rife;
And wha bides true to a' that's true
Wins mair than gowden gear,—
The balmy peace o' a heart at ease,
And hope and heaven sae near.

Fair gae they, and fair come they,
That love auld Scotland weel;
Their waes gang in a forpit,
Their guid come in a creel;
And aye the love that they may seek
Be leal as that they gi'e,—
And in thy blessing, Nurse o' Men,
Ilk son be blest wi' thee.

## SUMMER FRIENDS.

Sweet Summer friends, I would ye were
Still in my sight as in my heart,
And that no waning Summer e'er
Could whisper hoarse, "Depart, depart."
For like a flower
In weathered bower,
Forgot by shower
And kissed by frost—
My heart seems in a sunset-land,
Where all is past, and all is lost.

Ye came what time the Summer heard
'Mid tedded hay the sylvan song;
Ye went before the earliest bird
Was missed from 'mong the tuneful throng;
And with you went
My heart's content,
All idly spent
And thrown away;
And but the empty casket left,
Where once enshrined a jewel lay.

Now why should I on Hope rely,
Or take her flatteries to my heart?
I've seen Love's dear delusions fly—
Nor Pride nor Hope had healing art.
Nor more I'll bend
Regrets to send;—
My own best friend
I'll strive to be;
Nor trust the sweet inconstant love
The Summer brought, and took from me.

## WEE JEANIE.

Jeanie's no the noble woman—
Wait the years that yet are comin'—
Jeanie's but a bairn, and human,
Trippin' owre the lea;
Yet for een, the deepest, bluest—
Yet for heart, the sweetest, truest—
Graces maist, and fauts the fewest—
First and fairest she.
Bonnie Jeanie, sweet wee Jeanie,
Trippin' owre the lea;
As the past, sae let thy future,
Blessings only see.

If some angel, downward pressing,
"Shook his wings," and breathed a blessing,
Thou hast caught his sweet caressing,
On lip, and brow, and e'e;—
Gowd on every tress reposes,
Love's ain hue thy cheek discloses,
And like lintie 'mang the roses
Is thy voice to me,
Bonnie Jeanie, etc.

Happy he wha wins thy favour,
Blossom o' the mountain heather!
While the rolling years may gather
Sober thought to me;
But my youth, could I begin it,—
Love and life, had I to win it,—
Life wi' my sweet Jeanie in it—
Happy could I be.
Bonnie Jeanie, etc.

## OUT OF CAPTIVITY.

It was like a dream of gladness
Breaking on a night of sadness,
When the Lord to Zion turning
Bade her weary wanderers come;—
Then our mouth was filled with singing,
And with joy the valleys ringing,
Made the very heathen wonder
At the bliss that brought us home.

For great things the Lord did for us,
And we joined the joyful chorus,
"Thou wilt turn us, and refresh us,
Like the desert-streams in rain."
Tearful sowing has glad reaping—
Precious seed, borne forth in weeping,
Shall by God the Spirt's blessing,
Bring the golden sheaves again.

## THE VISITOR.

Bonnie, bonnie bairnie, whither didst thou come?
From the Land ayont the Sky, to find another home.

Bonnie, bonnie bairnie, what wert thou doing there?
Lying 'mang the lily-bells, and growing guid and fair.

Bonnie, bonnie bairnie, how didst thou think of this?
God saw the bairn-love in thy heart, and told me with a kiss.

Bonnie, bonnie bairnie, and wilt thou bide for aye?
I'll bide until the blythe bidding, that gars me hie away.

Bonnie, bonnie bairnie, and shall I now find rest?
Thy rest is where I gat this smile—upon the Father's breast.

## PEDEN'S PRAYER.

The Covenant is down, and a dastard wears the crown,
And Scotland with a frown, bears the fetters as she may;
And the sun looks down between auld Nithsdale's hills of green,
Where Cameron's grave is seen by the pilgrim on his way.

His was the rapid course of the torrent from its source,—
The more we see its force, it the sooner meets the sea;—
For young his crown was won, and soon his race was run,
And many a weary one with the martyr fain would be.

And years had come and gane, since the day the martyrs slain
(No more at Sanquhar's stane, but before The King on high!)
Had the Covenant renewed, they had solemn sealed in blood,
And in victors' robes had stood in the assembly of the Sky.

And there amang the heather—his thin hands clasped together,
And his weary glance up thither where the paths of victory lie—
And pleading for release, is Peden on his knees,
And "O to be wi' Ritchie," is the burden of his cry.

The mountain-mists and snows had been sent to blind his foes,
And when his cry uprose he was heard yet once again;
And the prayer his faith had spoken received an answering token,
When the golden bowl was broken, and the saint forgot his pain.

## JAMES GALBRAITH.

THE career of this poet shows resolute facing of hardships, self-denial, unremitting ardour, and self-culture to an extent that few lives evince. He was born in Glasgow, in 1838, and lost both his parents before he was thirteen years of age. The friendless lad, on finding himself suddenly left alone in the world, recollected that there was a person in Greenock who would perhaps care for him, but he had no means of reaching that port. He wandered about the streets without food for three days, and at length in despair leaped on board a steamer at the Broomielaw, but lo! judge of his heartbreaking disappointment and desolation, it took him to Dumbarton, and then returned the same day. The winds of adversity might have blown the straw any road; but, happily, Mr Handyside, of the great shipping firm, took him to his Sabbath evening classes, which he attended for many years. To the early care, support, and encouragement of this gentleman, and to the Rev. F. Ferguson, D.D., he attributes almost all, spiritually and temporally, that he possesses. His regular attendance while a youth at Sabbath morning and evening classes was instrumental in implanting within our poet's heart the convictions which proved his guiding light; and has enabled us to refer not merely to his position as a poet, but his character as a man.

He first found employment with a bookbinder, and received the sum of 2s 6d weekly; but more through necessity than choice he left this place for the prospect of higher wages, and became a shoemaker. While serving his apprenticeship, he suffered such privations and sorrows of the mind as only the destitute and the sensitive can experience. Yet the inate principle of the boy's mind resisted the influence of his vicious surroundings; he caught at a higher

level of mind, took to habits of study and self-culture, and while working among men of very dissipated habits, he attended evening classes. He acquired a fair knowledge of Greek, the classics (English), thoroughly applied himself to the study of English grammar, and afterwards taught this science to select classes of young men.

In course of time Mr Galbraith began to deliver public lectures on theological subjects, and he soon became a marked polemical gladiator. Indeed, his life has been an active one, and although contributing for many years to the newspapers and magazines, and frequently appearing as a lecturer on literary and social subjects, including critical sketches of Scottish poets, the ballad poetry of Ireland, &c., and as an earnest advocate of temperance, he has ever been attentive to business. He is now by his own industry and perseverance a successful employer of labour.

In 1862 he was a welcome contributor in prose and verse to the pages of "The Key," a London weekly, under the able editorship of Mr Buchanan, father of the now celebrated Robert Buchanan. The Rev. Fergus Ferguson, of the Evangelical Union Church, tells us in his prefatory note to Mr Galbraith's volume of poems that he was much encouraged by the commendations which he received from Mr Buchanan. This gentleman was in the habit of giving books as prizes to the youthful contributors who wrote what he considered to be the best compositions for his poet's corner, and our author was quite astonished when handsome and valuable volumes began to find their way from London to Glasgow to his address; and he was as much obliged to his metropolitan patron for his faithful criticisms as for his books.

He also wrote "Kenneth Lee" (a novel) for a Glasgow monthly magazine, which was subsequently published in book form by Messrs Marr & Sons. His other publications are, besides numerous fugitive pieces, "Little Bob" (8000 copies of which were

sold in one month), "Wee Mattie," "Fred, the Match Boy," and "Big Tom," prose tales, written in behalf of city waifs, his earnest desire being that his struggles against misfortune, and his perseverance to overcome them, might be an example and encouragement to those similarily situated. Their motto might well have been—"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." He also gained the first prize from the Scottish Temperance League for an essay on "The Best Means of Elevating the Working Classes."

His "City Poems and Songs" was published in 1868. The volume was warmly received, and from the fine critical judgment expressed in the prefatory chapter already referred to, we learn that his undoubted marks of poetical genius, his power of versification, aptness of illustration, and felicity of language, had been appreciated by competent judges. His power of condensation is remarkable, and evidence is given that the advice of his London friend that "condensation is essential to nervous and vigorous diction" has been wisely studied. Throughout the volume, vice is unsparingly attacked; descriptive poems are distinctly photographed, and spread their pleasing pictures before the eye; love-ditties express the tender emotions of the heart; humourous pieces relieve the oppressed spirit; while the Christian reader finds much that will correspond with the fondest aspirations of the heart. A well-regulated mind, and a highly religious and moral character, like glints of sunshine, is shown in all his writings, and the qualities of a true poet are beautifully expounded in his own words—

> Give me the man who beauty sees
> In life's most stern realities,
> Culls sweets from meditation;
> Whose simple, unassuming lay
> Pipes wrinkled care blithe o'er life's way,
> In rich reverberation!

Sweet muse ! to heal the wounded soul,
To dry the furrowed cheeks where stole
The tear-drops of my neighbour ;
Or while an hour, the fame I crave,
Then soundly in a nameless grave
I'd rest content from labour.

## THE LYRE.

In Neptune's lap low sinks the sun ;
Night o'er the city spreads its gloom ;
The western clouds grow dark and dun—
Fit hour to seek my quiet room.

O welcome lyre, my dearest friend,
Once more I touch thy quivering string ;
Thy cadence with my song I'll blend :
I'm sad to-day, and yet I'd sing.

But not for loss of friends I sigh,
Nor that a fair one false has been,
Nor that I pine in poverty,
Though fortune's changes I have seen.

Oh ! what are riches, fame, or power?
No solace can they bring to me ;
Nor flattering friends in prosperous hour—
These, more than these, I have in thee.

Whene'er the fickle world wags wrong,
I gently wake the murmuring tune,
And, raptured, sing the visioned song,
Then happy am as day in June.

Oft mingling in commercial marts,
I see and scorn hypocrisy :
Men pay as if they paid their hearts,
And sneer at seedy honesty.

'Tis said, in Athen's market-place
The cynic came with cautious tread,
His lantern lit, peered in each face
In open day, and shook his head.

Ah ! had Diogenes lived now,
No lamp he'd need to aid his sight :
The golden calf upon each brow
He'd find revealed without a light.

Corruption runs through every vein—
The race for riches thick and fast :
Some bear—nor bearing, dare complain ;
Some sink but shattered wrecks at last.

Gold their god—men the sacrifice ;
Crash follows crash in the turmoil :
Struts Mammon in religion's guise –
Crowds suffer, guiltless of the spoil.

Nor looks the law with scowling eye :
'Tis law—done sanctimoniously.
I turn and heave the silent sigh,
And tell it all, old friend, to thee.

Ye, seated in the pride of place,
Example show, exalt our times !
Gold—England's glory and disgrace !
Old Athens pales before our crimes.

Yet, what would I not for England's sake,
Proud of her prowess and her power ?
To the red field my lyre I'd take,
And, fighting, fall her troubadour !

Amid the tumult and the toil,
One solace mine, one fond desire :
Freed, lifted high o'er mortal coil,
Far in the night I thrum my lyre.

Not the enchantment of that dream,
That untold ecstasy divine,
Would I exchange for power supreme,
Or all Potosi's wealthy mine.

Away, vile self ! ungainly thing ;
Away, thou fleeting mocker, pelf :
I wipe pollution from my string,
And, wiping, weep—the sins of self.

Now scanning orbs that hang on high,
Communing with the dread unseen,
The bard, on whirlwind furiously,
Earth compassing, may ride serene.

Roused nature, with attentive ear,
Mute, listens to thy melody ;
Heard voices in yon glorious sphere.
Thy soaring sounds their symphony.

Hark ! constant in the crowded street,
Though heeded not, a hymning choir :
In every breast, with measured beat,
God gloryfying, lives a lyre.

## PROMETHEUS.

In form complete, but lifeless, lay
An image, godlike, made from clay ;
Prometheus strictest art applies,
Nor can animate the breast ;

Long thoughtful on the figure gazed
Minerva, meanwhile, saw amazed,
And choicest bounties of the skies
On the subtle maker prest.

Swift to Elysian courts he hies;
The goddess greets him in the skies:
"In heavenly groves," she cried, "thou'lt live,
If that figure only breathe!
Unfading bays will wreathe thy head,
Celestial roses strew thy bed;
Create from clay, the task I give—
Fail, and I hurl thee beneath."

Gemmed charioteers, dispersing light,
And pawing steeds, of swiftest flight,
Course round, with meteor flash, the skies:
Mute he saw, and did rejoice.
Quick from the blazing chariot wheels
The flaming torch Prometheus steals—
"Life-giving power be mine," he cries,
"'Mid those treasures this my choice!"

Great Jupiter beheld the deed—
Enraged, the Thunderer decreed
To Caucasus he bound would be,
And a vulture knaw his heart.
Pitying, powerful Hercules,
Him from the ravenous vulture frees;
Defiant of Jove's dread decree,
Fierce his fetters tears apart.

The youthful bard, brain-fancy fraught,
Toils to produce the living thought,—
Incessant toils—awhile in vain.
Is he, then, appalled with fears;
Let earnest patience nerve his soul;
'Tis perseverance gains the goal;
Time, generous Titan! bursts his chain,—
Gleams his torch to future years.

## THE CATAPLASM.

White, peeping over broom and brake,
And looking down on glassy lake,
A cottage stood on mountain slope,
Where dwelt plain, honest Hector Hope:—
A brawny man, home-spun and hale;
No book-worm, yet could tell a tale;
Nor young, nor old; but here and there
Time's frosty fingers flecked his hair
With wavy streaks of silver gray,
Like angry ocean's curling spray;
His sprinkled beard more like, may be,
The opening buds on hawthorn tree.

No cares disturbed his equal life.
Not so his anxious fretful wife:
She knew all ills by signs, cognomen,—
A falling dish a certain omen.
If in the morning at the door
She met with some one aged and poor
Red-haired, or maimed, or out at toes
Eyes looking inward at the nose,
Or odd, or crooked in any way,
No more she sallied forth that day.

One morning Hector, sore distrest,
Lay long a-bed, with aching breast.
His wife beheld with dread surprise,—
He'd die! she saw it in his eyes;
His lungs were gone—a rending cough.
"Fly, Hector!—'tis but three miles off—
To Doctor Dozem's for a potion!"
Not blest with ærial locomotion,
He said he'd walk—he was not ill—
To please her whim, and take a pill.
To Dozem's Hector went that day,
And thumped in his politest way.
The Æsculapian, coming down,
Cried, "Why this noise, you moping clown?
Why knock so loud? some drunken caper?
Ill! Ah! come in—first scrape that scraper—
To my laboratory, please,
While I examine your disease."
Hector entered, stared, surprised,
At diagrams anatomized;
At phials, powders, lances, cases.
And then at Dozem made wry faces.

"Where do you feel? Oh!—ah!—yes!—there!—
Pray, strip your garment, take a chair.
The chest! a very dangerous case;
Your heart, sir, 's not in its right place!
But yet, on further diagnosis—
Dear me! sit still; John six black doses!
Deep irritation of the *pleura*,
From mucous membrane of medura
Extending to the vertebræ;
Obstinate, rooted pleurisy.
Entire affected organism,
Internal, threatened cataclysm;"
(Here Hector felt a sudden spasm;)
"And then one vast submerging chasm.
To-night apply a cataplasm;
Call back, say, in a day or two."
"Your fee?"—"A guinea, sir, to you.—
When home, two doses, straight to bed."
This jargon jumbling in his head,

Fast Hector hurried home once more,
Worse ten times than he was before;
Displayed the doses Dozem sold him,
And blundered o'er what had been told him,—
"That 'twas the doctor's strictest order,
And only cure for his disorder,
To spread the Shorter Catechism—
'Twould close and heal each seam and *schism*—
Across his breast, like 'Bosom Friend,'
*Beginning first* with 'Man's chief *end*;'
Then pile up strata upon strata—
The stronger still the more *errata*.
The *plural*, too, would make him stronger,
And so he must apply the *Longer*;
And if he felt the least fatigue,
The Covenant and the Solemn League
He'd quick apply, layer upon layer:
He'd soon be well, like glass, with care."

His wife, with stretched and woeful face,
Descried a judgment in the case;
Their sacred duties long forsook—
Scarce now perused that holy book:
'Twas Hector's fault—he'd ne'er take heed,
Nor tract nor Catechism would read.
'Twas, sure, a providential fate;—
Its contents now would penetrate
His breast, with much divine suggestion:
A questioned breast might solve the question!

With many a sage advice, correction,
He's plastered, papered, *per* direction,
And went to bed with resignation,
Well packed, as if for exportation.

The morning dawned, the orb of day
Peeped o'er yon hill-top, faintly gray;
Then fuller rose upon the sight,
And bathed the purple fields in light,—
Ascending high, with stronger ray,
Now brightened into broader day.
Poor Hector's dreams disturbed his rest,—
Huge grizzly bears sat on his breast.
He woke, and thought too long he slumbered—
Would move, but felt unwieldy, cumbered;
Slow fingered all his bosom round:
No plaster; but quite whole and sound!
Roused by the glare of mid-day beam,
Ah! now he knew 'twas all a dream!

## ALEXANDER ROBERTSON,

WHOSE father was a miner, and mother a handloom weaver, was born in the village of Cambuslang, in 1848. He was reared in the colliery village of Eastfield, and was run into the mines at ten years of age, to work for his bread, with an education which embraced little more than the alphabet. He continued to work by the light of his oil lamp, far from the sun's rays, until a depression in trade forced him to look for other work. He is presently employed in the manufacturing department of the Howe Sewing Machine Company, Glasgow. His heart frequently bursts into vigorous song, which has been said to be "as sturdy and vigorous as a Scotch thistle."

### THORNS AMONGST THE FLOWERS.

The image sweet o' blooming youth
Is geeglin' at the sun ;
The scenes aroun' are fu' o' charms,
Fu' quick the minutes run.
See noo he stoops to pu' a flower,
A thorny jags his han' ;
His innocence has preed the sour
That waits the coming man.

Amang the flow'rs are hidden thorns,
Sae posies pu' wi' care ;
In ilka nook a nettle lurks,
An' stings the han' fu' sair.
Infectious weeds in glittering frock,
An' hearts wi' motives vile,
Wi' sleekit movements scour the earth,
Assuming Virtue's smile.

The hedge that leads to evil paths
Is blossom'd wi' decit ;
The polished vice at ilka point
The youthfu' passions heat.
The giddy heids that careless stalk
Across the border line,
Wi' notions false o' noble worth,
They worship a' that shine.

In Eden's yaird a bonnie pair
O' youthfu' lovers met
To pree the fruit an' bouquets pu'
Afore the sun wad set.
The blushing Eve put out her han',
O' thorns she hadna thocht;
She served her lad wi' goupenfu's,
An' sair destruction wrocht.

## WILLIAM THOMSON,

A TAILOR to trade, and author of several sonnets showing fine feeling and poetical sensibilities, was born in Glasgow, in 1860. At the age of nine years, the family removed to the village of Bellshill. He afterwards returned to Glasgow to learn his trade. William Thomson has written numerous pieces—principally sonnets—to the newspapers and literary periodicals, and he is about to publish a number of his effusions in book form.

### DEWS.

As the sweet dew descendeth in the night
And resteth on each plant, each branch, each leaf,
Giving the sun-parched foliage relief,
So that at morn they gleam forth fresh and bright;
Thus falls a gentle dew from heaven above,
When sorrow's night encompasseth the heart—
When suff'ring causeth tears of pain to start—
The soothing, sacred, blissful dew of *love*.
Thus falls upon the soul the dew of *faith*
When o'er us steals temptation's murky night:
It keeps us trusting in the coming light—
The morn that breaks beyond the gates of death.
O! dew of love, descend upon my breast;
O! dew of faith, upon my bosom rest.

### LOVE'S SUMMER.

As the sweet rosebud,
With tender hue,
Wakes from its slumber,
Kissed by the dew,
Modestly peeping
At early morn;
Thus wakes affection—
Thus love is born.

And as the rosebud,
In summer hour,
Softly expanding,
Becomes a flow'r,
Sending sweet odours
Through all the grove;
Thus glows affection—
Thus blossoms love.

But when the summer's
Glad day has fled
The rose is withered—
Its petals spread;
So when affection
Meets wintry skies,
Fond hearts will sever,
And thus love dies.

## GORDON FRASER,

DRUGGIST, Printer, Stationer, Bookseller, &c., was born at Wigtown (where he has ever since resided) in 1836. His father was one of the bailies of the royal burgh for thirteen years, and in all probability the official's narration of the oddities of municipal rule, and of the eccentricities of burgh officials in the olden time implanted in the mind of the son that love of the droll which the pages of his works reveal. It will be seen that the subject of our sketch has many "irons in the fire." He carries on the trades of a chemist and druggist, printer and bookseller, in addition to what may be termed the literary department of his occupation, consisting of corresponding and reporting to the local and daily newspaper, lecturing, and teaching shorthand writing, and acting as shorthand writer to the Law Courts of the Lower District of the County of Wigtown. In reviewing his first book the *Galloway Gazette* said:—"As a tradesman, he can either print a bill, or prepare a prescription; supply the news-

paper, or report a speech; provide medicine for your cattle, or solace your grief by printing you a memorial card; and, as the result has proved, is ready to become your historian.

In the midst of so much professional activity, Mr Fraser, by carefully husbanding and improving his moments of leisure time, has prepared two very interesting volumes of legend, anecdote, and poem—a remarkable instance of mental industry combined with business pursuit. The work referred to as his first effort is "Sketches and Anecdotes of Wigtown and Whithorn," published in 1877. It has been highly spoken of by the press and literary authorities, including the late Rev. George Gilfillan, and was well received by the public. Having had ready access to municipal records, and other valuable sources, Mr Fraser has been able to throw much interesting and authentic light on the state and manners of society in the past. Besides its historical design, the book is intended to delineate the racy wit and pawky humour of the old inhabitants of the district. The historical portion and sketches may be designated the substantial part of the rich mental repast, and the anecdotes the dessert. By those who delight in collecting works on Scotch humour this book has been highly valued.

In 1880 Mr Fraser published another volume, entitled "Lowland Lore, or Wigtownshire Long Ago"—a work consisting of transcripts of old manuscripts, anecdote, story, and poem. Like the former it shows plodding and careful research, a refined taste, and a mind that can present musty and dry-looking documents in an attractive and instructive garb. In the words of the Rev. David Macrae—"The light it throws, through local record and tradition, upon the manners and customs and notions of our forefathers, within the last two or three hundred years, gives it a more than local interest."

In "Lowland Lore," Mr Fraser tells us that the

only local publications of Whithorn have been two volumes of "Poetry." "It has been said," he adds, "that every Scotchman is born a poet, and it may be safely asserted that a large majority of the race, at some time of their life, essay verse-writing; with respect to Whithorn, we might say that the proportion of 'poets' is about ninety per cent. of the population, but, fortunately, perseverance is not a quality largely possessed by these wooers of the Muse, and after a few unappreciated plunges, the large majority 'dip' no more." We cull from his volume of "Sketches and Anecdotes,"

A LEGEND OF KYRKE-MAYDEN.

'Twas an eerie nicht, an' the storm-cluds lower'd
An' the lichtnin's glent was keen,
An' the thunner roll'd, but nane were cower'd
I' the clachan yill-house bien.

They tauld weird tales, as the yill they quaff'd
By the ingle's cheery bleeze,
O' ghaists an' bogles, an' loud they lauch'd
At Sandie Cracken's lees.

An' a wilie loon i' the neuk he sat,—
They kent nae whance cam he,
An' loud he leuch at the crack, I wat,
An' was gleg in their revelrie.

"On sic a nicht whan the witches ride
An' the gaists are a' asteer,
I trow there's nane i' the kintra side
Wad the Mayden-kyrke gae near.

"Weel kent that ilka Lammas nicht
Whan the twal' 'oor is at han'
The warlocks an' bogles there hae micht
Nocht mortal can withstan'.

"An' siccan pranks by the haunted thorn
They hae the power to play,
That mortal man was never born,
Cou'd see, an' leeve till day."

Sae Tammas said, the souter queer,
Then young MacCulloch spak—
"I'd to the kyrke—I hae na fear,—
An' in an 'oor be back."

Quo' the loon i' the neuk, wi' ee sae bricht
"I lay ye a gowden pownd,
Ye gang na to the kyrke the nicht
An' come back safe an' sound."

They straikit han's, the wager laid,
The youth prepar'd to gang,
Wi' oorlay ticht, an' warm grey plaid,
An' aik stick stoot an' strang.

But Jock, o' second sicht, look'd wae,
An' dule was in his ee,—
"Oh, nane, this wearie nicht, maun gae
By the haunted hawthorn tree.'

But spak the youth in lauch fu' loud,
An heart sae bauld an' licht,
"Jock, hain advice, by Haly Rood
I'll to the kyrke the nicht!

I vow I'll gang the nicht," quo' he
"Tho' the storm was tenfald mair,
An' I'll pass by the haunted hawthorn tree,
An' I'll cross the witches' lair.

Aye mair! intil the kyrke I'll gang,
The haly buik I'll tak,
An' tho' deils an' bogles roon me thrang
In ae 'oor I'll be back!"

Then oot that fatefu' nicht he sped,
Mang storm an' thunner's roar,
An' noo the daffin a' was fled,
As he pass'd frae the door.

An' dowie noo was ilka wicht,—
Slow did the moments gae,
They heard the wraith-bell jow that nicht,
An' a' were fu' o' wae.

Then oot the stranger spak, quo' he
"The 'oor an' mair is past!
Will ony venture oot wi' me,
Intil this bonnie blast?"

But dais'd were a', they downa steer,
Nor speak that wearie nicht;
Wi' brumstane lunt, an' fiendish leer,
He vanish'd frae their sicht!

Loud roar'd the storm, but silent a'
They sat in awfu' dreid,
An' aye they heard the wraith-bell ca'
The warning for the deid!

An' whan licht cam' in mornin' grey,
The stormy blast was gane,
Wi' heart richt waefu' forth gaed they,
An' passed the haly stane.

Wi' horror dreid in ilka heart
They near'd the haunted tree;
What gars ilk ane sae fearsome start?—
A waefu' sicht they see!

MacCulloch's bluidy corpse they saw
In the licht o' that awfu' morn,
Wrapp'd roun in the thorny branches a'
An' the heart frae the body torn!

Oh! sicht sae sair, that they wha look
Cou'd never smile again;
An' near the tree lay the Haly Buik,
Frae the kyrke that he had ta'en.

Sae lang's the guid buik he had borne,
Nae scaith cou'd near him get,
But he'd lay'd it doon by the fatal thorn,
Till he'd steek the muckle yett.

What foul fiend's wark the youth did dree
That night, there's nane can say,
But weel kent is that hawthorn tree,
Ca'd "Man-wrap" to this day.

An' certes, there are nane I trow
That by Kyrke-Mayden bide,
Wull, whun they hear the wraith-bell jow,
Gae oot at Lammas tide.

## WILLIAM AITKEN

IS a native of the quiet little village of Sorn, in the uplands of Ayrshire. He was born in 1851; and a few years after this event the family "gathered up their gear," and removed to the neighbouring village of Bridge-End of Montgarswood. At the age of ten years William was withdrawn from the care of the village dominie, to fill a vacancy in the shoemaker's shop, and, alongside of his worthy

father, the "Shoemaker Tam" of the "Chronicles of the Clachan," so happily pourtrayed in the volume recently issued by our poet, he donned the leather apron. After he had passed his twentieth year, he entered the service of the Glasgow and South Western Railway Company, where his diligence and general worth has been recognised by steady promotion, until he now occupies the position of traffic inspector, on the section of their line between Glasgow and Greenock.

It was while working as a shoemaker that Mr Aitken first began to cultivate a taste for the muse. He devoted his spare moments to self-improvement, and cheered the ordinary labour of life by literary study. At an early period he subjected himself to persevering mental training, by seeking his way through the intricate questions which he found in publications for the young. Indeed, his first efforts were the writing of a number of poetical riddles, charades, and other enigmatical verses, to various London and other periodicals. In the solution of difficult questions of this nature he was very successful, as the number of prizes he received testifies. On one occasion he was second on a list of 500 competitors, from all parts of the three kingdoms, who carried off certificates of merit for contributions of this description. From this humble origin, the poet's mind gradually advanced in the art of versification, writing numerous poems and songs to various newspapers and magazines, until early in 1880 he published a handsome and deeply interesting volume, entitled "Rhymes and Readings." From the contents we are able to endorse the opinion expressed by the Rev. John Rankine, of Sorn, in an introductory notice. As the minister of the parish in which the author spent his early days, he was one of the first to perceive the quality of his mind, and to encourage him to cultivate his powers by directing his leisure hours to intellectual training and effort.

Several of his pieces exhibit vigorous thought, others impress the reader by their pathos and tenderness, and all are characterised by sound and wholesome moral sentiment. Wit and humour, and a touch of satire occasionally lurk in his pieces descriptive of village characters, but these are generally kindly and loving, without the sting of bitterness; and his words as a rule are those of a true and manly nature.

### JEAN AND GEORDIE.

Auld Geordie's weary journey here is unco nearly dune,
I wish we a' were hauf sae near oor happy hame abune:
He's put a glint o' heaven's light in mony a deeing e'e,
And cleared awa the gloom o' nicht that made it sair tae dee.
Tae tread this weary warld through, it's lang since he began,
And hamely, happy Geordie's noo an auld, auld man.

Twa blyther bodies better pair'd, the warld never knew,
Than Geordie wi' his kail-yaird, and Granny wi' her coo.
Contentedly and patiently their summons hame they bide,
Within their humble dwelling by the wimplin' burn-side.
Life's brae they've speiled up hand in hand, past the allotted span,
An auld, auld woman, and an auld, auld man.

A lesson noo we a' micht tak' aff this kind hamely twa,
It's no the auldest, frailest folk, that's slippit first awa';
But, oh, we're thouchtless things, I doot – o' death, the gruesome chiel,
We never even think aboot as lang as we are weel.
We're no sae guid as we micht be, we don't dae a' we can,
And, oh, it's few wha leeve tae dee an auld, auld man.

### THE SONG OF DEATH.

I come, and the children's mirth is hushed,
And a gloom like the night creeps on,
For the fairest of hopes are bruised and crushed,
And the light in that home has gone.
I spare not the maid in her beautiful bloom,
Nor the man in his martial glow,
Though a despot, I come as a friend to some,
While to others I come a foe;
And many a poor frail bruised thing,
Whom the world has afflicted sore,
Like a chicken I've taken beneath my wing,
Where no one dare harm it more.
My harvest I gather from far and wide,
In garret and turretted dome,
And the peer finds a place by the pauper's side—
I lay them down as they come.

And though thousands strong
I can count my throng—
The cry is still they come!
Come! come! come!
I have always a place for some;
The journey is short and the path is clear,
And there never came one but was welcome here,
So be not afraid to come.

Since sin in the world at first began,
My gates I have closed to none;
Let them come as they can—child, woman, or man—
I receive them every one.
I reck not the throbs of the bursting heart,
Or the sorrow of them that mourn;
For is it not written that "dust thou art,
And to dust thou shalt return!"
And a man may boast of his strength and skill,
And exhibit his power of limb,
Yet boast as he will, he will find I'm still
Patiently waiting for him.
And though swift as a dart his bark may skim
O'er the waves of the boundless foam,
Like a demon grim I pounce on him,
Ten thousand miles from home.
And though stern my call
On some may fall,
None dare refuse to come,
Come! come! come!
I am always in search for some,
In the morning bright, in the soft twilight,
In the sombre shades of the silent night,
Or the noontide's bustle and hum.

By the churchyard gate I have placed in wait
The grey-eyed old sexton grim,
And the sombrous knell of the funeral bell
Has a musical sound to him.
His hair is crisp, and short, and thick,
And is tinged like the graveyard mould,
And the glance of his eye is keen and quick,
For a being so withered and old:
Of the countless forms in the churchyard laid,
Where no marble or stone appears,
He can point out each grave and the time it was made,
For the most of a hundred years.
But the warmest heart must in time grow cold,
And the merriest voice grow dumb;
And the sexton old in his own loved mould,
At last finds his own long home.
While the years roll on,
As in ages gone,
And for ages yet to come—
Come! come! come!

Each day must I call upon some :
It may be soon, or it may be late—
To a young mind teeming with projects great,
Or an old mind chilled and numb.

## GOD BLESS MY BONNIE BAIRN.

The wintry day is wearin' oot, the nicht is creepin' in,
As past the brands of toil I put, anither day's work dune ;
The weary mile I hae to gae gi'es me but licht concern,
'Tis happiness itself tae know, there waits my bonnie bairn.
God bless my bonnie bairn.

The wee rogue kens my vera fit when on the laighmost stair,
He kicks and spurls, and winna sit anither meenit mair ;
My canny chap upon the door he tookna laug tae learn,
The threshold o'er, I clasp once more my ain wee lauchin' bairn.
God bless my bonnie bairn.

As on my knee at tea he sits, his wee gub gapes for a',
For every chew his mither gets the rogue maun hae his twa ;
Till on the flair—o' crusts and crumbs—he's raised a perfect cairn,
Nae blin'-man's e'en, when tea-time comes, could watch my steerin' bairn.
God bless my bonnie bairn.

See, there's yer poshie noo, my pet—was ever sic a wean ?
Though scarce a twälmouth's owre ye yet, ye want to sup yer lane.
Ye'd mak' yer claes an awfu' mess, there's time enouch tae learn,
Though aulder heids aft aim at less than that, ye droll wee bairn.
God bless my bonnie bairn.

Doun on the flair he heaves the spin, what can the laddie mean ?
Losh ! dis he min' the rascal yin the nicht afore yestreen,
That gied him sic an awfu' dose, he looks sae sour and stern,
He goos and spits, and thraws his nose, the wee auld-farrant wean.
God bless my bonnie bairn.

Set bye the bowl and come awa', yer wee kite's crackin' fou',
And yer mither's something else tae dae than caper there wi' you—
The supper dishes yet to wash, and a' thae claes to airn,
She's keepit in a constant fash wi' her wee steerin' bairn.
God bless my bonnie bairn.

And noo ye'll tumble aff my hat, and rug and rive my hair,
And pu' my whiskers—oh ! yet brat—losh ! that was awfu' sair ;
Ye've chewed the thread a' aff the pirn, and fankled a' the yairn,
And noo to grip the gas ye'll girn—ye dear, wee, thouchtless bairn.
God bless my bonnie bairn.

Dear me! what ails him at his snoot?—frae side to side it goes,
Till it seems to be, withoot a dou't, an india rubber nose.
Doun creep his lids, till no a peep o' blue can we discern—
Owre gangs his heid, and fast asleep is oor wee guileless bairn.
God bless my bonnie bairn.

Sae come and tak' awa' the wean, he's soun' as soun' can be,
Fald doun the bed and lay him in, for dear's my bairn to me;
When Death, the dusky spoiler fleet, o'ertakes us stark and stern,
O may we sleep as heavenly sweet as this wee wearied bairn.
God bless my bonnie bairn.

## THE AULD LAIRD'S DEID.

The Auld Laird is deid and gane—a change has come owre a'—
A dark 'our 'twas for ilk bit wean the day he gaed awa'.
A cloud hangs owre each brae and knoll where we thegither ran,
Nae neuk's noo in the "Quarry Hole" tae hide the bousey-man;
Nae bogles dance abune the "Linn" to fill oor minds wi' dreed—
The vera burn seems wimplin', "The Auld Laird's Deid."

The lassies a' sae kind and douce are frae the auld place gane—
New forms and faces fill the hoose we used to count oor ain.
Nae mair we'll hear a cheerfu' voice, or weel-ken't welcome cry—
"Awa' ye go, you Clachan boys, and fetch us hame the kye."
Anither crummy fills the sta' where "Brooney" use to feed—
A coo we dinna ken ava'—the Auld Laird's Deid.

Nae mair at nicht, when schulin's dune, we'll a' gang up the brae,
And roun' the place gang rummagin', and muckle mischief dae;
Nae mair we'll tak' a canny turn alang the cooslip braes,
Or gang stravagin' doun the burn tae gather nits and slaes;
Or rin aboot, and rant and play abune the quarry heid,
Or mak' sae free's we used to dae—the Auld Laird's Deid.

The Auld Laird is deid and gane—a change has come owre a'—
A dark day 'twas tae ilk bit wean when he was ta'en awa'.
Waes me! my heart it overpo'ers—my vera e'en grows dim—
To think on a' the happy 'ours we spent alang wi' him.
Nae mair he'll keep a Sabbath Schule for bairns to sing and read—
He's covered wi' the clammy mool—the Auld Laird's Deid.

## WILLIAM L. BALFOUR,

THE subject of the present sketch, was born at Panmure, near Carnoustie, in 1829. He comes of a line in which the poetic faculty has been inherent—notably so in Alexander Balfour, who achieved so much literary distinction as a contributor of articles to the Edinburgh magazines, and as the author of several volumes of poems and tales, that in 1827, on the recommendation of Mr Canning, then Prime Minister, the Lords of the Treasury added his name for £100 to the list of those who had enriched the literature of their country. When a child, William was delicate, and on that account he was deprived of many of the educational advantages enjoyed by lads of his years. But he afterwards made up for this by diligent application during his leisure hours, and became a young man of more than average intelligence and ability.

In 1847, he began life in the service of the Caledonian Railway Company, and served in the goods department at Dundee, in the passenger department, Arbroath, again in the locomotive workshops, West Station, Dundee, and ultimately he was appointed stationmaster at Carnoustie. While there he was instrumental in rescuing the captain and three of the crew of a vessel wrecked in the bay, for which service, through the representation of the case by the late Earl of Dalhousie (Fox Maule), he was presented with a valuable medal. In 1857 Mr Balfour removed to Glasgow, as agent for Messrs Pickford & Co., railway contractors, but shortly thereafter was chosen secretary and cashier to the "Glasgow Polytechnic Association, Limited," then being formed. Preference was given to him on account of its being known that he was well qualified to lecture. Shortly after its opening, however, the institution was destroyed by a fire which swept away thousands of

capital, together with many valuable models and scientific and philosophical apparatus. The Directors reluctantly abandoned the enterprise, and at this juncture Mr Balfour entered the service of "The Commissioners on the River Clyde and Harbour of Glasgow," with whom he still continues—residing at Dalmuir, about ten miles from the city, and filling the responsible position of Clerk of Works and Storekeeper. In this service he has repeatedly been the means of rescuing people from drowning, and on two occasions he nearly lost his own life in doing so.

It was while residing in Arbroath that Mr Balfour first began to write to the press, contributing occasional verses, sketches, letters, &c. However, owing to the fugitive nature of these, and the absence of method, or desire on his part, few of them have been preserved. The following poem appeared in a magazine in 1861, attracted considerable attention, and led to a result perhaps not at first anticipated—

### WANTED A WIFE.

Wanted a wife for the term of life—
Her heart-love for my love exchanging!
In her converse discreet when with others she'd meet,
And who not much from home would be ranging.

Wanted a wife for a social life!—
Fit for parlour or kitchen attending—
To sing and to play—driving dull care away—
And to know cooking, washing, and mending.

Wanted a wife for a mutual life,
Who—while I her cares would be lightening—
Would sweeten for me my leisure and tea,
And my boots and my studies be brightening.

Wanted a wife for the storms of life,
With a heart brimming full of devotion,
With faith firm on The Rock to withstand any shock,
And with love that's as deep as the ocean!

Wanted a wife for the calms of life,
Who—if needed—to pull would not falter;
With a mind onward bent, and a hand still intent,
And with love strong as new hempen halter.

Wanted a wife for a sober life!—
In league with God's bright blessed water!—
Brewed in cool rocky stills 'mong the beautiful hills,
And who, like it, would home comforts scatter!

Wanted a wife for a frugal life—
Not prone to extravagant spending—
Who, while smart in her dress, would shun gay excess,
That to poor she some help might be lending.

Wanted a wife for a trim tidy life—
Who hates dirt as she does the devil—
Whose home and attire would jointly conspire
In neatness and cleanness to revel.

Wanted a wife for a cheerful life—
No matter though she's not a beauty—
Let her mind be replete, let her temper be sweet,
So shall pleasure sublime all our duty.

Wanted a wife for a holy life—
Whose praises with mine would be blending—
Who sometimes for me would be bowing her knee,
While I on my duties was tending.

Wanted a wife for an active life—
But, from these terms draw not the sequel—
That, as much as I crave, I would her enslave,
I would love her, and treat her as equal.

Wanted a wife as the joy of my life—
My pet, and my pride and my treasure—
Whose soul with my soul would form one happy whole,
Making home a sweet wellspring of pleasure.

Wanted a wife for the term of life—
Should any one think of applying—
Address number four, at the office of "sower,"
On secrecy each side relying.

Several replies were sent, and the writer of one of these—who was known to him previously, however—became his wife, and for three happy years filled his heart and home with gladness.

For some years past, to the regret of his friends, Mr Balfour has given little of his time to literature. Naturally, he is not ambitious, and delights more, when his day's work is over, in reading than in using his pen. When a young man, he made the acquaintance of Dr Dick the "Christian Philosopher,"

and also enjoyed the friendship of Rev. G. Gilfillan, Sheriff Henry Glassford Bell, Dr Guthrie, Mrs Clara Lucas Balfour, and others; but now, as he says, "he feels sometimes like an old locomotive shunted into a siding." However, he still continues to take a warm interest in matters pertaining to social reform, and his services are frequently in request for temperance, provident, and co-operative schemes, in connection with which he is a valued and fearless worker—his speech being sometimes more plain than pleasant.

Two of his brothers, it should be noted, are in a measure possessed of the poetic gift—Alexander, who carries on a large business as a coal and lime merchant at Carnoustie, and who is also the ordained pastor of the little Baptist Church there—acting as to stipend on the principle of Paul—"not being burdensome unto them;" and Charles, who for long has been stationmaster at Glencarse, in the Carse of Gowrie, and who has been known for thirty years as the author of rhyming contributions to the local press. These are chiefly songs in the interests of the temperance and social reform cause, and are characterised by a hearty humour which has made them popular in the surrounding district. As a specimen of Mr William Balfour's work we give—

PETER AND HIS PIG:

*(Culled from a Series of Illustrative Life Sketches:)*

. . . . . .

But, never for one moment think
That avarice with thrift must link;
Thrift leads, I've shown, to elevation!
While greed brings truest degradation,
Blotting out nature's holiest feelings,
Resisting even God's appealings;
While, not infrequently, the man
Who acts upon this selfish plan,
Endeavouring to "save his bacon,"
Has found himself of friends forsaken.

Such was one "Peter Bickersworth,"
Who in a village in the north

Lived comfortably—that's to say
When selfish cares would keep away;
Well, there a practice had the folks
When they killed sheep, or swine, or ox,
To taste and test the goodly beast
They used to make a kind of feast,
At which the neighbours round attended—
A practice from their sires descended.

Now, Peter had a splendid pig
Near two years old and very big,
In fact, this mighty porker's case
Surpassed the limits of its race
So much, that, Peter had an eye,
That, shortly now, the beast must die.
But one thing here disturbed his mind—
He wanted an excuse to find
Whereby his feast might be omitted,
And, yet, his character acquitted,
That when his neighbours' feasts came round,
Among their guests he might be found.
More than a week he spent surmising,
Without a worthy scheme devising.
At length he thought of "neighbour Bryce,"
From whom before he'd got advice;
And then resolved that that same night
He'd call and have the thing planned right.
Night came; he went and made the call,
Stating his wishes, fears—nay, all—
And asked his neighbour if he thought
Things could be managed as he sought.

"'Tis natural," friend Bryce began,
"For you, of course, to save your ham;
And, now that I can see your drift,
I think I can devise a shift.
Suppose, to-morrow afternoon
You kill the pig." "Oh, that's too soon!"
"Well, never mind, have your own way,
And kill it any other day;
And, when you've got the right time set,
You'll then go round - and don't forget
To speak and seem extremely hearty
When asking neighbours to your party—
Remarking, as the pig large grew,
You want the feast to be large too!
Then, when the fatal day comes round,
Of course each one will hear the sound
Of porker as he sings his dirge
When kicking from this mortal verge,
And they will know that on the morrow
They'll feast again and drive off sorrow.
Meanwhile, to make things look all right,
The pig leave in your barn all night;

And, e'er the dawn of day begin,
You can get up and take it in;
Then make a dreadful cry that day
That your good pig is stolen away—
Yea, even call yourself a fool
For thus exposing it to cool.
By such means you will well deceive,
And all your story will believe;
While pitying you each one will say,
He shall have double our feast day!"

"First rate," said Peter, "you've the tact!
Just wait and see how well I'll act;
I'll make the story look so true
That I will almost cheat—even you.
But I must go—still, one remark—
I hope you'll keep this matter dark."

A few days more, and Peter's feast
Was published north, south, west, and east;
A few days more, a dreadful crying
Made known that Peter's pig was dying.
To dress so large a mass of pork,
You may suppose, was no light work;
However, it was all got finished
Just as the light of day diminished,
When those at work, helped by a neighbour,
Hung it in barn—no easy labour;
While Peter pointed out with boasting
The parts that would next day be roasting.

Now, Bryce was not a selfish man—
He scorned although he drew the plan—
And therefore told the whole transaction
To two stout neighbours ripe for action,
Who went, when no one would surmise,
And eased the barn of its prize—
Resolving they would not be cheated,
But rather be the better treated!

Peter, long ere the dawn, did waken,
And his first thoughts were on his bacon!
He therefore rose without a word
To have it in before one stirred.
The door he opened—looking round,
And listening if he heard a sound;
Then, crouching like a treacherous thief
Appalled by falling of a leaf,
He reached the barn, and shut the door,
Till he should cut the pig in four.
Alas! he now found out a trick—
His famous pig had "cut its stick."
He meant away with it to make,
But lo! 'twas "gone, and no mistake;"

At first he thought he saw its ghost,
(Even better that than have all lost),
A minute more, and wild despair,
In place of pork, became his share.
Day came—his food he did refuse,
And ran to Bryce to tell the news ;
Reaching his neighbour in a passion
He told his tale in earnest fashion.

"First rate," said Bryce, "you do it splendid,
No one could think your words intended."

"But it's quite true," quoth Peter, crying,
"Though I this moment should be dying.
It's strictly true what now I say—
The pig is really stolen away."

"Well, Peter," said friend Bryce, "I never
Before believed you half so clever.
I will not flatter at your age,
But really you would grace the stage.
Your gestures, looks, and tones command
My warmest praise—you do it grand."

"Oh, Bryce," said Peter, "do not mock,
Too great already is the shock.
The pig is stolen—nay—do not doubt it,
And if you know the least about it
Tell me, and you may rest assured
Of the best half when it's secured."

"Thank you," said Bryce, "you must maintain
The pig is stolen—that's for your gain.
As to the half you would give me,
Send it—I'll most delighted be !
To me your story is not strange,
For so we did the whole arrange.
You thought you'd almost cheat—even me,
And so indeed the case would be
Did I not better understand.
Yes, Peter, you can do it grand."

Peter, who saw his case was bad,
Here left the house with heart full sad,
Returning to his home much wiser,
Although, I fear, as great a miser.
While Bryce and neighbours never fasted
As long as Peter's good pig lasted.

Now pass—as I am no repeater—
From moral ugliness of Peter
Unto a life of self-devotion
Sublimed by purest love's emotion.
A story this one—not of purse,
But of a consecrated nurse.

## REV. JOHN JOHNSTONE

WAS born at Lochwood, Johnstone, Dumfriesshire, in 1839. After receiving a good education at the parish school, serving as a pupil-teacher, and working a short time on a farm, he attended the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow from 1857 to 1862. He maintained himself by teaching; stood well in all his classes, was honourably mentioned in mathematics, and took a prize in logic.

In 1862 Mr Johnstone received an appointment to a mastership in the High School, Auckland, New Zealand, which he accepted. Here, in addition to teaching, he continued his studies for license, and preached almost every Sabbath to out-lying settlers, or in some of the places of worship in or near the town. On the Maori war breaking out he joined the volunteers. His company was sent to the front, and they, along with another company, threw up, and held the redoubt at Wairoa for six weeks. On returning to Auckland, he resumed his usual duties as a teacher, and occasionally preached to the soldiers in camp. While returning from one of these services he was thrown from his horse, and dragged a considerable distance. A long and serious illness resulted, and after partial recovery he successfully passed his examination, and was licensed by the Presbytery of Auckland.

On resigning his situation at the High School he received a testimonial, engrossed on parchment, and a purse of £100. He then sailed for Sydney, meaning to take ship for home, but when in Sydney he was asked to stay in the colony with the view of taking a charge. His health was not yet fully restored, however, and as he did not feel equal to pastoral

work, he went on to Melbourne, and taught a school there for a short time. In 1865 Mr Johnstone received and accepted a call to Braidwood, a pastoral and gold-mining district in New South Wales. Here he was very successful, and got a catechist and schoolmaster settled among the miners. Whilst in Braidwood district he got "bailed up" by two bush-rangers. He afterwards went to the Twofold Bay and Bega district, and was successful in raising subscriptions to build a Presbyterian Church in Bega. In 1862 Mr Johnstone left Sydney for home. For some time he preached at Stalybridge and Southport, and then went to Totton, Southampton, where he has since resided, with the exception of a year's absence in Australia, and some months spent on the Continent. He occupies his leisure time in preparing young men for Oxford and Cambridge, and in writing contributions to religious periodicals.

During the present year, Mr Alexander, Paisley, published an interesting volume by Mr Johnstone, entitled "Nugae Poeticae; or, a Wheen Rhymes," setting forth "fragments of an old man's story." In his dedication he states that the rhymes are gleanings from a field he dreamed of reaping when he was younger. Judging from the freshness and originality evident in all his pieces, it is a matter of regret that he did not sooner follow out his poetical inclinations. He has the pawky humour of a real Scotchman, and a thorough command of the Scottish dialect. His language is free from all the modern provincialisms too common with our present-day bards, several of whom do not write the pure Doric of Ramsay or Burns. Many of his pieces are graphic pictures of rural manners and customs of the past, and the interesting notes at the end of his volume are valuable as serving to illustrate the incidents referred to in the poems.

## THE TWA ELDERS.

Ae bonnie simmer, when the corn
Was shootin' fast, when sheep were shorn,
An' calves turned out, an' turnips howed,
An' hay was cut, an' hedges cowed;
When kirks were thranger through the shame
O' folk that wad hae stayed at hame,
But that it might have caused comment
Sae sune ahin' the Sacrament.—
Ae bonnie simmer Sabbath mornin',
When douce folk i' their best adornin'
Had turned their faces to the kirks
To free their minds an' claes frae lirks,
Twa elders, grave an' douce-like baith,
Bein-lookin' bodies in braid-claith,
Forgathered at the kirk-yaird yett,
Or by some understandin' met
A while afore the kirk gaed in,
Then, gangin twa-three steps within
The kirk-yaird wa's, they stood their lane
Beside a muckle auld through-stane.
The stane was sair defaced, and rough
Wi' moss; 'twas ca'd "the Elder's through,"
For there in winter time they'd meet
An' show the samples o' their wheat,
Or talk o' prices that were gaun
For pork, or ought they had in han'—
How they had got their turnips set,
Wha'd taen them, whatna sheep them ate.
In simmer time they spak o' craps
O' hay and corn, o' tares an' raps,
O' tale o' lambs, or price o' woo',
Or what the nowt were fetchin' noo.
Beside the through the elders stood
As grave an' purpose-like o' mood—
As they'd been dealin' at a fair
Or hagglin' o'er a hay-crap there.
The ane was aye 'bune seventy guessed,
The ither just aboot his best.
The ane was Rabbie o' the Neuk,
The ither Habbie o' the Heuk.

"Weel, hoo's a' w'ye the day," quo Rabbie.
"No ill: hoo's a' at hame," quo Habbie.
"Thanks t'ye for spierin," said his frien',
"There nane o' them can weel compleen;
I've whiles been better though mysel,
But when folk's auld they're no sae fell
As they were ainee, but still I fen
Gey weel at meal-time, an' I'll men'."

*Habbie.*—"Nae doot o't, Rabbie, ye're as clever
On market-days, I hear, as ever.

Ye got a gey gude price, I'm tellt,
On Wansday for the nowt ye sellt.
Mine's ready for next market-day,
Ye'd may-be put me in the way
O' pairtin' at a profit wi' them :
Ane aye likes to mak' something by them.

*Rabbie*—"Ye're sure o' that : there's nane o us
That likes to sell things at a loss.
A cattle dealer frae the north
Got mine for nae mair than their worth ;
He's left the toon wi' every stirk
To try an' sell them at Falkirk.
The tryst's this week—unless I'm oot—
Your market's past the noo I doot ;
But if ye really want to sell,
I'd may-be bargain w'ye mysel'."

*Habbie*—"An' 'twerena we're sae thrang the noo—
Wi' hay an' peats oor han's are fu'—
An' very ill the time could spare
To drive them wi' the needfu' care,
I'd tak them this week to the toon,
I'm sure I'd get my price cash doon,
The nowt are rowin' fat, an', faith,
To pairt wi' them I'm verra laith ;
However, if ye like to bid
An offer fair, it's no be said,
When I'd a bargain i' the gate,
I wadna let a neibour hae't.
Ye's hae the chance, sae say away,
I'll tak a bode this very day."

*Rabbie*—"Wheesht, wheesht ! I'm no that bargain-greedy ;
Can ye no' let it stan' for ae day ?
It's no for elders o' the kirk
To niffer o'er a stot or stirk
On sic a day ;—but, if ye like
To name your price, I'll mak nae fyke ;
There's nae ane near to fash their heid,
The better day the better deed.
But we maun keep it quate, ye ken,
A gude name crackit's ill to men' ;
I wadna like to hear it said,
We'd on the Lord's day bargains made ;
The very shame o' the discovery
Might even be the death o' me."

*Habbie*—Hout, tout, auld freen, ye're haverin noo,
It's no sae lang sin' ye were fu',
Ye ken, when startin frae the toon
Ae market night, ye tumbled doon
Beside your gig, an' a' within
K 'The Sheep-shears' saw ye liftit in ;

An' then, when comin roun' the turn
For hame, ye coupit i' the burn
Your gig, your horse, yoursel an' a',
An' scarcely were brought roun' ava.
Ye ken at the last Presbytery,
You an' some mae got roarin' fu',
An' wi' an auld bald-headed waiter
Grew pack, an' ca'd him Moderator,
Took aff your coats to fecht, though nane
O' the haill batch could stan' his lane.
I wadna, were the parish mine,
Trust ye wi' sacramental wine."

*Rabbie*—"Hout, Hab, I'm no sae bad as that,
I hae my fauts fu' weel I wat,
We're a' puir weak mis-guided sinners,
Especially at sic-like dinners.
An' ye're no free frae fauts yoursel',
For whiles the maut's abune the meal.
Ye ken, 'twas but the ither day,
When ye were fu', ye brought away
A whang o' cheese frae a freen's house,
An' min't nae mair o' your carouse
Till Sabbath mornin' at the kirk,
When a' the folk began to smirk
At seein' ye lay on the table
A daud o' cheese, an' no your Bible.
Birds shouldna file their ain nest, freen,
Nor corbies pike oot corbies' een,
Sae Habbie lad, keep a calm sough,
We baith hae maybe said eneugh.
Weel, if it werna the Lord's day,
But the morn's mornin', what d'ye say
Ye'd put on them? I'll no bid twice,
If it's ought like an ornar price."

*Habbie*—"Weel, weel then, as there's nae use arguin',
If this were ony day for barg'nin'
I'd just tak seeven pun ten a heid,
They ought to fetch eight pun indeed,
An', if I'd time to tak the fash,
I'd get it tae in ready cash,
It's but an ornar market price,
Ye'll never hae the offer twice."

*Rabbie*—"Ay, very weel, if they're by ornar,
The price is no just that extraornar',
An' I might g'ye't if it were Monday;
But Hab, ye ken it isna Monday,
An' sae nae bargain's made nor broke,
I buy nae pigs within the poke.
The folk are gatherin' tae, an' may
Hear everything that we might say,
We maunna break the Sabbath-day.

Gude day the noo, it's rather late,
Ye ken it's my day at the plate."

Wi' that the worthies gaed their way
Baith weel pleased wi' their wark that day,
An' thinkin' they'd been heard by nane ;
But ane was hidden by a stane
That stood no far ahint their backs,
Wha'd heard the burden o' their cracks.
Next afternoon tae, hob-a-nobbin'
In Rabbie's parlour o'er their jobbin',
A grey heid to a black heid bobbin',
The twa douce elders sat as happy
As elders can be o'er their drappie,
An', in the pauses o' the crack,
They ane anither's hauns wad tak,
Or clap ilk ither on the back.
An' whiles the ane, an' whiles the ither,
An' whiles the bodies baith thegither
Wad sniggerin frae the winnock look,
To see the nowt, brought frae the Heuk,
A' rinnin' routin' at the Neuk.

## JOHN BLACK

WAS born at East Handaxwood, Midlothian, in 1847. His father, with whom John passed his uneventful life in agricultural pursuits until he was about thirty years of age, was a moorland farmer. Of late our poet has been in the employment of an engineering firm at Addiewell, West Calder. He is the author of many touching verses. These are pervaded by a strong moral tone, deep earnestness, and a love of nature.

### CHILD MEMORIES.

As infant arms will cling around
A mother's neck with fondest love,
So mem'ries of her child remain
Ev'n when its spirit dwells above.

And sacredly the mother keeps
The shining curl or little shoe,
The tiny doll or favourite toy
Hid safely from the household view.

And oft the memory of her child
Will waken in that mother's breast,
And tenderly her mind recalls
The babe she to her bosom prest.

Tho' other hearts her love may claim,
Affection still doth twine around
The dear remembrance of her dead,
All thro' life's ever varying round.

And still, amid her grief and pain,
Her soul is sweetly sooth'd and cheer'd,
By knowing that her child is blest,
Though from her vision disappear'd.

Oh! may it be that mother's aim
To live in unison with God,
And ever humbly strive and trust
To join her child in Heaven's abode.

## THE SMILE O' THE LASS WE LO'E.

Like glints o' a gowden sunshine
When the lift's o' a leaden hue,
Like clear munelicht to a mirky nicht
Is the smile o' the lass we lo'e.

Like sangs frae the throat o' the laverock
When in spring he sings anew,
Like flowers that grow on a grassy knowe
Is the smile o' the lass we lo'e

Like a saft, refreshin' simmer shower
That fa's on the yird like dew,
Like rosy dawn when hay's new mawn
Is the smile o' the lass we lo'e.

Like a calm an' cludless gloamin'
When the stars are peepin' through,
An' their lustre bricht mak's the heart feel licht,
Is the smile o' the lass we lo'e.

Like hame to the weary wanderer
Wha had joys an' comforts few,
Like harmless mirth round a glowin' hearth
Is the smile o' the lass we lo'e.

Like a kindly word frae a weel-lo'ed freend,
An' ane wha we ken is true,
Like a helpin' han' when we micht ha'e fa'n
Is the smile o' the lass we lo'e.

Like the purest an' best o' earthly bliss,
When oor cups are brimmin' fu',
Is a cheery smile that haps nae guile
In the heart o' the lass we lo'e.

## JAMES COCK,

AUTHOR of "Homespun Lays," published in 1806, was born in Elgin, in 1752. His father was a weaver, which occupation James also followed at an early age. His education was scanty, but what he received he seems to have turned to good account. When about nineteen years of age he set sail from Fort George for America; but after being eight days at sea, the ship was driven into Stromness, in Orkney, and he returned to Elgin. Some years after, he, through the kindness of Lady Saltown, removed to Fraserburgh, and for a time his prospects were bright. On the death of the Hon. Lord George Fraser, a staunch friend of the labouring poor, these prospects were blasted; and although employed now and again in Fraserburgh, penury sent him back to his native town, where he struggled hard to make both ends meet for other twelve years. In 1796 he got a situation as overseer in a linen manufactory at Woodside, and with his family, which by this time consisted of three sons and five daughters, he removed to that village. This situation he retained till his death, which took place at a good old age.

His "Homespun Lays" went through a second edition, the profits of which added not a little to the comfort of himself and family. The "Lays" are of that simple homely kind which win their way to the heart of the reader. In the family circle he was at once kind and affectionate, with a loving word and smile for all. He was often invited to social meet-

ings, where his agreeable manners and engaging conversation won for him many friends.

## TO A MOUSE.

Fu sall I tak' my pen an' write,
Or tell you my unlucky fate?
The produce o' my rhyming pate,
An' some prose letters,
A mouse has torn them ilka bit
Just a' in tatters!

I've laboured twenty years an' mair
The muse's servant late an' ere
An' clinket up poetic gear—
A thankless trade;
For gin we dinna mix't wi' lear
We're ca'd ill-bred.

To labour sic a length o' time—
Compose, correct, an' patch up rhyme,
An' try to gar my numbers chime
Wi' easy twang,
An' a' to fill a creature's wame
Nae three inch lang.

Deil gin her neck were in a girn—
She's left me wi' a ravel'd pirn;
Fu to behave, or whare to turn,
I dinna ken!
There's nae ae leaf but she has torn
Frae en' to en'.

Let ne'er my fae be in sic plight,
As I was in that luckless night;
My rhymes in rags! a waefu' sight,
Maist put me mad;
I fidg'd, an' flet, an' sobb'd, an' sigh'd,
An' cla'd my head.

Had there been ony guid auld cheese,
Or ony bits o' candle grease,
Or yet hard fish to chat an' squeeze,
An' stuff her kyte;
But tear my dry an' sapless leaves
Was unco spite.

Cud she no lodg'd in barn or kil',
Or taen a beild at Habbie's mill,
An' bor'd his saiks for corn or meal,
An' nae destroy't
The produce o' the rhyming quill
O' simple poet?

## GEORGE ERIC M. LANCASTER

AS a young writer who recently entered the lists like the knights of old under an adopted name. In him we find a new poet with a delicately-strung harp of his own, out of which with deftest hands he can conjure a wild sweet melody, with hardly a borrowed note, and a music passionately subtle and richly imaginative. It has been frequently said that new rhymers are an intrusion in literature, and that true poets appear but once in a century, but hear his own words:—"Must no bird sing in the forest because the nightingale is known to live there; no bird twitter in the sunlight because the lark has saluted the god of day? I am one of those who believe in the mission of the fire-fly and the glow-worm, albeit contrasted with the stars their position in creation is very humble; and I believe that in the literature of my country there is room for writers such as I am. The dear old land which gave me birth, whose language I speak, whose laws I obey, whose Queen I reverence, is my England too. I also have stood face to face with nature; and for me, as for others, has the sun risen. Joys and sufferings have been mine, as other men's. The sense of life and the sense of the foretaste of death have brought me, too, into communion with persons and things belonging to this great century of the Christian era:—my brothers and sisters of the human race—my kindred of other races that inhabit the earth—my fellow-creatures the trees, the flowers, and the birds. There are linnets in the woods as well as larks; finches as well as nightingales; birds, too, of humbler note whose songs are not despised because in the commonwealth of the fields and hedges they uplift their voices in the twilight."

George Eric M. Lancaster, as he is still pleased

to call himself, is of a Highland family. Before settling down near London as a poet and *litterateur*, he was proprietor and editor of a weekly journal in Venice. This paper, we are told, was notably unique, for it was written in four different languages—English, French, German, and Italian; and as almost everything in the journal was written by himself, it follows that he must be also an accomplished linguist. Indeed his perfect mastery of Italian is stated by authorities to be evidenced by the poems in that beautiful language included in one of his recent volumes entitled "Pygmalion in Cyprus."

An affection of the eyes, from which he suffered severely for two years, obliged Mr Lancaster to give up his newspaper and return to England, where, by the skilful aid of distinguished oculists in the metropolis, he soon recovered. It was during these years of suffering and blindness that he composed the Italian poems—writing on slips of paper by touch, as a blind man might. His first work, "Pygmalion in Cyprus, and other Poems," has been very favourably received by the public, and has been spoken of in high terms by our leading reviews and men of literature, as being full of vigour and fervour, wealth of fancy, and plastic power. In this work he shows much ingenuity in his metres, a delicate ear for rhyme and rhythm, and their combination is most pleasantly as well as skilfully shown in several of the shorter pieces. The poem that gives its title to the volume is marked by strong feeling and imagery, as befits the old and beautiful legend of the sculptor in Cyprus who so madly loved the beautiful statue he had made—although occasionally, perhaps, verging on too great a breadth and freedom of passion.

His other and smaller works already issued are—although we believe he has at least one other important volume in preparation—"An Ode to the Earl of Carnarvon" and "Ad Reginam:" a loyal address

to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, whom he addresses in these words—

> I am not called of thee. My claim to sing
> Dates with the daylight: and my heart is gay.
> Shall I be dumb when birds, upon the wing,
> Do tune their merry throats to sing in May?
> No; I will speak, tho' men should say me nay.

These volumes breathe pure and noble sentiments of patriotism and loyalty. They have a stirring ring, and give voice to a deep-felt love of country, and show in the author the existence of the true lyric flame. Altogether, Mr Lancaster is a Scotchman who has shed another ray of glory over the "brown heath and shaggy wood."

## THE WAKING OF THE LARK.

O bonnie bird that in the brake, exultant, dost prepare thee
(As poets do whose thoughts are true) for wings that will upbear thee,
Oh, tell me, tell me, bonnie bird,
Canst thou not pipe of hope deferr'd,
Or canst thou sing of nought but spring among the golden meadows?

Methinks a bard (and thou art one) should suit his song to sorrow,
And tell of pain, as well as gain, that waits us on the morrow;
But thou art not a prophet, thou,
If nought but joy can touch thee now;
If, in thy heart, thou hast no vow that speaks of Nature's anguish.

Oh! I have held my sorrows dear, and felt, tho' poor and blighted,
The songs we love are those we hear when love is unrequitted.
But thou art still the slave of dawn,
And canst not sing till night be gone,
Till o'er the pathway of the fawn the sunbeams shine and quiver.

Thou art the minion of the sun that rises in his splendour,
And canst not spare for Dian fair the songs that should attend her.
The moon so sad and silver pale
Is mistress of the nightingale;
And thou wilt sing on hill and dale no ditties in the darkness.

For queen and king thou wilt not spare one note of thine outpouring,
For thou art free as breezes be on Nature's velvet flooring.
The daisy with its hood undone,
The grass, the sunlight, and the sun ;
These are the joys, thou holy one, that pay thee for thy singing.

O hush ! O hush ! how wild a gush of rapture in the distance,
A roll of rhymes, a toll of chimes, a cry for love's assistance.
A sound that wells from happy throats,
A flood of song where beauty floats,
And where our thoughts, like golden boats, do seem to cross a river.

This is the advent of the lark (the priest in grey apparel),
Who doth prepare to trill in air his sinless summer carol.
This is the prelude to the lay
The birds did sing in Cæsar's day,
And will again, for aye and aye, in praise of God's creation.

O dainty thing on wonder's wing, by life and love elated,
Oh, sing aloud, from cloud to cloud, till day be consecrated ;
Till from the gateways of the morn
The sun, with all his light unshorn,
(His robes of darkness round him torn), doth scale the lofty heavens !

## BEETHOVEN AT THE PIANO.

I see a face of other days—a dream of days elysian—
The semblance of a poet-soul reflected in a vision ;
It is the face and form of one whom men were glad to follow,
Because he join'd to Plato's brain the frenzies of Apollo.

He was an angel by descent, and by his birth a German,
A singer of the seraph-songs that ended in a sermon ;
But he could strike so wild a note that, in its grand pulsations,
It seem'd the roaring of the sea in Nature's tribulations.

He had a Juliet in his youth, as Romeo had before him,
And Romeo-like, he sought to die, that she might then adore him ;
But she was weak as women are whose faith has not been proven,
And would not change her name for his—Guicciardi for Beethoven.

O minstrel whom a maiden spurn'd, but whom a world has treasured,
O sovereign of a grander realm than man has ever measured,
Thou hast now lost the lips of love, but thou hast gained, in glory,
The love of all who know the thrall of thine immortal story.

See where he sits, the lordly man, the giant in his singing,
Who sang of love, albeit for him no lovers' bells were ringing ;
The man who struck such golden chords as made the world, in wonder,
Acknowledge him, tho' poor and dim, the mouth-piece of the thunder.

He heard the music of the skies what time his heart was breaking,
He sang the songs of Paradise, where love has no forsaking ;
And tho' so deaf he could not hear the tempest as a token,
He made the music of his mind the grandest ever spoken.

He could not hear the whisper'd words of love in his seclusion ;
Or voice of friend, or song of birds in Nature's sad confusion ;
But he could make, for Love's sweet sake, so wild a declamation,
That all true lovers of the earth have claim'd him of their nation.

Oh, nobler than the eye that sees are poets' eyes in blindness,
And brighter far than badge or star the light of loving-kindness ;
In this, in this was Ludwig grand (Beethoven, as ye call him),
He deafly storm'd the gates of heaven and Fate could not appal him.

O poet-heart ! O seraph-soul, by men and maids adorèd !
O Titan with the lion's mane, and with the splendid forehead !
We men who bow to thee in grief must tremble in our gladness,
To know what tears were turn'd to pearls to crown thee in thy sadness.

O great Beethoven, Prince of Song ! O wise and goodly master !
The sweetest soul that ever struck an octave in disaster ;
The deftest hand, the bravest heart, the friend of all true singers ;
Thou art the champion of the feast among the bells and ringers.

Thou art the bard whom none discard, but whom all men discover
To be a god, as Orpheus was, albeit a lonely lover ;
A king to call the stones to life beside the roaring ocean,
And bid the stars discourse to trees in words of man's emotion.

A king of joys, a prince of tears, an emperor of the seasons,
Whose songs were like the sway of years, in Love's immortal reasons ;
A love that knows no joy but this : to die and be rejected,
And strike (as, Ludwig ! thou didst strike) the lyre of the elected.

Thou art enthron'd as Cæsar was : thou art the world's preceptor ;
And o'er thy brow a wreath is seen, and in thy hand a sceptre.
Thou art the Teuton Shakespeare, thou ! and in thy soul's endeavour,
Thou shalt abide by Shakespeare's side, and reign with him for ever !

## DAVID MACRAE.

IS the Rev. David Macrae also among the poets? He is widely known as an amusing and effective lecturer, an eloquent preacher, an unyielding assailant of "hard and fast creeds," and even as the founder of a new denomination in Scotland. He is still more widely known through his writings, which consist of attractive temperance tales, very smart sketches, and most laughable caricatures. His masterpiece is "Moses Law." From his characteristics as a speaker and an author, it might not have been expected that he had much of the poet's soul, or what Emerson calls the "over-soul." It seems, however, that before he entered his teens he rhymed. In his "George Harrington" there are passages, both elevated and pathetic, which show that he has the substance of poetry; and where there is the substance, the form cannot be wanting, after such literary training as Mr Macrae has passed through. The specimens we give will show that he has variety as well as versatility, and that his "many sidedness" includes the poetic function.

David Macrae claims to be descended from the "wild Macraes of Ross-shire"—a very good ancestry, if it can be pushed far enough back, for a preacher, Church-reformer, and a creed denouncer of the nineteenth century. The old Highland blood had also been chastened for two generations—his grandfather being a clergyman at Sauchieburn, near Laurencekirk, Kincardineshire, and his father having held the sacred office for more than half a century. Mr Macrae was born in his father's manse at Lathones, in Fife; but when the father removed to a charge at Oban, the son went with him, and there, amidst the finest scenery that Scotland can show, spent his boyhood. He was trained in the univer-

sities of Glasgow and Edinburgh; and after devoting several years to newspaper and other literary work and travel (his admirable work "Americans at Home," being the result of his acute observation of men and manners in that country), he took licence as a U.P. preacher. He was ordained at Gourock in 1872, and left this charge in 1879 to minister to a very large and flourishing congregation in Dundee.

We meddle not with the doctrinal and ecclesiastical controversies that have grown out of his clerical career. Literature and poetry should wear no mark of religious sectarianism.

IN MEMORIAM.

The south wind breath'd upon the land,
And melted all the snows away;
The buds and flowers came forth again,
And the little birds began
Once more to fill the woods with song:
But never more for *him!*
Ah, never more in all this world for him!

For there had come to him a voice from far,
That brought a wondering light into his eyes,
As if he thought, Is this a voice for me?
For me! so soon! e'er life has well begun!

But still, where'er he went, he heard that voice
Bidding him rise, and say farewell, and go,
For other world than ours was waiting him afar.

And then there came a day, and he was gone!
And all the house was hush'd
And all the blinds were drawn,
And death was there in every heart
Save his!
For he had ceased to die, and gone away to life,—
But yet away!
Far, far away, and never to return.

And so it shall be to the end,
As one by one is called away,
And all the world to us is emptied of its joy;
And then the voice that called for him
Shall call us too,
Away from hence, through all the realm of night,
Into the land of everlasting spring—
The land from which the birds have brought their song,
From which the flowers have brought their loveliness,
And spring its joy, and all the world its hope,
And where he waits us now at home with God.

## ON FIRE.

The steamship "Balaire," in the dead of night,
A mile and more from Erie's shore,
Was burning fast!
From cabin-tier and towering frame
Came clouds of smoke and blasts of flame.

The frantic men, that have toiled in vain
With bucket, and hose, and quivering axe,
Now, now, in tumult dire,
To the lower ledge,
To the water's edge,
Downward surge from the withering fire.

The boats are launch'd—but one has sunk,
And two are gone
Laden deep with women and men;
And now the remnant crowd—
A motley sight
In the flaring light—
Are pushing off on a crazy craft,
Before the ravenous flames come aft,
Or the blazing ship goes down.

What! some one left!
What figure stoops by the gunwale?—See,
'Tis a mother o'er her daughter!
With no thought of herself,
She has cradled the child on a low settee,
And sent it adrift on the water.
Her child to save
From a fiery grave,
She has sent it adrift on the water.
She has pushed it away from the vessel's side,
And with eager hope
She watches it float
Out and away from the sinking ship,
Across the lurid water.

But hark! a plash and a sullen plunge!
A man has leapt from the burning craft,
And he swims—for what?
Oh! blame him not,
For the fire has driven him wild,—
He swims for his life to clutch the raft—
The raft that scarcely floats the child.

The woman shriek'd, and clasped her hands:
"O spare my child!
For the love of God
Don't take it from my helpless child!"

The swimmer paus'd, and turned his head ;
And the woman shook,
So vividly bright
In the fiery light
There gleamed the anguish of his look.
'Twas partly terror, partly shame,
Partly madness, partly blame—
And then he turned for the raft again.

But perhaps he thought of a child at home—
Some little darling of his own
Like that—
Far away !
For he flung himself back with his hands in the air,
And sank with a gurgling groan.

The woman prays for his drowning soul—
Let her pray for her own as well !
For down goes the ship with a heavy roll,
And one peal of her lonely bell.
The fires go out like a lightning's flash ;
The waters, dark and wild,
Close o'er the ship with a sullen lash,—
But they have saved the child—
Yes, God has saved the child !

. . . . . .

Full twenty years since then have flown
And now that child, a poet grown,
Has filled with music many a home
Here and beyond the sea ;
And there on Erie's margin stands
A stone inscribed with grateful hands,
"To her, my mother dear, who lived—
And to the man who died—for me."

## CHARLIE'S GRAVE.

'Twas in the dreary winter time,
The snow was on the ground,
The footsteps in the street below
Passed with a muffled sound.

We watched the blanching of his cheek,
We watched his glazing eye :
The friends that saw him shook their heads,
And told me he must die.

Yet still I hoped, and Charlie hoped,
When spring returned once more,
That he would soon regain the health
He had in days of yore.

He used to ask if the air was warm,
And if the sky was clear,
And if the singing birds were come,
And if the flowers were here.

For oh! to see the leafy woods,
The mountain, and the glen,
And breathe the balmy summer air,
Would make him well again.

The spring *has* come; the glittering leaves
Are rustling on the bough;
The flowers are out; the birds are come
But where is Charlie now?

Ah! here he lies; the trees around
Their shadowy branches wave;
And the flowers he longed so much to see
Are growing o'er his grave!

O Charlie! dear one! art thou gone?
And art thou lost for aye?
Is all that loved me—all I loved
Mixed with this senseless clay?

Sweet little flowers! ye answer me
Up looking to the skies,
And telling, that as ye from death
To brighter being rise,

So he through death has come to life
In a brighter world above,
Where we shall meet, and love again
Ev'n as we used to love.

## WILLIAM CRUICKSHANK,

BETTER-KNOWN in the north of Scotland as "The Rhyming Mole Catcher," was born at Bauds of Montbletton, parish of Gamrie. His father was a gardener, but died when William was three years old, and his son was removed to Mill of Fishery, King-Edward. After passing several years in farm service, he commenced the business of a mole-catcher, and while pursuing this vocation he travelled through

the greater part of Scotland and England, and ultimately settled down at Kinknockie, Old Deer. In 1868 he was engaged collecting the annual subscriptions from the members of the Buchan Agricultural Society—an occupation he attended to faithfully for many years—when he was suddenly taken ill, and died the following day.

In 1869, Mr David Scott, Peterhead, published, for the benefit of his widow, a volume of his effusions, entitled "Charlie Neil, and other Poems." The leading poem presents a fine but affecting picture of Scottish rural life—expressing the joys and sorrows of our peasantry, and the moral reflections arising from the many incidents in it are managed with not a little skill, and are equally worthy of the head and heart of its humble author. With the simple and touching eloquence of which our Scottish dialect is so susceptible it relates the history of a peasant from youth—from rural happiness to mendicity and wretchedness.

"O'er the brae ayont the burnie,
Stood a sweet but humble biel,
Which, when he began his journey,
Was the hame o' Charlie Neil.

Whiles at ditchin', whiles at hedgin',
Whiles at heather theekin' thrang,
What ye wished him to engage in,
Ne'er to Charlie Neil came wrang."

. . . . . .

"Washin', dressin', bakin', brewin',
Lookin' after hens and kye,
Makin', mendin', knittin', sewin',—
Mony little jobs forbye."

Here is an affecting picture, which speaks for itself—

Nancy, wha with anxious feelin',
Put the bairnies to their bed,
For the night set past her wheelin',
Syne took up the Book to read.

Near her chair the cruizie blinked;
On her lap the Bible lay,
Which her master had presented,
To her on her weddin' day.

On its title page was written
By the parson she had serv'd—
"This, a present most befittin',
Nancy Skene has well deserv'd.

"May the blessing still attend her
Which this sacred Book holds forth;
May its Author still befriend her,
Prayeth Robert Sterlingworth."

Dear in Nancy's estimation
Was this sacred Book I trow;
Aft her secret consolation,
When her comforts else were few.

Hark! a sudden noise like thunder,
Bang the door gaed to the wa',
Ower the threshold wi' a lounder
Charlie on the floor did fa'.

. . . . . .

Frae that day, his wark neglected,
Charlie's thrift began to sink,
By nae principle restricted
Deeper now relaps'd in drink.

When he had a plack to squander
Wife an' bairns were a' forgot;
Charlie through the country wander'd,
A poor, detested, ragged sot.

Nance, through prospects maist bewilderin',
Toil'd till she could toil no more
To maintain her helpless children
Wha were now increas'd to four.

By her husband left distracted,
Misery now was undisguised;
Next for debts that were contracted,
A' their furniture was seiz'd.

Nance in rags, wi' features wasted,
O' this place now took her leave;
Four lang years she had possess'd it,—
Little doubt her heart did grieve.

One babe rested on her shoulder,
At her side a girl o' four;
Twa fine boys, wha were older,
Hand in hand ran on before.

Frae frequented roads they shifted,
Cross'd ower mony a height an' howe,
Mony a weary foot they lifted,
Till the sun was wearin' low.

They, twa braid pastures crossin',
Reach'd the road amang the trees,
Where the summer's openin' blossom,
Scented sweet the evenin' breeze.

Near the road a streamlet joukit,
Where they drank as they had need;
While poor Nancy frae her pocket
Dealt the bairns a bit o' bread.

As they here sat a' thegither,
Phœbus sank frae out their sight;
While the second boy said—"Mither,
Hae we far to gang the-night?"

Nancy's heart at sic a question
Heav'd as if 'twould burst her breast;
Hidin' a' that heart's oppression,
Only thus her words exprest:

"See na ye yon maukin budgin'
On yon bonnie tufted lea?
He wha finds for it a lodgin'
Will provide for you an' me."

. . . . . .

'Twixt hope an' fear she now did swither,
When the boys did shout an' say—
"Look behind you, mither, mither;
Father's comin' up the brae!"

Nancy turn'd—she doubted sairly—
An' gaz'd through the thickenin' mist;
When, to her surprise, her Charlie
Stood before her ere she wist.

"Art thou, then, dear, helpless creature,
Hooseless, hameless, here, alas!
I, the basest wretch in nature,
Hae my family brought to this."

Here he paus'd; could she deride him?
This would useless be an' worse;
Love even here forbade to chide him
When assail'd by dark remorse.

Nancy, at her sorrows winkin',
Though they now were hard to sum,
Said—"Gin ye would cease frae drinkin'
This might soon be a' owercome."

Roun' his wife his arms he press'd,
Kiss'd her soft though faded cheek;
Rais'd his bairns an' them caress'd,
While wi' grief he couldna speak.

## MARY MACKELLAR.

MRS MARY MACKELLAR, bard to the Gaelic Society of Inverness, well deserves to be added to the roll of Scottish songstresses. Her contributions have for years enriched the columns of the newspapers throughout the Kingdom, and the pages of many of our magazines. Her father, Adam Cameron was in business in Fort William, Inverness-shire, when she was born there. He died at the age of 41, and left a widow to struggle for a young family. Though only about eleven years of age, Mary kept the little shop—getting part of each alternate day to school, until she was fifteen, when they left the district. As she spent the most of her childhood in the house of her grandfather at Lochiel-side, she acquired a knowledge of Gaelic and of Celtic lore that she would not otherwise have had; and that she was an apt scholar, her works clearly prove. Mrs Mackellar was married at a very early age to a shipmaster, with whom she sailed for years, and was twice shipwrecked.

In 1880 Messrs Maclachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh, published her volume of "Poems and Songs in Gaelic and English," and she is also author of a very interesting work entitled "The Tourist's Hand-Book of Gaelic and English Phrases for the Highlands." It will thus be seen that she writes in two languages. In the former work about half the poems are in rich Gaelic, and shows that she tunes her lyre with equal ease in dulcet strains to captivate either the Saxon or the Gael. We are not, however, qualified to speak of her productions in this language; yet authorities inform us that they are of great merit, showing force and grace of expression—some of her lyrics and shorter pieces rising to high flights of poetic fancy. Her English and Doric

effusions evince great felicity of expression, without the least manifestation of art or effort—with a natural sweetness and freshness, as has been said by one of her reviewers, like the "sparkling dew-drop clear and pearly," that forms the subject of one of her poems, or like a bright spring that bubbles up irresistibly beside the dusty wayside. With a loving appreciation of external nature, we frequently find united a tender, meditative spirit—in her artless grace, singing of scenes and subjects familiar to everyday life.

### TO A SPRIG OF HEATHER.

Thou hast come with the smell of my dear native mountains,
And tales of the freshness of moorland and lea;
From the wild misty glens, where in glory thou bloomest,
A whisper of love thou hast brought unto me.
O dear to my heart are thy sweet purple blossoms,
That grow 'mong the brackens that curl on the braes,
And by the green banks of the clear winding rivers,
Whose murmurs I hear, as upon thee I gaze.

Thou hast brought me the fragrance of briar and myrtle,
The bright shining gold of the furze and the broom,
The plover's wild cry, and the whirr of the heathcock,
That sleeps on thy bosom, and feasts on thy bloom.
Methinks I behold the soft fringe of the pine-tree,
The beautiful rowan, in scarlet and green,
And white foaming streamlets that rib the steep corrie,
Whose life-giving breezes are bracing and keen.

Thou hast whispered of cot and of high mountain sheiling,
Where heroes were reared in the days that are gone;
Of maidens that sang in their beauty and gladness,
Where now there is stillness, so sad, and so lone.
The clear silver fountains, that gleam in thy bosom,
No longer give life to our brave Highland men;
They refresh but the deer and the sheep, whilst our heroes
Are exiled afar from the strath and the glen.

Thou honey-sweet heather, 'mid visions of beauty,
And sweet songs of love that for me thou dost weave,
And memories soft, as the down of the canach
That waves in the breath of the mild summer eve:
Methinks the last breeze that had stirred thy red blossoms
Had chanted the wail thou hast borne unto me,
A dirge for the brave, who will ne'er tread the heather,
Nor see thy dear mountains, thou land of the free.

## LAME WILLIE.

The sun was shining on the dappled meadows,
Where lambs were frisking in their lightsome glee,
Whilst poor lame Willie, from his wee dark garret,
Could neither lamb, nor flower, nor sunshine see.

And if sometimes a stray sunbeam came streaming
In through his cracked and broken window pane,
Gilding the miseries of his lone chamber,
It woke a yearning that became a pain.

No song of bird had ever cheered lame Willie,
Except the sparrow's chirpings 'neath the eaves;
Yet of their warblings he was ever dreaming—
Dreams that untaught poetic fancy weaves.

His soul was hungering for some thing of beauty,
On which to feast his brightly beaming eye;
No pretty thing could he see from his garret,
Except the stars that lit the evening sky.

"Oh, tak' me to the green my ain dear mither,"
He cried, "some day when ye are no' at wark;
And we can gang as sune's we get our breakfast
And no' come back again until it's dark.

"I want to hear the rolling o' the river,
To list in quiet to the city's hum;
Mither, altho' I'm lame I'm very thankfu'
That God has made me neither deaf nor dumb."

His mother turned from him to hide her anguish:
She oft rebelled because her boy was lame;
"He's far too wise," she said, "my ae wee lammie,
My bonnie doo will ne'er a grey head kame."

"Ye couldna walk, my Willie," she said, smiling,
"And carrying ye is mair now than I can;
Ye've grown sae, laddie, near as big's your mither—
How could I carry ane that's maist a man?"

"I'll never be a man, my ain dear mither,
And I'm glad I'll never, never be;
But I would like to see the bonnie simmer,
And hear its voices ance before I dee."

When Ted, the coalman, heard the lame boy's wishes
(For Ted tho' rough, had got a kindly heart),
He said he'd drive him out next Sunday morning,
With old dun Jeru and the cuddy cart.

Good Teddy came in all his Sunday grandeur,
And carried Willie down the creaking stair;
And to the South Side Park led out old Jeru,
Softly exhorting him to walk with care.

Was ever boy so happy as lame Willie
When he beheld the bright and beauteous scene,
Whilst the kind sun his beams were show'ring on him
As free and golden as on Scotland's Queen.

He ne'er again was lonely in his garret,—
That gorgeous picture never left his mind ;
It was a book that he was always reading,
Where night or day he perfect bliss could find.

The soft green grass, the splendour of the flowers,
The fragrant perfume of the red June rose,
The rustling trees that softly waved and quivered,
The birds that warbled 'mong their leafy boughs :

The bees that hummed upon the beauteous blossoms,
The fairy butterflies so gay and bright,
The sunshine streaming upon all from heaven,
Each to the boy was a most pure delight.

When Christmas came the frost was keen and biting,
And coals were heaped upon the rich man's fire ;
And yet of cold he night and day complained
Though wrapped in broadcloth to his heart's desire.

Lame Willie shivered in his cold lone garret,
Till sickness laid him fast upon his bed ;
And his sad mother wailed that she must leave him
The lee lang day, to earn their daily bread.

Good Teddy often came with bits of candy,
And tales of Jeru's sly and tricky ways,
And promises of visits to the gardens
When summer brought again the sunny days.

Lame Willie smiled to please the kindly coalman,
Tho' well he knew he'd ne'er again be whole ;
And yearned for some one who could bring to order
The tangled mass of beauty in his soul.

For strange thoughts haunted the neglected laddie
About a higher life than he saw led,
And visions of a great and beauteous garden
That was the home of all the happy dead.

'Twas then a lady left her cosy chamber,
Filled with compassion for the sick and poor,
And bravely daring cold, and filth, and rudeness,
Went like an angel in at misery's door.

She, like a sunbeam, came to Willie's garret ;
And tho' she comforts gave a goodly share,
He said her kind face was the truest balsam—
" 'Twas like a breath o' caller garden air.'

And when she told him the great Christmas story,
Of how the Lord left His bright courts of joy,
And for our sakes bore all the keenest sorrow—
The manger-born despised and suffering Boy.

But yet how angels carolled o'er His coming;
How stars were heralds to proclaim His birth:
And how they still sang hymns of joy and gladness—
When sons were born to God upon the earth.

And when she read him of the golden city,
The crystal river, and the trees aye green,
The songs of joy that in the home of heaven
Await the throng who turn away from sin,

The lame boy's face was all aglow with gladness—
The face so pinched with early want and care—
And told with rapture how he knew that heaven
Must, like that garden, be so fresh and fair.

And when he dying lay, he told good Teddy
The happy boy that Jeru's drive had made,
But how that angels from that bed would bear him
Where tree nor flower could never, never fade.

"You, too, must come, Ted, and my ain dear mither;
But you'll no ken Willie, for he'll no be lame,
The Great Physician lives and reigns in heaven,
I'll soon be healed if I but ance get hame."

Lame Willie sleeps in peace beneath the daisies,
And oft his mother tells, with show'ring tears,
His pretty ways, and ere he went to heaven,
How strangely wise he was beyond his years.

And blessings follow that good gentle lady,
Who told these Christmas tidings to the boy,
Smoothed his rough pillow, and gave him rapture
That seemed a foretaste of the heavenly joy.

## MATTHIAS BARR,

NOTWITHSTANDING that his father was a German by birth, from the fact of his mother being Scotch, Matthias Barr has a claim to a place here. He was born in Edinburgh in 1831; his father at the time being in business as a watchmaker

there. Educated at the famous High School, Edinburgh, he afterwards resided for a time in Germany, visiting those places about which he had no doubt heard his father talk. Mr Barr now resides in London, where he holds a responsible situation in a mercantile house. Our first acquaintance of Mr Barr was through the pages of the *Quiver*, to which periodical he was frequently a contributor in verse.

In 1865 he published a small volume of "Poems," followed in 1866 by "The Child's Garland," and in 1869 "Hours of Sunshine." In 1870 a revised and enlarged edition of his "Poems" appeared and was favourably noticed by the press. "Love in a Court," and "Little Willie, and other Poems on Children," have since been issued. His writings have the quality which wins for them a passport to the heart, and at once touches the sweetest and the tenderest chords in the human breast. Not a few of his ballads and songs are pure specimens of the Scottish Muse.

### WHEN WE WERE BITS O' BAIRNIES.

When we were bits o' bairnies, an' toddlin' but an' ben,
Oh, we kenn'd mony a happy day we ne'er again shall ken;
Yet the sweets o' happy childhood leave a flood upon the heart
That aft will gush in torrents when our brichter days depart.

There was canny Tammie Dawson, wi' his bonnie gowden hair;
An' slee wee Maggie Morris, wi' her face sae sweet an' fair;
An' lauchin' winsome Lily, wi' her wily hazel e'e,
That stole awa' the lovin' hearts o' mony mair than me.

When the sun in a' its glory peep'd ayont Demyot's brow,
An' the bonnie wee bit flowers were clad in blobs o' siller dew;
Like a pack o' fleein' fairies to the burnies we wad gang,
An' the woods wad echo round about, sae merrily we sang.

An' we little thocht that time wad mak' a change upon us a',
An' glowin' hearts wad cease to beat, when some were far awa',
As we pu'd the hips an' haws, an' the rowans frae the tree,
Or row'd amang the heather-bells as lichtsome as a bee.

Ah, we wadna changed our merry lot for lady or for laird,
As we jinked about the muckle stacks in Willie Thomson's yaird,
Or slipped frae ane anither to the nook where Lily flew
To pree the hinnied sweets that sprang an' glistened on her mou'.

An' I'll ever mind that lauchin' e'e that lichted up our mirth,
An' the couthie cracks at e'enin' by her minnie's cheerie hearth ;
There was joy in a' our faces, there was love in ilka smile,
As she rugged our tousie headies, lookin' blessings a' the while.

But as time gaed slippin' by, oh, anither cam' to woo,
But she said her heart was Willie's, an' she promised to be true ;
Yet her minnie ca'd me puir, an' bade her think nae mair o' me,
Sae she gied awa' her plighted han'—her heart she couldna gie.

Yet oft I see her sittin' by the rowan tree alane,
Where I hae breathed o' fondest love, and thocht her a' my ain ;
An' she looks me in the face, while the tears row frae her e'e,
Yet I hae nae heart to bless her, though she's a' the warld to me.

But when a' is bathed in darkness, syne the tears come owre my cheek,
An' this heart will swell wi' sorrow till I canna see or speak,
Sae I try whiles to forget her in this weary heart o' mine,
Though I see her aye the lauchin' thing I ken'd her lang sin' syne.

## ONLY A BABY SMALL.

Only a baby small,
Dropt from the skies ;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes ;
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose ;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,
Curly and soft ;
Only a tongue that wags
Loudly and oft ;
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought ;
Only a little heart
Troubled with nought.

Only a tender flower
Sent us to rear ;
Only a life to love
While we are here ;
Only a baby small,
Never at rest ;
Small, but how dear to us,
God knoweth best.

## BORTHWICK BRAES.

Ye little smiling fairy flowers, on Borthwick's sunny braes,
I lo'e ye still, for auld lang syne, for childhood's happy days ;
I lo'e ye still, for there I've watched the waking eye of morn,
And marked the silver sparkling dews that lingered on the thorn.

And there I've gazed to see the birds that fluttered thro' the trees ;
And there I've list their mellow notes that floated on the breeze ;
And there I've traced my merry step beside the gurgling stream,
That proudly shone a thousand gems beneath the sunny gleam.

And there, when Luna's silent light had hushed the flowers to rest,
Has little smiling Annie Gray hung fondly on my breast,
While I, with merry looks and laughs to little Annie Gray,
Wad pledge my heart, ere then I wist I'd ane to gie away.

But oh ! those happy, happy scenes have lang, lang syne gane by,
And waking memory aft will claim the tribute o' a sigh ;
For ne'er can Luna's silent light revive my bosom noo,
Nor can the morning breezes waft the wrinkles aff my broo.

For a' I ever lo'd on earth noo moulders in the clay,
An' a' my former pleasures noo have ever pass'd away ;
And naucht but memory noo remains to paint the happy days,
When lang ago I gaily roved on Borthwick's flowery braes.

## RACHEL STUART MACPHERSON,

A FREQUENT contributor in prose and verse to the Aberdeen and north country papers, as well as to several periodicals, was born at Huntly, in 1861. She spent the first eleven years of her life on the banks of the Deveron, in the parish of Rothiemay, and afterwards resided in Rhynie. At present she holds a situation as milliner in a drapery establishment in Aberchirder, Banffshire. She is a poetess of average versatile ability, showing a fine spirit and

feeling, and all her pieces give promise of something superior as she gains in experience. We cull the following lines from a poem which appeared in the *League Journal*, entitled

### A WORD TO THE BAIRNIES.

Come hearken a' my bairnies : Tho' noo ye're young an' wee,
Ye little ken the future wark that ye may hae adee ;
For quick will youth's sweet springtide pass, with childish joy
an' play,
An' ye'll hae to bear the burden, an' the weary heat o' day.
An' tho' the noo ye forward look wi' joy to future hours,
An' think life's path is saft an' sweet wi' sunshine an' wi' flowers,
I doot or ye gang far ye'll fin' the road is unco sair,
An' hurts yer weary, blistered feet, and fills yer he'rts wi' care.
Ye've ta'en the pledge, my bairnies, an' mean to keep it true,
To be teetot'lers steadfast, this life as ye gang through ;
To raise the temperance standard, an' roond it rally a',
An' fecht the battle bravely, an' drive the curse awa'.
Ah me ! its dreadfu' bairnies, this shamefu' drinkin' sin !
It mak's fouk sae unlike themsel's, when doitered an' maist blin'.
An' weel we ken o' fearfu' sins we even dread to name,
That seldom are committed, but drink maun share the blame.
See hoo it nerves the murderer's airm, his dreadfu' wark to dee,
An' surely were there nane o't, these deeds wid fewer be.
Sae tak' yer stan' amang us, an' len' a helpin' han',
To loose the chains that fetter our bonnie native lan'.
We lo'e the lofty mountains that tower to meet the cloods,
Oor rushin' foamin' rivers, an' bonnie buddin' woods ;
But ill we like the tyrant wha blots aul' Scotia's name,
An' tarnishes her lustre, and fills her he'rt wi' shame.
Then lat us a' be wirkin', nae idly standin' by ;
Be "Richt, an' Truth, an' Temperance," our soondin' battle cry.

### WHEN SKIES WERE BLUE.

The leaves are falling earthwards, love !
All dead, they're dropping down,
They budded in the springtide, love !
But now they're seered and brown.
But tell me if you love me, dear !
As tenderly and true
As when the leaves were fresh and green,
And springtide skies were blue.

Hark how the wind is moaning, love !
Amongst the branches bare ;
There is weeping in the woodlands, love !
And sighing everywhere.
But tell me if you trust me, dear !
As when our love was new,
When rose leaves floated in the breeze,
And summer skies were blue.

The earth is cold and white, my love !
  The flowers sleep 'neath the snow,
The little brooks are frozen, love !
  And cannot laughing go.
But tell me is your faith as firm
  As when the harvest threw
Its glamour o'er the gladsome earth,
  And autumn skies were blue.

Oh ! since you say you love me dear, !
  *That* makes the woodland sing,
I cannot see the wintry clouds
  For thinking of the spring.
Though love that lives among the flowers
  May tender be and true,
Fit love that lasts through wintry bowers
  Makes darkest skies seem blue.

## JAMES SALMON.

THE subject of the present sketch furnishes a good illustration of the fact that a profound love of Nature, a warm sympathy with the finer feelings of humanity, and a considerable share of the "divine afflatus," are not incompatible with a sound judgment, a shrewd commercial instinct, and a faculty for conducting the practical affairs of society. Through the continuous and persevering exercise of these latter qualities, Mr Salmon has acquired a high position in the west of Scotland as an architect, he has created for himself a respectable competency, and at the same time he has given no small share of his life and labours to the duties of the Town Council and Magistracy of his native city.

Mr Salmon spent his early years on the banks of the Leven and Lochlomond, in Dumbartonshire, to which locality his ancestors appear to have belonged, and it has been a matter of regret to him that he was not born there, but that through some mal-arrange-

ment, a visit of his maternal parent to Glasgow necessitated his being brought to the light of day within the precincts of that city. But this event having occurred so long ago as the year 1805, we do not think the worthy Bailie has much reason to complain. At that time the city of Glasgow was a very different place from what it is now. It might almost be said to "have been in the country" in those days. The classic Molendinar Burn was then a pellucid stream, in which the guid-wives and cloth merchants of the "Fuller's Gait," or Saltmarket, scoured their clothes to a snowy whiteness. The Trongate was surrounded on all sides by fine orchards and fruit-bearing trees; while the Clyde itself was teeming with goodly specimens of the "monarch of the flood," and other members of the finny tribe.

Be this as it may, however, young Salmon had a great "hankering" after Lochlomond side; and as soon as he was fit for the road he began to make an annual pilgrimage to Balloch, trudging all the way on his bare feet, with his shoes and stockings slung over his shoulders. He spent a month's holidays there every year, and this habit, so early begun, has been continued all through his long and busy life. It is no wonder that under the inspiring influence of the gorgeous scenery surrounding and permeating the "Queen of Scottish lakes," the plodding architect, the sagacious councillor, and the dignified magistrate should also have had a streak of poetry running through his veins.

At a very early period he developed a taste for rhyming, and has never allowed the cares of business or the affairs of state to destroy that taste. His contributions to the local press have been numerous and varied, ranging in character from the deepest pathos to the broadest humour. But these contributions, numerous though they have been, are a mere gleaning from his piles of manuscript; and we believe many of his happiest efforts after doing service

at the social gatherings for which they were composed, became lost beyond the possibility of recall.

But in the year 1869 Bailie Salmon committed himself to what he considers the rashness of appearing in print, and published a volume of poetry. This work is entitled "Gowodean, a Pastoral," and after perusing it we confess that we are by no means sorry at the Bailie's so-called indiscretion. "Gowodean" is a charming book. The scene of the tale is laid in the neighbourhood of his favourite Vale of Leven, and everywhere the poem is instinct with the beauty, freshness, and delightful variety of that fine locality. Now we are introduced to the gentle Alice, the schoolmaster's daughter and heroine of the tale, who is described as the

> Sunshine o' the hills,
> Whose winsome ways ilk heart wi' pleasure fills;
> Whose beauty's to our braes like summer flower
> When first it glints new gemmed frae summer shower.

Anon with Colonel Gowodean, her long-lost lover, who returns to his native vale after a fifteen years' absence, we make a wide survey of the beloved scenery from the banks of the river Clutha, and soliloquise in the following strain:—

> Dear river! still thou flow'st as strong and fleet
> As when in thee I laved my infant feet,
> And thought how sweet upon thy breast 'twould be
> To sail far off and meet the western sea.
> And thou Benlomond! with thy lofty crest,
> And shoulders broad in autumn's foliage drest,
> Thou look'st as young as when it was my pride
> To climb, and boast the feat, thy steepest side.
> And thou, too, ancient rock! with battled crown,
> Daring the foe on which thy ramparts frown;
> And lo! the kine-clad strath and pastured braes
> Where pass'd the Eden of my boyhood's days,
> And where, as now, I've seen the sunbeams lie
> So richly bathed in evening's golden dye,
> They might have been, so judged my youthful eye,
> Gathered in handfuls from the grass and flowers,
> Or shaken from the trees in radiant showers.
> And see, where far the hills with giant grace
> Enclose the landscape in their wide embrace,

Some boldly forward, red with evening's ray,
Some leaning back, asleep in distant gray.
O ! such the scenes which Scotia's bards inspire,
And fan in patriot's soul the sacred fire.

While again the darker side of Nature is thus described :—

The season breaks wi' an untimely ire
That speaks o' ice ere thrift can light her fire ;
The shepherd, startled, eyes the threatenin' lift,
And *wears* the flock where lown-hill keps the drift ;
The farmer, as from ilka stook he shakes
September snaw, wi' strange misgiving quakes,
And dreeds a winter that's sae early set
To dirl wi' icy han' at autumn's yett,
Presagin' hunger, dearth and a' the ills
That to the brim scant poortith's bicker fills.

The poem is intensely pastoral. The hum and smoke of the distant city are forbidden to enter this arcadian vale. The simple joys and sorrows, the loves and hatreds, the hopes and fears—all the lights and shadows of life here, are gathered round the fields and homesteads of agricultural and pastoral existence. The crack is of "horses, pleughs, and kye;" the schemes and plottings of the evil characters in the play have for their objects the acquisition of land, and the possession of coveted title-deeds to some ancient estate or holding. The dialect too is generally of the broadest, richest Doric, and altogether it is a treat in these busy, bustling, would-be fashionable days to be carried away in thought to those rural scenes of by-gone times. As a specimen of the Doric we cull the following lines almost at random :—

*Bess*— You playfu' brute,
Our dapple Mat, at her tricks, yestreen
Flew nicherin' aff wi' Tibby Grilston's wean,
Doc Davie, just an imp for whuppin' horse,
And tint him in the gait, and, what is worse,
Twa shoon besides—
*Alice*— But Davie?
*Bess*— Ne'er the waur ;
Doc Davie's no to kill wi' coup or scaur.
I'm thinking if he tumbled fra' the moon
He'd but the langer stot ere settlin' doon.

This morn, for a' he got, the dorty tyke
Cam' whumlin' headlang o'er our garden dyke,
And nae way blate to spier, tho' I looked gruff,
"Gif daddie's apples were nae ripe aneuch."

All through the poem are scattered gems of thought and grains of philosophy, which cannot well be extracted from the context without injury, but which, however, even by themselves, afford some glimpses of the author's insight and taste.

LOVE AND HOPE.

*Alice*— If it be love to feel
A new emotion through the bosom steal,
Till as the spring gives way to summer's grace
We to a dearer self ourself give place.
Then I hae lo'ed since at our father's school
We side by side were posed wi' case and rule,
And found sae mony things ilk day transpire
That made the ane the other's help require.

. . . . . .

Lived, Bessie! lived! oh, speak of nought but life
Nor bring 'gainst strugglin' hope new doubts and strife.
I live, hope's beadsman, on her bounty fed;
I live until you prove my Willie dead.

*Bess*—Brave heart! brave heart! we canna prove him sae;
Then let sweet hope still cheer the passing day;
Tho' lang her withered boughs nae spring hae kent,
Wha kens how soon they may wi' fruit be bent.

THE POWER OF GOODNESS.

*Fell* (the tool of Gowodean's enemy)—I only wish he had;
A breeze o' wrath would e'en hae made me glad.
But when wi' looks as calm as closin' day,
To rest my hill-worn feet he bade me stay;
And when besides, wi' hospitable care,
The auld man gar'd me wait their meal to share,
And led me ben where round the ingle-stane
Sat wife and wean, like peace and thrift made ane,
Spinnin' wi' eident hand the fleecy woo
That was to keep them warm the winter through;
And when a blessin' on the meat he sought,
And prayed for me who had sic tidin's brought,
I thought—
*Gripanthreep* (his employer)—Keep thoughts for things o' sense and lair,
And ne'er on taivert clash its treasures ware.
But, Tam, you'll lippen but to rotten waft,
T' expect ilk laird you poind to prove sae saft.

I've kent a Cowal chief hang o'er his yett
The chiel that gaed to 'reest his guids for debt.
*Fell*—I ne'er heard sic a prayer ; he seemed to speak,
Wi' ane beside him, 'twas so hushed and meek ;
And then the auld dame's face, itsel' a prayer,
Where sadness wed to peace looked out so fair.

COURTSHIP.

*Mag*—I thought maist lads to teazin' had a bent ;
At least I'm sure he might ere now hae kent
That lasses smile na aye where maist they're fain,
Nor care for teazin' joes except their ain ;
But wi' his faithfu' heart and thoughtfu' pate,
It's e'en a pity that the lad's sae blate.
*Alice*—Blate ! Blate's the grace the leal heart ever shows,
The veil that modest love o'er ardour throws.
*Mag*—But yet there's courtin' needed, as you ken,
And surely that comes better aff the men,
And sae it was, na doubt, that whiles, when he
Stood back sae woman-scaured wi' bashfu' e'e.
I let baith tongue and e'en wi' saucy sten
Speak things that had nae meanin' further ben.
*Alice*—Ne'er speak them mair, that gown's a doubtfu' fit
Which thoughtless maidens shape and fringe wi' wit.

HEAD VERSUS HEART.

*Fell*—Losh, laird, I'm thinkin', and hae thocht awhile,
'Tween head and heart, our guides through life's turmoil,
That head, to lead, is but a doubtfu' torch,
Owre sib wi' sel', owre near her entrance porch,
To let ought in that might our ease annoy,
Or keep ought out that might increase our joy,
And, heedless o' what love or justice say,
Seeks only to gie sel' her pampered way ;
Till comes the end, which head had pictured bright,
Wi' death's dark curtains shuttin' out the light,
And lo ! a's dreary, waste, and wild, and lone,
And ne'er a hand to soothe or heart to moan.

*Grip.*—You're fu' o' fancy, Tam. Your gipsy bluid
Ne'er pleased but when dull life is on the scud,
Discardin' head wi' counsel clear and cool,
You'd crown het heart wi' flowers and bid her rule
Till a' gangs gleed, sae gleed that right it wrangs,
And grows owre het to handle e'en wi' tangs,
Wi' nae way left but way awa to rin,
Or, doubtfu' choice, *de novo* to begin.
But e'en though summer's heart, and winter's head
I maun decide still onward to be led,
The gait wi' head, whilk tho' 't be whiles in snaw,
Keeps judgment cool and passions ilk in awe,
And gies mair hope when comes life's down-brae trip
That rein and whip-haun' baith will haud the grip,

And, though the last turn's sharp, and rough the shore,
Land us a' safe at Lethe's friendly shore.

*Fell*—And sae choose I that heart may be my guide,
Wi' her in simmer car through life to ride,
Safe in her keepin', though at times she stray,
Since 'tis to succour that she tints her way;
And safe, though whiles her haste, at pity's ca'.
May gar her jump right o'er some icy law;
Safe, though well worn, when to the end we near,
Since troops o' frien's keep gatherin' in the rear,
Each wi' a hope to cheer, a haun' to prop,
And keep the auld chai' steady till it stop.

## DAVID MITCHELL SMITH

WAS born at Bullionfield, near Dundee, in 1848. His father was a farm labourer, and the family having removed to the neighbourhood of Kirriemuir while David was a child, he received in that town a very fair education. His first employment was that of a railway clerk, and he remained in the service of the railway company about fourteen years. After quitting their service he engaged in various kinds of work, and at present he is in the service of the Messrs Pullar, dyers, Perth. He has been a frequent contributor to the "poet's corner" of our newspapers, as well as several literary journals. His verses disclose a keen love of nature and purity of feeling. A love of legendary lore is also an essential feature in his character as a poet.

### WRECKED.

Gallant and good was my sailor lad,
And, oh, he was fair and dear to me;
Ragged and rakish though he were clad,
Beneath was a jewel that made me glad—
The heart of my darling, noble and true,
That sparkles in mine like the heaving sea,
When it glints in the face of the heavens so blue.

Stalwart and strong, and noble and good,
Why was he taken, my own, my own?
Life was so blessed, love was so sweet,
And both I would lay at my darling's feet—
But the great sea chanteth its nevermore;
And the gales of hope from my heart are blown,
And die on the sands of a southern shore.

Trusty and true was the horny hand
That clasped mine in the long ago;
I feel the thrill of its touch, and stand
Here on the waste of the yellow sand
Where the sea, like a lover comes every day;
But mine will never come back I know,
And the beauty of living is passed away.

Quiet and sweet lies the little town,
And out in the quaint old harbour, there,
The lusty fishermen, swart and brown,
Sing as they tighten the cordage down—
Sing and shout; while adown the wide sea,
The great ships march along stately and fair,
As when my true lover was walking with me.

Beautiful, beautiful summer day!
White leaf from the log-book of long ago!
Tears grow and gather as here I stand,
Alone on the waste of the yellow sand,
Where the sea like a lover comes every day;
For mine will never come back, I know,
And the beauty of living is passed away.

## TAKE THE WORLD AS YOU FIND IT, LAD.

Take the world as you find it, lad,
But mind 'tis not shapen to you;
Then fashion your life with an iron will
For the work that you have to do;
Fitting yourself as a key to its lock,
That the world may open to you.

Take the world as you find it, lad,
With a pleasant smile and a bow;
Take the world as you find it, my boy,
And then to the rough work go,
As a fighter shakes hands with his combatant
Before he strikes a blow.

Take the world as you find it, lad,
And boldly step to the van;
Take the world as you find it, my boy,
And stick to your post like a man.

The glory of England lies hid in the might
Of the heroes that do what they can!

Take the world as you find it, lad,
With never a frown or a fret;
Strike, with brave heart and strong will, my boy,
At evil wherever 'tis met,
That the good may grow up in its glory and strength,
And the earth be a paradise yet!

Taking the world as you find it, lad,
See that you leave it not so;
He's a pitiful coward that slinks from the field
Without ever striking the foe.
Have something to show to the gods above
Of the work that you wrought down below!

## THE DEIL'S STANE.

Eh, bairns! siccan cantrips the muckle deil played
In the gruesome days langsyne;
Whan's huifs were heard on the laich hoose-taps,
An' his voice i' the roarin' linn.

This grey stane, beddit i' the glack o' the glen,
Ance lay on the heich hill-tap;
An' roond it at nichts, i' the licht o' the mune,
The deil he skirled an' lap.

An' ance on a time, whan the win's blew lood,
He lifted it whaur it lay;
An' lauched as he held it in his het luif,
Syne whumilt it doon the brae.

O, muckle he lauch'd and lood he skirled,
An' doon the hill spanked he;
But whan he stoopit to lift the stane
'Twas firm as a rock i' the sea.

"Ho, ho!" quo' the deil, "sae I canna lift up
A stane flung by my richt han'!
But here let it rest; what the deil canna do
Is no in the pooer o' man."

An' he danced roond an' roond, an' lauched an' skirled,
Whaur the grey stane's lyin' the noo;
"Havers o' grannie!"—weel, the deil's sair misca'ed,
But this, bonnie bairns, is true—

That the big stane o' his ugsome pooer
He has flung on the sauls o' men;
And nowther cor strength nor the deil himsel'
Can lift it up again.

## GEORGE OUTRAM,

ADVOCATE, was born in 1805 at Clyde Iron Works, in the vicinity of Glasgow. His father was manager at these works, but the family removed soon after the birth of George to Leith—Mr Outram having become partner in a mercantile house there. George received his early education in the High School of Leith, and afterwards went through the regular curriculum of the University of Edinburgh. In 1827 he became a member of the Faculty of Advocates, and for the next ten years continued to attend the Parliament House, where his genial disposition and fund of quaint humour made him a great favourite. Being, however, of a retiring, sensitive nature, he did not lay himself out with much earnestness for legal practice, and in 1837 he accepted the offer of the editorship of the *Glasgow Herald*, and subsequently became one of the proprietors. In conducting the paper he showed firmness and discrimination, and his judgment was seldom at fault in the numerous questions which force themselves on the attention of a public writer.

Mr Outram resided in Glasgow or its neighbourhood for nineteen years, and during that period he won and retained, by his amiable manners and delightful flow of good-natured humour, the esteem and respect of all classes. Latterly, however, his constitution, which had never been robust, gave way somewhat prematurely, and he died at his country residence, Rosemore, on the Holy Loch, in 1856.

The poetical genius of Mr Outram manifested itself chiefly in the production of songs and other lyrical pieces, mostly in the Scottish dialect. His legal lyrics introduce us to some of the peculiarities of Scotch law, and show us their comic side with a rare and unsurpassed genial power. They present vivid pictures of the peculiar features of Scotch legal process, and its effect on the character and feelings of his countrymen; while they possess that breadth of colouring and truth to human nature which cannot fail to interest all readers, and entertain them with an exquisite perception of the ludicrous. "The Annuity" is perhaps the best known ballad of this description. His miscellaneous pieces are not less stamped with originality and humour, and as specimens of national *facetiæ* they are of high merit. His cast of mind and associations were essentially Scottish, and he was admirably versed in, and had a high appreciation of, the strength of his native Doric. These features of his mind led him on one occasion to conceive the idea of a "Scotch Denner," to be given to a select party in his own house, as a purely national meal, to which each guest was to come in the costume of some favourite Scottish worthy—to appear in an historical character and dress. The idea was to ironically renew the once popular lamentations over the Union with England as destructive of the independence and ancient position of Scotland. "The Letter of Invitation" and "The List of Toasts" are excellent specimens of genial humour, and quite a curiosity. We have only space for

THE INVITATION.

"Richt Trusty Friend,—Forgie me that I steer your memorie eennow, anent that wearifu' Treaty o' Union wi' the Englishers, whilk, as ye weel ken, was subscrivit by the unworthie representatives of our forbears, on the 22d day of July, A.D. 1706, in ane unhappie hour. For I do sae allenarlie wi' the intent that ye suld devise means to red us for aye of that wanehancie covenant, the endurance whereof is regarded by ilka leal-hearted Caledonian with never-devallin' scunner. Wherefor I earnestly entreat of you that, on Monday the 22d of the present month, bein' the 138th anniversary of the forsaid dulefu' event, ye wald attend a great gatherin' o' Scotsmen, to be halden after the guid auld Scottish

fashion, at Scott Street of Glasgow, whan it will be taen into cannie consideration how we may now best free oursels o' that unnatural band, either by a backspang, if we can sae far begunk the Southron, or by an even-down cassin o' the bargain, an' haudin of our ain by the strong hand, if need be. An' to the intent that we may be the better preparit for what may come, it is designit, on the occasion of the said gatherin', that we sall subsist upon our ain national vivers allenarlie, and sae pruive how far we can forega the aids o' foreign countries in respect of our creature comforts, varyin' our fare wi' the flesh o' the red deer an' the trouts o' Lochleven, suppin our ain Kail, Hotch Potch, or Cockyleekie, whiles pangin oursels wi' haggis an' brose, an' whiles wi' sheep's head an' partan pies, rizzard haddies, crappit heads an' scate-rumples, nowtes' feet, kebbucks, scadlips, an' skink, forbye custocks, earlings, rifarts and syboes, farles, fadges an' bannocks, drammock, brochan an' powsowdie, an' siklike —washin the same doun our craigs wi' nae foreign pushion, but anerlie wi' our ain reamin yill an' bellin usquebaugh. Trustin that you, an' mony anither leal Scotsman, will forgather at the forsaid time an' place, to bend the bicker after the manner of our worthie forbears when guid auld Scotland was a kingdom."

Messrs Blackwood & Son, Edinburgh, published a volume of Mr Outram's productions in 1874, which rapidly went through several editions. The volume was edited by the late Sheriff Glassford Bell, who also wrote the introductory notice, to which we are indebted for these particulars.

### THE ANNUITY.

I gaed to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be—
For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell;
And—I was sae left tae mysel'—
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneuch—
She just was turned o' saxty-three;
I conldna guessed she'd prove sae teugh,
By human ingenuity.
But years have come, and years have gane,
And there she's yet as stieve's a stane—
The limmer's growin' young again,
Since she got her annuity.

She's crined awa' to bane an' skin,
But that it seems is nought to me;
She's like to live—although she's in
The last stage o' tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizened gums,
And stumps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes—as sure as Christmas comes—
To ca' for her annuity.

She jokes her joke, an' cracks her crack,
As spunkie as a growin' flea—
An' there she sits upon my back,
A livin' perpetuity.
She hurkles by her ingle side,
An' toasts an' tans her wrunkled hide—
Lord kens how lang she yet may bide
To ca' for her annuity!

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an Insurance Company;
Her chance o' life was stated there,
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here or tables there,
She's lived ten years beyond her share,
An's like to live a dizzen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

I gat the loon that drew the deed—
We spelled it o'er right carefully;—
In vain he yerked his souple head,
To find an ambiguity:
It's dated—tested—a' complete—
The proper stamp—nae word delete—
And diligence, as on decreet,
May pass for her annuity.

Last Yulē she had a fearfu' hoast—
I thought a kink might set me free;
I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
Wi' constant assiduity.
But Diel ma' care—the blast gaed by,
It missed the auld anatomy;
It just cost me a tooth forbye
Discharging her annuity.

I thought that grief might gar her quit—
Her only son was lost at sea—
But aff her wits behuved to flit,
An' leave her in fatuity!
She threeps, an' threeps, he's living yet,
For a' the tellin' she can get;
But catch the doited runt forget
To ca' for her annuity!

If there's a sough o' cholera
Or typhus—wha sae gleg as she?
She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
In siccan superfluity!
She doesna need—she's fever proof—
The pest gaed ower her very roof;
She tauld me sae—and then her loof
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak,—
A compound fracture as could be ;
Nae Leech the cure wad undertak,
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It's cured !—She handles't like a flail—
It does as weel in bits as hale ;
But I'm a broken man mysel'
Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh, and broken banes,
Are weel as flesh an' banes can be.
She beats the taeds that live in stanes,
An' fatten in vacuity !
They die when they're exposed to air—
They canna thole the atmosphere ;
But her !—expose her onywhere—
She lives for her annnity.

If mortal means could nick her thread,
Sma' crime it wad appear to me ;
Ca't murder—or ca't homicide—
I'd justify't,—an' do it tae.
But how to fell a withered wife
That's carved out o' the tree o' life—
The timmer limmer daurs the knife
To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot.—But whar's the mark ?—
Her vital parts are hid frae me ;
Her back-bane wanders through her sark
In an unkenn'd corkscrewity.
She's palsified—an' shakes her head
Sae fast about, ye scarce can see't ;
It's past the power o' steel or lead
To settle her annuity.

She might be drowned ;—but go she'll not
Within a mile o' loch or sea ;—
Or hanged—if cord could grip a throat
O' siccan exiguity.
It's fitter far to hang the rope—
It draws out like a telescope ;
'Twad tak a dreadfu' length o' drop
To settle her annuity.

Will puzion do't ?—It has been tried ;
But, be't in hash or fricassee,
That's just the dish she can't abide,
Whatever kind o' *gout* it hae.
It's needless to assail her doubts,—
She gangs by instinct—like the brutes—
An' only eats an' drinks what suits
Hersel' an' her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
Threescore an' ten perchance may be ;
She's ninety-four ;—let them wha can
Explain the incongruity.
She should hae lived afore the Flood—
She's come o' Patriarchal blood—
She's some auld Pagan, mummified
Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalmed inside and out—
She's sauted to the last degree—
There's pickle in her very snout
Sae caper-like an' cruety ;
Lot's wife was fresh compared to her ;
They've Kyanised the useless knir—
She canna decompose—nae mair
Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock
As this eternal jaud wears me ;
I could withstand the single shock,
But no the continuity.
It's pay me here—an' pay me there—
An' pay me, pay me, evermair ;
I'll gang demented wi' despair—
I'm *charged* for her annuity !

## WHAT WILL I DO GIN MY DOGGIE DIE?

Oh ! what will I do gin my doggie die ?
He was sae kind an' true to me,
Sae handsome, an' sae fu' o' glee—
What will I do gin my doggie die ?
My guide upon the wintry hill,
My faithfu' friend through gude an' ill,
An' aye sae pleased an' proud o' me—
What will I do gin my doggie die ?

He lay sae canty i' my plaid,
His chafts upon my shouther-blade,
His hinder paw upon my knee,
Sae crouse an' cosh, my doggie an' me.
He wagged his tail wi' sic a swirl,
He cocked his lug wi' sic a curl,
An' aye snook't out his nose to me—
Oh ! what will I do gin my doggie die ?

He watched ilk movement o' my e'e,
When I was glad he barkit tae ;
When I was waefu', sae was he—
Oh ! I ne'er lo'ed him as he lo'ed me.
He guarded me baith light an' dark,
An' helpit me at a' my wark ;
Whare'er I wandered there was he—
What will I do gin my doggie die ?

Nae ither tyke the country roun'
Was ever fit to dicht his shoon ;
But now they'll hae a jubilee,
He's like to be removed frae me.
'Twas late yestreen my wife an' he—
Deil hae the loons that mauld them sae !
They're baith as ill as ill can be—
What will I do gin my doggie die ?

## THOMAS WATSON,

AUTHOR of "The Rhymer's Family," "Homely Pearls," &c., was born in Arbroath in 1807, and died in 1875. He was brought up to the trade of handloom weaving, but subsequently took to that of house-painting. The first-mentioned volume, which contains an excellent introductory chapter on the subject of poets and poetry, and shows Mr Watson to have been a thoughtful and vigorous prose-writer, was published in 1851, while the second appeared in 1873 as a complete edition of his poems, songs, and sketches. Mr Watson's effusions not only appeared in the *Arbroath Guide*, but he was also a frequent contributor to *Tait's Magazine*, the *Scotsman*, the *Glasgow Citizen*, and several London papers—"a sufficient guarantee," he tells us in his preface to his first volume, "that they are readable at least, and some excuse for republishing them in a collected form." He was really gifted with "the vision and the faculty divine," and sung to good purpose.

His principal poems are "The Deil in Love," "The Hunger Fiend," and "The Superseded Man." The first mentioned narrates in vigorous language

how the landlady of "The Chance Inn," Effie Miller by name, was a very attractive dame—

> With tempting lips and dimples gay,
> Come, kiss me now! she seemed to say;
> A wanton widow blythe and cheerie,
> O' weeds and widowhood fu' weary.

Having the further advantage of being well "feathered" in regard to "warld's gear," the widow of course had no lack of suitors:—

> Fu' mony joes had Effie Miller—
> Some lo'ed the woman, some the siller—
> The wildest rake among them a'
> Was Couper Tam o' Glasterlaw,
> And "Deil" was printed in his look
> As plain as in this printed book;
> Puir Effie's heart was in a swither,
> Or whiles wi' ane and whiles anither,
> It wasna lang till she had fewer;
> But turn we to the unco wooer.

The poem then proceeds to tell how the "Deil," *in propria personæ*, appeared one night at the Chance Inn, and by various subtle devices he worked so far on Effie's womanly weakness as to extract from her a tacit promise that she would be his bride on the following night. Next day found Effie in a very prostrate condition.

> But yesterday a buxom widow,
> Now scarcely of herself the shadow,
> On ilka side a haly elder,
> Each by a hand they firmly held her;
> The minister himself was there—
> Could ony sinner wish for mair?

The unearthly bridegroom made his appearance in due course:

> But, hark! like sounds of distant war,
> The storm-fiend in his rattling car,
> Now booming on from cloud to cloud,
> Now whistling, wi' his blast so loud;
> The lightning flashed, and streamed, and quivered,
> The murky clouds were rent and shivered,
> With pealing, crashing, rattling thunder,
> The stedfast hills were shaken under;

The elements so fiercely battled
That doors and windows shook and rattled,
And black as ink the rain came down
The hissing, smouldering fire to drown:
Now on the dusky kipple-taps
Wee devils hung like sooty draps,
Or squealed like rottens i' the nook:
The trembling watchers feared to look;
The stifling reek was like to smore them,
And black infernal drift fell o'er them,
While in the gloom, their haggard faces
They screwed in horrible grimaces,
And wildly glared on ane anither,
Till a' grew deils and ghaists thegither.

. . . . . .

And there he stood the very Deil
In mortal shape, bedizened weel—
Arrayed in ghastly habs complete:
His sark was o' the winding-sheet
(But doubtless fumigated weel);
His cravat o' the silken tweel,
Ta'en frae a desperate cheat-the-wuddy,
Dyed i' the red gash deep and bluidy;
His brooch a living salamander,
Set in a flame o' glowin' cinder;
His coat and breeks o' velvet pall,
Weel fashioned by a tailor's saul;
And then his shapeless cloven cloots
Were thrust in bluidy pirate's boots;
His gloves in molten sulphur tanned,
Each featly peeled frae dead men's hand;
And scalps of savage men he wore
Glued on his head wi' clots o' gore:
But through this mock of mortal state
Shot gleams of malice, scorn, and hate;
His een were like twin stars of bale,
Plucked from the sunless vault of hell.

He claimed his Bride: all wan she lay,
A living thing of senseless clay;
He claimed her as his bounden thrall;
He claimed her body and her saul.
A ring lay on the table broken:
"See, she is mine by pledge and token!"

The haly man was granted grace—
Wi' faith an' fervour glowed his face;
He laid his hand upon the book
So calmly, not a finger shook:
"Now be this light, that glimmers low,
An emblem of her weal and woe;
And when it dies—be thine the prize."
"Amen!" the sneering fiend replies.

Oh, then ! as thought—as lightning quick,
His rev'rence seized the candlestick,
And in an ecstacy did swallow
The glowing candle, wick, and tallow !

But mortal tongue wad fail to tell
The hurly-burly that befel ;
For a' the house was in a bleeze,
And a' the folk like smokit bees.
Fu' lang the country made a clatter o't ;
But, faith, the widow got the better o't :
The Couper courted her for a' that,
*His* cloven foot she never saw that.
Waes me for bonny Effie Miller !
He grieved her sair and spent her siller :
Her roses soon began to fade,
And aftentimes the neebours said,
"The Couper stood in Satan's shoon—
She gat a deil when a' was done."

Now, Woman hear my warning voice :
Gude help thee in thy wilfu' choice ;
For thou wilt slight a worthy true love,
And thou wilt choose a worthless new love,
And thou wilt smile on him sae kindly,
And thou wilt blush and love him blindly,—
While every simple soul may see
A devil in disguise but thee !

## THE WEARY SPULE.

Now fare-thee-weel, thou weary spule,
For laigher down I canna fa' ;
Gin ere I see anither yule,
Gude send I haena thee to ca'.
I'm weary o' thy ration sma',
And lang, lang weary days o' dule ;
I'll ha'e a kick at fortune's ba',
Sae fare-thee-weel thou weary spule !

Thy darg wad bleach the Parson's nose,
Thy cog wad pinch the Provost's paunch ;
Thou wad mak' wide His Worship's hose,
Gin he were on thy weary bench.
The thirst o' lear thou weel may quench,
The lowe o' love thou maist wad cule ;
Wha scared me frae a winsome wench
But thee, thou worthless weary spule !

There's Willie and his wife and bairns
A' skelpin' barefit on the stanes ;
She, scolds for peace ; he, shouts for pirns ;
They, fecht for brose, like dogs for banes :

Sae when a dream o' wife and weans
Comes stealin' o'er my flichty brain,
I just look in on Willie Deans,
And, wae's my heart! the dream is gane.

Yet drivin' thee, thou weary spule,
I whiles maun woo the Muse sae shy,
And spurn oblivion's drumly pule;
When Pegasus will scale the sky,
Awa', in Gilpin trim, we fly
To list the music o' the spheres,
Till, crash!—a score o' threads to tye—
I'm down—wi' patience and the shears.

But fare-thee-weel, thou weary spule,
Thou winna fill the wabster's maw;
Sae, gin I see anither yule,
I houp I'll nae hae thee to ca'.
I'm weary o' thy ration sma',
And lang, lang weary days o' dule;
I'll ha'e a kick at fortune's ba',
In spite o' thee, thou weary spule.

## DAVID IMRIE

WAS born in 1809, in Perth. The little education he got was at Kinnoul Parish School, and he must have been a precocious and diligent child, as he was often shown off to visitors. At nine his father set him down beside him to learn his own trade—that of a shoemaker—but being fond of reading he took every opportunity of teaching himself to read and write. When he was fifteen years of age, and trade getting dull in Perth, he tramped to Dunkeld, fifteen miles distant, and obtained employment. The magnificence of the scenery at Dunkeld filled his youthful and poetic spirit with admiration. The grandeur of the hills and woods, the glorious river rolling by, the noble bridge, and the grey ruins of the venerable Cathedral embosomed amid trees by the side of the Tay, were a source of inspiration, and

he published in 1842, a poem under the title of "Scenes among the Mountains, with Illustrative Notes." The book was very favourably received. Want of work compelled him to remove elsewhere, and after a variety of troubles and wanderings he found himself in Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1848, where he at last obtained work, and settled. Here he got acquainted with a society of medical botanists, which he joined, and became a proficient in the knowledge of the healing properties of plants. During the prevalence of cholera in Newcastle in 1853, his services were in constant requisition, and his success in the treatment of the dreadful scourge was even to himself a source of astonishment, and when the epidemic ceased he was presented with a public testimonial. Some wonderful cures of disease he had wrought in cases abandoned as hopeless by the faculty at Consett, in Durham, brought him into such repute that he was induced to remove thither in 1858. He did not, however, set up as a medical botanist, but as a chemist; and on the passing of the Pharmacy Act in 1868, he was admitted a member of the Pharmaceutical Society. Ever since he has successfully carried on business in that capacity at Consett. Though long resident in England, his heart is and has ever been in his native country.

LAMENT OF A MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Oh! but the day was fair an' bricht
My bairn was ta'en awa';
The sun shed a' his gowden licht
Ower mountain, vale, and ha'.
The fields were in their simmer dress,
The birds sang forth in glee,
But, ah! they brocht nae gladness—
Nae strains o' joy to me.

His faither press'd me to his breast,
An' spoke o' promise given,
That tho' we sink in death's dark rest,
We'll wauken a' in heaven;

And that we'd meet oor laddie there,
Frae a' earth's sorrow free,
A bricht an' bonnie cherub fair:—
But, ah! it sooth'd nae me.

Oh, he was aye sae meek an' mild,
He seem'd nae bairn o' earth;
And a' its pleasure aft he smiled—
He joy'd nae in its mirth;
An' yet I see his modest smile
Illume ilk saft blue e'e;
But oh! thae thochts forever wile
The big saut tears frae me.

I see him by the ingle cheek
When the sun is at its hicht;
An' in my dreams for him I seek
At the lone mid hour o' nicht.
O wha can ken a mither's love,
O wha her saul can see;
Or wha her anguish can reprove!
My bairn was dear to me!

## J. M. WHITELAW, LL.D.

REV. J. M. WHITELAW, minister of Athelstaneford, was born near Berwick-on-Tweed, and is a lineal descendent of John Whitelaw who suffered martyrdom in Edinburgh for his religious principles, in the reign of Charles II. He was educated at the Grammar School of Silcoates, near Wakefield, Yorkshire, and studied at the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow. In 1832 he was awarded by the votes of his fellow students the first prize for poetry in the moral philosophy class of the latter University; and there he also acted as secretary to the "Athenæum Debating Society," an office which had been held by Dr Robert Cotton Mather and the present Archbishop of Canterbury, who was his predecessor. In addition to these he had as fellow members, Dr David Livingstone, John Morell

Mackenzie, A. Campbell Swinton, and other eminent men. Having obtained licence as a preacher of the Church of Scotland, Mr Whitelaw was appointed in 1843 to the united parishes of Dunkeld and Dowally, in Perthshire, where he ministered with great popularity till 1846, when he was translated to Athelstaneford, Haddington, famous as the parish where two distinguished Scottish poets successively ministered —Blair, the author of "The Grave," and Home, who wrote the tragedy of "Douglas."

Dr Whitelaw, who received his honorary degree of LL.D. in 1866, is the author of three interesting works of fiction, published in London—"Vanity Church," in two volumes; "Seacliffe," in three volumes; and "Hours of Quiet Thought," in one volume. He began to write poetry at an early age, and contributed verses when a student to the *Glasgow Free Press*, the *Glasgow College Album*, the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*, the *Scotsman*, and latterly to the *Dublin University Magazine* and *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*.

Dr Whitelaw is an eloquent preacher, a kind and faithful pastor, courteous in manner, and, wherever he is known, "a man greatly beloved." His verses are generally deeply spiritual in sentiment, and tender in feeling. Unlike many productions of the kind they never detract from the sublimity of the theme. Others present fine pictures of lowly life—sweet in tone and graceful in expression.

### "ELI, ELI, LAMA SABACHTHANI."

What sight is this which meets the eye,
'Mid reeling earth and rending sky;
And whence that sad and piteous cry,—
"Eloi, Lama Sabachthani?"

And why that sacred brow so torn
With rugged crown of prickly thorn?
And still that cry so plaintive borne,—
"Eloi, Lama Sabachthani?"

And why, around, that surging crowd,
Mutt'ring such curses, deep and loud,
On Him whose soul with grief is bow'd,—
"Eloi, Lama Sabachthani?"

And why that meek imploring eye,
Uplifted to the darkening sky?
And still the sad and piercing cry,—
"Eloi, Lama Sabachthani?"

And why that reeking crimson tide
Which gushes from the riven side
Of Him they mock and fierce deride,—
"Eloi, Lama Sabachthani?"

And why afraid on Him to gaze,
Conceals the sun his noon-tide blaze,
And hides for hours his awe-struck rays,—
"Eloi, Lama Sabachthani?"

But lo! that cry hath died away,
The sun once more holds on his way,
And pours on earth a sickly ray,—
"Eloi, Lama Sabachthani?"

Adore, my soul, that Saviour dear,
Who bore for thee the nails and spear,
And cried, o'erwhelmed with pain and fear,—
"Eloi, Lama Sabachthani?"

## TO JEAN.

Near thirty years have pass'd, my Jean,
Since we were joined together;
And many a weary step we've ta'en
And seen some stormy weather.
But though our sun is sinking, Jean,
And we are near the river;
Thy hand I'll clasp with death,—tight grasp,
And we will cross together.

The friends who graced our marriage feast,
Have long since pass'd away;
And few are left of those we lov'd,
To cheer us on our way.
But though we are alone, my Jean,
And dimmer grows the light,
We'll have no fear, but each will cheer,
Nor dread the coming night.

Though o'er us both a change hath pass'd
Since that bright festal day;
And I am grave who once was blithe,
And you no more are gay;

The change is only on the form,
Our hearts are still the same;
And they will beat with music sweet,
Till Death dissolve the frame.

One hope we have to cheer our hearts,
And that is, we shall meet
Where we are going, all we lov'd,
And hold communion sweet;
See them, redeem'd from sin and grief,
A pure and radiant band,
And will with them forever dwell
In a bright and tearless land.

Though we are not what we have been,
And oft our strength is scant:
And, as we life's steep hill descend,
We often breathless pant,
Yet let us go, through weal and woe,
With heart and hand together;
And soon a clearer sky we'll see
When we have cross'd the river.

## JOSEPH TEENAN,

AN unfortunate poet, but one who is entitled to a fair place in the song-literature of his country, was born in Edinburgh in 1830. His father was a stationer in a small way, and was author of a religious work which attracted the favourable notice of the leading church magazines of the day. At the age of twelve Joseph was "bound" to a tailor for seven years, and as his education had been of the poorest description he devoted his evenings during his apprenticeship to self-instruction. In course of time our poet became "stage-struck," and applied to Mr Murray, the manager of the Theatre Royal, who gave him a letter of introduction to Mr Mackay, the celebrated "Bailie Nicol Jarvie." The "fit" wore off, although he continued restless, and had no desire to settle down at his trade, which, we learn, has always been distasteful to him. At the

age of nineteen he made his first appearance in the Edinburgh newspapers in the form of letters exposing and denouncing what was known as the "Sweating System," but it was several years after this that he became known as a writer of verses—his first contribution being a humorous satirical piece entitled "The Model Poet." In 1851 he set out for London on foot, and in this way travelled several times through England, often suffering great hardships. Getting married in 1866, he gave over wandering, and settled down in East Linton, where he still resides. He has for many years been a regular contributor to magazines, and the newspapers—chiefly to the *Scotsman*. Some of his pieces having found their way into the American journals, led to his being made a member of the "Society of Scotchmen" in 1871.

In 1876 Messrs Nimmo, Edinburgh, published a volume of his effusions, entitled "Song and Satire," which met with great success. However, in the summer of 1880, he had a slight shock of palsy, which rendered him unfit for work, and having a family of seven depending on him, his position has been very trying—indeed, it would appear that his path through life has been laid with thorns. Early in 1881, Lord Elcho presented a memorial to Mr Gladstone, the object of which was to try to get a small civil list pension for him, but the effort failed. Mr Gladstone, however, made a grant of £50, which for sometime was the means of alleviating his distress. As a poet he is eminently smooth and simple, although several of his verses are of a sarcastic turn, and give evidence of those fits of sadness which seem to seize many poetic natures. We quote the following from

### THE PROVOST.

The leading man at kirk or fair
Was shure to be the Provost;

At a' their meetings in the chair,
  Hoo eloquent the Provost;
Though foremaist man amang them a'
  His efforts made him puff an' blaw,
And whiles he had to hum an' haw
  For want o' words, the Provost.

The Provost had a muckle shop—
  A common thing wi' Provosts—
A needle or an eicht-day clock
  You could get at the Provost's.
Ha' Bibles, Psalm or question books,
  Silk parasols or shearers' hooks,
An' lesser kinds for catchin' flukes,
  Were a' got at the Provost's.

Bird cages, rat an' rabbit traps,
  An' hatchets had the Provost—
Beds, horses' graith, lace, leddies' hats,
  An' muttins at the Provost's.
Knives, guns an' pistols, pitch an' tar
  (An' fine he kent where a' things were),
The implements o' peace an' war,
  In plenty had the Provost.

Like Noah's Ark the Provost's shop,
  For a'thing had the Provost—
Claith, parritch pats, an' candy rock,
  Were a' got at the Provost's.
For mutton, beef, or cheese, or ham,
  For boots or shoon, or for a dram,
For meat or claes, ye ne'er went wrang,
  If ye went tae the Provost's.

A muckle chair upon the fluir,
  Contained my Lord the Provost;
In size like some huge Rooshian bear,
  A great man was the Provost.
His hands were in his pooches stuck,
  His e'en were aye as if half shut—
A ha'p'ny wrang, he waukened up
  An' made it richt, the Provost.

A dowg aboot as big's hissel
  (He liket dowgs, the Provost)
Lay on the rug like ony swell,
  Companion tae the Provost.
In farmin', tae, he used tae shine—
  In rearin' horses, kye, an' swine;
In feedin' he was up tae time,
  An' prizes took, the Provost.

## JIMSIE.

Jimsie was his mother's pride—
She dearly loved her Jimsie ;
A' micht gang to wreck beside,
If things were richt wi' Jimsie !
On the rest she looked as fules,
Sent him to the best o' schules,
Cookies, nits, an' sugar bools,
In pocks were bocht for Jimsie !

Silence reigned when Jimsie spak,—
The oracle was Jimsie ;
Nane could beat him in the crack,
His mother said o' Jimsie.
Jimsie got the best o' fare,
Others just what he could spare,
An' the cozy, cushioned chair,
Was aye gien up to Jimsie !

When he grew to man's estate,
His mother lost her Jimsie :
Grief she thocht her heart would break—
The sodgers noo had Jimsie !
He turned oot the worst o' scamps,
'Mangst them played sic deevilish pranks,
That they banished him the ranks,—
Waes me for favoured Jimsie !

At his mother's fire again,
Sits guid-for-naething Jimsie ;
Though he's gien her muckle pain,
She clings as fond to Jimsie !
Some can love yet no reveal
A' the love their hearts may feel ;
Having not that sacred seal,
Was hoo she spoilt her Jimsie !

## TO THE ROBIN.

The Robin, as he sweetly sings
Upon the leafless bough,
Seems a herald sent from heaven
To teach us here below.

He is not like the other birds,
That flatter with their lay,
When fruit is ripe, and foliage green,
In golden summer's day.

Like a friend in tribulation,
Thou art my dearest bird ;
'Midst stern winter's desolation
Thy song alone is heard.

Sing on, sweet bird, thy welcome lay,
The wintry hours beguile;
It cheers the pilgrim on his path,
And makes even sadness smile.

Thou tiny messenger of God,
I love to hear thy voice;
Oh that we could forget our griefs,
And could with thee rejoice!

We must not murmur at our fate,
Though tossed and tempest-driven;
But battle bravely with the storm,
And leave the rest to Heaven.

## A STROLLING PLAYER.

A Strolling Player, infirm, old, and poor,
Here laid his wallet down to stroll no more.
That mimic world of which he form'd a part,
With all its wiles to captivate the heart;
The look expressive, and the changing voice,
Which made some weep, and others to rejoice;
The mixed music, the tumult, and the song;
The voice of praise, or disapproving groan,
Which sway'd alternately the fickle crowd—
Their praise shortlived, their censure long and loud,—
Have pass'd away—the voice and look are gone,
The tone defiant and the kingly frown;
Othello's glance, old Shylock's looks of hate,
Or Wolsey pleading at the abbey gate.
The mimic monarch hath his kingdom lost,
And Falstaff dwindles into Banquo's ghost.
No human art such shadows can retain;
Small the poor Actor's share of wealth or fame.
Hush'd is the music, vacant all the stools,
Dispersed the crowd of dandies, wits, and fools.
The lights are out, the stage is still and dark,
The actor gone who played so well his part.
Act fifth of his life's drama now is o'er,
The curtain's down, to rise for him no more.
He little thought when, in his manhood's prime,
He fish'd for honours with the spell-wrought line,
That when his days of usefulness were past,
A pauper's grave should be his lot at last.

## WILLIAM ANDERSON,

THE author of "Jean Findlater's Loon," was born in the Green of Aberdeen, 1802. His father, who was a carter, died leaving a widow, three daughters, and a boy, the subject of our sketch. William was then in his fourteenth year. Soon after his father's death, he went to learn the trade of a cooper, but the making of barrels was found injurious to his health. We find him thereafter employed as a handloom weaver at Broadford Works, at which employment he continued until the glory of the handloom faded and gave place to machinery and steam. In 1851 he obtained the appointment of Sergeant of the Aberdeen Harbour Police, in 1854 that of Office Sergeant, and latterly he was promoted to be night Lieutenant, which office he retained until his death, which took place in 1867, at the age of 65 years. His widow and three married daughters are still living in the Granite City.

Willie Anderson's muse delighted herself in singing of odd characters well-known in Aberdeen some fifty or sixty years ago; indeed, of all Aberdeenshire linties, the "bobby" has been the most successful in the treatment of such homely themes. Several of his songs are exceedingly tender, but his reputation will rest upon a few of his poems, which have deservedly obtained a place in the affections of his countrymen, and entitle him to an important place in the minstrelsy of his country. Though dead, his memory is still cherished in the hearts of many admirers of his pawky sketches of personages who once trod the streets of the "Silver City by the sea," and his artless lays of love and youth of which he sung so heartily—

> True genius cannot die—if poet sings
> And our heart chords are waked to sympathy;
> The song will live for ever in the heart,
> And bring us joy or sorrow as it will.

He sleeps his dreamless sleep in the quiet cemetery at Nellfield overlooking the valley of the Dee.

## THE LANELY WIDOW.

The lang winter nicht she sits dowie an' lane,
An' she croons an' she thinks on the days that are gane ;
She wearies o' spinnin', an' sets by her wheel—
For she's feckless an' frail, an' she's nae verra weel.

Through her auld broken window is driving the snaw,
An' her wee spunk o' fire scarcely warms her ava'—
She looks wi' the tear in her e'e through the room,
An' sighs as she sees ilka settle is toom.

There sat her guidman, wha is gane to his rest—
An' there sat her Jamie, her auldest an' best—
An' there sat her Jocky—an' there sat her Jane ;
But now they hae gane, and hae left her alane.

Her Jamie's a sodger, an' far, far awa'—
O' Jock wha's a sailor, she kens nocht ava—
An' Jeanie to help her, nae doot wad be fain,
But Jeanie has bairnies an' cares o' her ain.

Then she thinks on the time when her rooftree was rung
On a blythe Hallowe'en, when her bairnies were young ;
When a weel-plenished girnal, wi' twa 'r three to share't,
Keepit cauld frae the biggin', an' care frae the heart.

Oh ! few are the comforts o' poortith an' eild—
When thin is the claithin' an' cauld is the bield—
Unkent by the great, an' unseen by the gay,
Wha pass by the door o' the runkl'd and gray.

Yet, thinkna that hope frae her bosom is gane,
Though thus she is friendless, forsaken' an' lane ;
For ae comfort is left her that lessens her care—
She can still trust in Him wha will answer her prayer.

## JEAN FINDLATER'S LOUN.

The winter was lang, an' the seed time was late,
An' the cauld month o' March sealed Tam Findlater's fate ;
He dwin'd like a sna' wreath till sometime in June,
Then left Jean a widow, wi' ae raggit loun.
Jean scrapit a livin' wi' weavin' at shanks—
Jock got into scrapes—he was aye playin' pranks ;
Frae the Dee to the Don he was fear'd roun' the toun—
A reckless young scamp was Jean Findlater's loun.

Jock grew like a saugh on a saft boggy brae—
He dislikit the school, an' car'd mair for his play :
Ony mischief that happened, abroad or at hame,
Whaever was guilty, Jock aye got the blame.

Gin a lantern or lozen was crackit or broke,
Nae ane i' the toun got the wite o't but Jock;
If a dog was to hang, or a kitlin to droon,
They wad cry, gie the job to Jean Findlater's loun.

He rappit the knockers—he rang a' the bells—
Sent dogs down the causeway wi' pans at their tails;
The dykes o' the gardens an' orchards he scaled—
The apples, an' berries, an' cherries he stealed.
Gin a claise rope was cuttit, or a pole ta'en awa',
The neighbours declared it was Jock did it a';
Wi' his thum at his nose, street or lane he ran doun—
A rigwoodie deil was Jean Findlater's loun.

He pelted the peatmen, e'en wi' their ain peats—
Pu'd hair frae their horse tails, then laughed at their threats;
An' on Christmas nicht, frae the Shiprow to Shore,
He claikit wi' sowens ilka shutter and door.
We hae chairs in oor college for law and theology;
If ane had been vacant for trick or prankology,
Without a dissent ye micht he votit the goun,
To sic an adept as Jean Findlater's loun.

On the forenoons o' Friday he aften was seen
Coupin' country fouks carts upside doun i' the Green,
An' where mason's were workin', without ony fear,
He shoudit wi' scaffoldin' planks owre their meer.
To herrie bird's nests he wad travel for miles;
Ding owre dykes an' hedges, an' brack doun the stiles,
Swing on gentlemen's yetts, or their palin's pu' doun;
Tricks and mischief were meat to Jean Findlater's loun.

He vext Betty Osley, wha threat'ned the law—
Ritchie Marchant wad chase him an' had him in awe;
Frae the Hardgate to Fittie he ave was in scrapes,
An' a' body wondered how Jock made escapes.
Jean said he was royet, *that* she maun aloo,
But he wad grow wiser the aulder he grew;
She aye took his part against a' body roun',
For she kent that her Jock was a kind-hearted loun.

At seventeen, Jock was a stout, strappin' chiel,
He had left aff his pranks, an' was now doin' weel;
In his face there was health, in his arm there was pith,
An' he learnt to be baith a farrier an' smith.
His character, noo, was unstain'd wi' a blot,
His early delinquencies a' were forgot,
Till the weel-keepit birthday of Geordie cam' roun',
Which markit the fate o' Jean Findlater's loun.

The fire-warks were owre, an' the bonefire brunt dune,
An' the crowd to Meg Dickie's gaed seekin' mair fun;
They attackit the Whyte Ship, in rear an' in front—
Took tables an' chairs, whilk they broke an' they brunt.

Jock couldna resist it—he brunt an' he broke—
Some sax were made prisoners—among them was Jock;
Ten days in the jail, and his miseries to croon,
Bread an' water was fare for Jean Findlater's loon.

Jock entered the Life Guards—bade Scotland adieu—
Fought bravely for laurels at fam'd Waterloo;
An' his conduct was such, that ere five years had past,
He was made, by Lord H———, master-farrier at last.
Jean's rent was aye paid, an' she still was alive
To see her brave son in the year twenty-five;
An' nane wad hae kent that the whisker'd dragoon
Was the same tricky nickem—Jean Findlater's loon.

## THE FORSAKEN.

He comesna at gloamin',
  He seeks nae the tree
Where aften when friendless
  He trysted wi' me:
He kensna nor caresna
  My heart is sae sair,
Which throbs as it tells me
  He lo'es me nae mair.

The bright simmer day
  Canna bring me relief;
The sang o' the birds
  Only adds to my grief;
Ilk wee warbling birdie
  Is pouring its lay,
Unheeded by me
  Through the lang simmer day.

The flow'ret that blooms
  I' the saft simmer morn,
Ere nightfa' by blasts
  May be trampled and torn;
Yet again it will bloom
  I' the sunshine an' dew,
But naething the love
  That grows caul' can renew.

He thinksna when buskin'
  In fashion's gay blaze
On her wha is droopin';
  Nor wishes to gaze
On a pale wastin' form
  An' an e'e that is dim,
An' a lane dowie bosom
  That's sighin' for him.

Yet may he ne'er feel
Either sorrow or care;
May the *one* he lo'es dearest
Be faithfu' an' fair;
May life's richest blessings
Be his frae above,
Nor ken what the heart tholes
That's breakin' wi' love.

## MY LUCKYMINNY'S KIST.

My Lucky left to me a kist,
She hadna muckle mair to gie,
But it was pang't wi' mony a thing,
She had been gatherin' years for me—
A hunner score o' rusty preens,
Wi' sheers and thummels twenty-three,
Now, wisna this a droll auld kist
My Luckyminny left to me?

A pair o' sheets as white's the sna—
A cushion stuff't wi' sheelin' seeds—
Twa kames—a knife—an' siller brooch;
Besides a string o' laumer beads—
A sneeshin' mull an' 'bacco doss—
A penner, an' an auld horse shee,
Now, wisna this a queer auld kist
My Luckyminny left to me?

A manky gown, my Lucky wore—
A cockernony, plaitet weel—
Twa knots o' ribbons, blue an' white—
An' thairm, to mount a spinnin' wheel;
Likewise, my Lucky's scarlet cloak—
A braw guidwife I trow was she,
Now, wisna this a weel-lined kist
My Luckyminny left to me?

My Luckydaddy's auld brown wig—
His bonnet, an' his blue boot-hose—
Twa pair o' specks, besides the caup
For forty years had held his brose—
A rantree stick—a spur—a whip
He rode to fairs wi' jauntilie.
Now, wisna this a braw auld kist
My Luckyminny left to me?

A Bible, an' a pair o' cards—
A psalm book—an' auld Ramsay's rhymes—
A pack o' cairts—a razor strap—
An' Spaldin's "Troubles o' his Times."
A bottle fu' o' usquebae—
An' Almanac for Ninety-three.
Now, wisna this a funny kist
My Luckyminny left to me?

Twa set o' wires for weavin' shanks—
Wi' worset, baith in hanks an' clews—
An' linen, mair than thirty ells—
An' plaidin' to mak coats and trews.
Sic lots o' buttons—bits o' twine—
Auld keys an' corks, you'll seldom see.
Now, wisna this a gay auld kist
My Luckyminny left to me?

Four pair o' blankets, saft an' warm—
A dozen sarks—forbye twa coats:
An' i' the locker, in a clout,
Was safely row't a hunner *notes;*
An' in a hose, beside it, lay
Just fifty crowns—I sanna lee!
Now, wisna this a rich auld kist
My Luckyminny left to me?

## JAMES JARDINE

IS a native of Broadmeadow, Ecclefechan, near the scenes around which the youthful feet of Carlyle often wandered. James Jardine was born in 1852, and before he was nine years of age he was left an orphan. As he was the youngest of a family of five, he was by the aid of his elder brothers kept at school until he was thirteen. He then went to work with a small manufacturer near Lockerbie, in whose employment all his brothers had been before him. James subsequently removed to Weensland, where he served an apprenticeship of five years in a tweed warehouse. In the winter evenings he attended with great regularity the classes held for working lads, and was an apt scholar, while the summer evenings were spent in rambles by the banks of the Teviot. It was during these walks that he began to note down his thoughts in verse, and since then he has been a regular contributor to the newspapers in the district. He removed to Hawick, and worked some-

time in a warehouse there, but on account of an internal injury, which unfitted him for continuous exertion, he began business as a tweed merchant in a small way.

Mr Jardine occasionally contributes prose sketches of a thoughtful nature. As a poet he writes with great purity—unpretending, but affluent in fancy, with occasional beautiful thoughts couched in beautiful language.

### TIME.

When down the pool the bubble steers,
View, view it, when it disappears
  Amid the streaming river.
How vain to gaze with wistful eye
Upon its track, or heave the sigh;
'Tis burst, 'tis gone, its time is by;
  You'll see't no more for ever.

When down life's stream thy moments ride,
Use, use them, for they onward glide
  In unperceived succession;
And melt in time's eternal main,
From whence each wish or effort's vain
To raise them from th' abyss again—
  To float in thy possession,

If for thee blooms some lovely flower,
Tend, tend it in the summer hour,
  For autumn on is stealing.
How sad when we awake to view,
As autumn showers the chilly dew;
The dying flush, the fading hue—
  Some slighted worth revealing.

When for thee blooms the rose of time,
Prize, prize it; 'tis a flower divine,
  Whose beauty ne'er appeareth,
Till 'mid life's mellow evening light,
When all its hues appear most bright;
Ah! could we't view as on that night,
  When death's lone border neareth.

### THE EVENING BEAMS.

The day has fled; on western skies
  The flick'ring rays of light
Are ling'ring ere they backward melt
  Before the breast of night.

Seem not these beams by heaven ordained
To linger ere they fade,
To note in high immortal page
The daily progress made.

For in each clime by every soul
Life's motive may be found,
Heav'n has on earth, for each assign'd
A strip of vineyard ground.

They who by day its culture tend,
Though oft o'er weeds they grieve,
May calmly look when from their gaze
Depart the beams of eve.

Thy time redeem; soon flies the day,
Though long each hour appears;
Rich harvest crowns the precious toil
Of all who sow in tears.

Across time's sky the dying year
Soon streaks its closing hours;
We view them, and within us wake
The soul's reflective powers.

And soon on life's grief-show'ring heavens
Our evening hues arise,
If then through hours mispent we gaze,
Reflection dims the eyes.

Wake not when low'rs the dark'ning eve
To wield thy morning power;
Nor from the sill your flower remove
When past the fresh'ning shower.

Each moment use and mercy pray
Her sacred paths to show,
Then calm shall be your backward glance
When life's late embers glow.

And when o'er death's lone verge you sink
For mortal strength must fail,
Earth may behold thy ling'ring beams
Bright glimm'ring o'er life's vale.

## WILLIAM SEYTON RIDPATH.

ON the great arena of human life while some are born to opulence and their lives glide on smoothly and happily, others less fortunate find the struggle for existence exceedingly hard, and amongst the latter was the subject of this sketch. William Seyton Ridpath was born in Edinburgh in 1820, but removed to Glasgow when young, his father having obtained a situation as book-keeper to a well-known publishing firm in that city. Young Ridpath received a good education, being trained at the High School, and at a suitable age was placed in a lawyer's office, in view of qualifying himself for that profession. It would appear, however, that this arrangement did not suit him. He had a taste for literature from his early boyhood, and leaving the law he attached himself to the newspaper press, and continued in that connection for several years. While thus engaged he developed a taste for histrionic art, and in private performances received so much applause that he was led to give public entertainments in the form of literary and dramatic readings, in which his impersonations of Hamlet, Othello, Shylock, and other Shakesperian characters were exceedingly good. He was also particularly happy in his renderings of "Young Lochinvar," "Mary the Maid of the Inn," and other popular lyrical pieces. He had written a little comedy in one act, entitled "Advertising for a Husband," which he occasionally gave at the close of his entertainment, and which was so effective as to call forth rapturous applause.

He subsequently went to London, and was engaged for sometime there as Secretary and Acting Manager of the Theatres Royal, Lyceum, and Drury Lane. He returned to Glasgow about 1868, but so far as known he pursued no regular calling, but led a wandering life—giving readings, and occasionally pub-

lishing a small volume, from manuscripts probably written in more prosperous days, and selling it himself.

The most important of his published writings were "Topographical Memoirs of Glasgow," "Military Songs," "The Emigrant's Hope," and "Povertie's Counsel, and other Poems and Songs." The latter was published in 1874. Such of these productions as we have had an opportunity of examining have been characterised by healthiness of tone and felicity of expression. Some of his poetical pieces have been set to music; and in his last volume of poems, while there are portions of it unequal, many lines and passages are beautiful, and a few short poems are so choice and perfect as to be worthy of a permanent place in poetic literature.

Some years ago he met with an accident in a railway collision, which greatly shattered his constitution, and rendered him unfit for any continuous exertion. He had no relations, and died suddenly amongst kindly strangers in his lodgings in Glasgow, in April, 1881. With tender sympathies he found it hard to contend with the rough world. Just before his death he was preparing to publish a poetical work, entitled "The Three Marriages," but possibly those who have charge of his effects may yet give this production to the world.

A few friends accompanied his remains to their last resting-place. They appeared to have a deep sense of his worth and acquirements, while on their countenances was depicted a feeling of mournful satisfaction in being privileged to pay the last tribute of respect to this hapless son of genius.

### POVERTIE'S COUNSEL.

'Tis a bitter spring, and everything
  Pineth for a sunny hour,
The bird on the tree, the honey bee,
  And the early flower;
But the winds blow, and the wintry snow
  Falleth, shower on shower.

In a lodging bare, on an old fir chair,
I sit by a gleamless hearth,
Dreaming alway of some by-gone day
And its pleasant mirth ;
And along with me, sitteth Povertie
Despised of all the earth.

Hours come and go, tides ebb and flow,
And flow and ebb again—
But it seemeth no chance or circumstance
Of time shall part us twain ;
Fast bound unto me, seemeth Povertie,
With an everlasting chain.

In the open street, old friends ne'er greet,
As they were wont of yore,
But hurry by, with averted eye,
They can love me now no more,
For arm-in-arm, with me walketh Povertie,
And he scareth them by the score !

There and here ever, he leaveth me never,
Though I've prayed it might not be so,
And alack, I have sworn, and abused him sore,
Very oft that he might go ;
But he still sat there, nor seemed to care,
Answering me ever—"No."

"Though all men hate and upbraid the fate
Makes them and me akin,
Yet better," he said, lifting his head,
"Have me thine house within,
Much better have me," quoth Povertie,
Than either Shame or Sin.

"'Tis a bitter spring, yet the birds will sing
On the leafy boughs of each tree,
And flowers will blow, and green grass grow,
And sunshine lure forth the bee,
And Fortune may smile on thee meanwhile,
Shake hands," quoth Povertie.

## ANNIE.

The autumn night-wind is sighing,
'Mid showers of falling leaves—
Amid flowers drooping, dying,
The autumn night-wind grieves.
There is no star in all the sky,
No song of bird from tree ;
Yet heedless of the change am I,
Thou'rt stars and flowers to me,
Annie !
Thou'rt stars and flowers to me.

Although the summer-time be past,
Although flowers droop and die,
Although the night-sky be o'ercast,
Yet heedless all am I!
Though gloom distress the passing hours,
There's sunshine floats round thee;
For summer, music, stars, and flowers,
Thou art them all to me,
Annie!
Thou art them all to me.

## JOHN NICHOL,

PROFESSOR of English Literature in the University of Glasgow, was born at Montrose in 1833—his father, J. P. Nichol, Professor of Astronomy, Glasgow (1830-59), being a native of Brechin. Mr Nichol graduated at Oxford in 1859, and was appointed Professor in 1861. He published "Hannibal, an Historical Drama," in 1873, and "Themistocles and other Poems" in 1881. Professor Nichol is also author of several prose works, as "Tables of Ancient and Modern Literature and History" (Maclehose, 1870-71), "A Primer of English Composition" (1878), and a "Life of Lord Byron" (Macmillan, 1880); and he has been a frequent contributor, both in prose and verse, to the leading magazines of the day. The merits of this accomplished Professor, both as a poet and prose writer, are widely known and acknowledged.

### LUCERNE.

The lake beneath, and the city,
And the quiet glorious hills,
Bending beneath the sunset,
With strong submissive wills:

The mound above, and the ramparts,
And the river that swiftly flows,
Between the walls, to the meadows;
In the evening's deep repose.

Three towers above, in the sunlight,
Are gleaming in burnished gold,
Over one the twilight is creeping,
It stands in the shadow cold:—

Four stages of life recalling—
Our birth, our love, our toil,
And the last that lies in the shadow,
And waits to receive the spoil.

## CONTRASTS.

### I.

Yes! it was simply greatness,
There was nothing else I could say;
I had fenced my path more straightly,
But his was the kinglier way.

He had all the march of a monarch,
And the eye that claims command,
And he looked around on his kingdom,
As he led us by the hand.

In the reckoning of little virtues
'Twas I who bore the palm;
But he faced the world more nobly
With that imperial calm.

Wrestling where he was conquered,
I waged, till eve, the fight;
But he fell like the stars, as grandly,
And he rose as the dawning light.

Whatever new fields await us,
However new lands employ,
'Twill be mine the ceaseless struggle
And his the serener joy.

And if ever we meet in the future,
When an æon has rolled away,
On the heights of the great Hereafter
He will rule as he rules to-day.

For wherever we stand together,
In the light of that larger morn,
Mid all those wondrous changes
He will still be the elder born.

### II.

Prizes at school, and places
Of honour in life he won;
Now he claims to have finished
The task that we both begun.

Keen to perceive, and steadfast
In working out his plan,
Success is his, and the homage
That marks a successful man.

I am a broken pillar,
Left on the sands alone :
He is a gilded column,
Under a royal throne.

Finding his fortune fairly,
Prudently true and kind ;
There is something he can't get over,
He has but a little mind.

He rose, by honest efforts,
To the promise of wealth and fame ;
And yet, for thrice his station,
I would not wear his name.

He strove—but never boldly ;
Attained but was never great ;
More like a childish marvel
Than a brave man breasting fate.

The smallness of his boyhood,
The weakness of his prime,
He will bear with him, like nature,
However high he climb.

He dare not write a sentence
Of good old English ring ;
But hovers, both ways smiling,
And winds about a thing.

Safe o'er the summer waters,
When sunshine floods them through
Far from the reach of rapids,
He paddles his canoe.

He fronts his fawning world,
And triumphs in his way,
But what he'll think to-morrow
Was my thought yesterday.

Since first he sought my counsel,
I have been half his creed ;
His fashion is to follow,
My humour is to lead.

## SONG FROM "HANNIBAL."

Laughingly glitter the islands,
When round them the glad waves leap ;
And, on shining sands, the Syrens
Are murmuring spells of the deep.

Lovingly linger the roses,
On Sierras of fading snow ;
When the folded lilies are listening
To the slumbering river's flow.

Radiantly riseth the morning,
From the ridge of the eastern hill,
And deep is the trance of the starlight,
When the winds of the world are still.

I dreamt of the musical waters,
Of the glories of shore and sea;
Till, awaking I found them woven
In a long day-dream of thee.

Thou art my voice in the battle,
My fall of eve, my flower
Among asphodels in the valley,
My rest in the silent hour.

The glittering isle, the morning
Star, sun, and moon to me,
For the tide of my heart keeps setting
In the light of love to thee!

## MARE MEDITERRANEAN.

A line of light! it is the inland Sea,
The least in compass and the first in fame;
The gleaming of its waves recalls to me
Full many an ancient name.

As through my dreamland float the days of old,
The forms and features of their heroes shine:
I see Phœnician sailors bearing gold
From the Tartessian mine.

Seeking new worlds, storm-tossed Ulysses ploughs
Remoter surges of the winding main;
And Grecian captains come to pay their vows,
Or gather up the slain.

I see the temples of the "Violet Crown"
Burn upward in the hour of glorious flight;
And mariners of uneclipsed renown,
Who won the great sea fight.

I hear the dashing of a thousand oars,
The angry waters take a deeper dye;
A thousand echoes vibrate from the shores
With Athens' battle cry.

Again the Carthaginian rovers sweep,
With sword and commerce, on from shore to shore:
In visionary storms the breakers leap
Round Syrtes, as of yore.

Victory, sitting on the Seven Hills,
Had gained the world when she had mastered thee!
Thy bosom with the Roman war-note thrills,
Wave of the inland sea.

Then, singing as they sail in shining ships,
I see the monarch minstrels of Romance,
And hear their praises murmured through the lips
Of the fair dames of France.

Across the deep another music swells,
On Adrian bays a later splendour smiles;
Power hails the marble city where she dwells
Queen of a hundred isles.

Westward the galleys of the Crescent roam,
And meet the Pisan challenge in the breeze,
Till the long Dorian palace lords the foam
With stalwart Genovese.

But the light fades; the vision wears away;
I see the mist above the dreary wave.
Blow winds of Freedom, give another day
Of glory to the brave!

J. P. N.

In a strange city, wrapt in visions drear,
I strayed, through wildering heaps of brick and stone,
Long lanes of whirring wheels, the shriek and moan
Of engines, furnace-fed with death and fear,
Through the air, with strong fierce cries of struggling blear
From iron men whose god is gold: alone,
High on a hill, I heard the spheral tone
Of Phœbus' image shining marble-clear.
Sounding, like Memnon, in the morning blue
He dwelt here thankless. Now his race is run,
Wisdom and light are his, whose starry song
Rang o'er the reaches of the heedless throng.
He joins his kindred in the heavens he knew.
Who caught the Æolian music? Few or none.

## FERGUS FERGUSON.

THE Rev. Fergus Ferguson is a native of Glasgow, and minister of Queen's Park U.P. Church, one of the largest and most influential congregations in that city. He was born in 1836, and was destined at first for a life of commerce, but ultimately devoted himself to the work of the ministry. He studied at the University of his native city.

From the beginning of his course he gave evidence of possessing unusual intellectual endowments; when at the Divinity Hall his sermons attracted his fellow-students around him as eager listeners; and his eloquent career as a minister has not belied his early reputation and promise. Shortly after he obtained licence he was settled, in 1864, at Dalkeith, as successor to the Rev. Dr Joseph Brown, now of Kent Road, Glasgow, and there he ministered with great acceptance to a numerous congregation, till February 1876, when he was called to his present large sphere of labour. Mr Ferguson's reputation as a preacher lays him open to many engagements out of his own pulpit, and wherever he is announced to preach the place of worship is invariably crowded.

When at Dalkeith, Mr Ferguson published several discourses, and, in 1871, a volume of sermons which has gone through several editions, having been very favourably reviewed by the leading periodical press of both Scotland and England, which agreed in testifying that, although written by a young and comparatively inexperienced minister, and without the most distant idea of publication, they gave abundant evidence of originality, scholarship, literary culture, large-heartedness, and piety, rarely met with in publications of the kind.

Mr Ferguson has written several short poems, some of which have been printed for private circulation, and others published in monthly periodicals. His mind is essentially of a poetic type, and his sermons, as all who have heard him preach are aware, frequently contain passages of such chaste beauty, quiet majesty, and literary finish, as to suggest the idea of a prose poem.

### RESTING BY THE SEA.

Rest, rest, deep and calm,
Rest by the restless sea;
By the rocking wave and the breathing balm,
And the soft low lullaby.

Sleep, sleep, calm and deep,
Deep as the dreamless sea,
That the soul may lave and the senses steep
In silence and mystery.

Peace, peace, heart and brain,
Nothing at all to do
But the sigh to list of the heaving main
And the shifting clouds to view.
Hush, hush, silence so sweet,
Nothing at all to say;
No sermon to make, no critic to meet,
No gossip to hear to-day.

Free, free, light and gay,
Free as the careless wind,
As a joyous thing just to float away,
And the proud world leave behind.
Quaff, quaff, deep and long,
Nature as one wide bowl
O'erflows with essence subtle and strong,
That binds the whole in a whole.

Whole, whole, healing word,
Heaven and earth are one,
With the Triune Lord, and in sweet accord,
From a dew drop to the sun.
Peace, peace, panting heart,
Now you have reached the goal,
The end of the world, the use of the part,
To lose itself in the whole.

Then, then, back again,
Back to the home and hall,
To the daily task, and the world of men,
And the rousing trumpet-call.
Strong, strong, full of cheer,
Full of the Spirit's power;
A true holiday to drive away fear,
And nerve for the darkest hour.

## HERMITAGE.

(LIDDESDALE.)

A white house by a dark fir-grove,
'Gainst which the tardy smoke-wreath curls,
With swelling, grassy hills above,
Adown whose slopes the streamlet purls.

A square and massive border keep—
A roofless ruin, bare and lone;
With gables high, and dungeons deep—
All life, save rooks and rabbits, gone.

And through the dale a modest stream
'Mid branch and boulder finds its way ;
It dreams, and bubbles in its dream,
As one in sleep may guilt betray.

The farm, the castle, and the brook
Now bear alike a common name,
From some sad hermit who forsook
The sinful world, and hither came.

Time was when, 'neath those arches high,
The lances gleamed at early morn ;
And from the turrets to the sky
Pealed out the notes of martial horn.

The raven now from corbie-stone,
That high survives the fallen roof,
At the approach of traveller lone,
Flings up its wing and croaks reproof.

O massive pile ! so grey and lone,
So old, so empty, and so dumb,
Thou teachest well that days long gone
Are different from the days that come.

Thy life is now forever past—
The vulgar sun flouts thee by day ;
And, through long nights, the wintry blast
Makes with thee rude and heartless play.

And it is well thy day is done,
Thou ruined nest of passions fierce ;
Yes, it is well the searching sun
With beams of light thy base doth pierce.

While Beauty sat within her bower,
And prayers went up on priestly breath,
And valour mounted to his tower,
Sin's hideous monsters crawled beneath.

For men could live, and laugh, and sleep
Within these walls in days of yore,
While noble foes, in dungeons deep,
Lay rotting on the earthen floor.

NOTE.—The gallant Sir Alex. Ramsay of Dalhousie was cruelly starved to death in the dungeon of Hermitage Castle by Douglas of Liddesdale in the fourteenth century ; and Bothwell, when suffering from wounds, was visited at his Castle of Hermitage, in October, 1566, by Mary, Queen of Scots, who rode from Jedburgh and back, a distance of forty-eight miles, in one day, across an almost impassable country, thereby bringing on herself a fever which confined her in Jedburgh for several weeks, during which her life was despaired of. The house and sick-room are still extant, and in good preservation.

# DANIEL WATERS.

ALTHOUGH the subject of this sketch has not yet ventured upon the separate publication of any of his productions, he is, nevertheless, a prolific writer of both prose and verse, which are of very considerable merit, and well entitle him to recognition amongst our Modern Scottish Poets.

Mr Waters was born in a rural parish near Wick, in 1838. His father was manager or grieve of a large farm there, and gave his son a very fair English education, together with a smattering of Latin and Greek, a "spice of French and a pinch of Mathematics." Young Waters early exhibited a passion for books, and he eagerly devoured everything in the shape of literature he could lay his hands upon. The old, but ever fresh nursery tales, the marvellous "chap books," and subsequently "Robinson Crusoe," "Don Quixote," and Burns' poems, afforded him exquisite pleasure. These grounded upon a foundation of local legendary lore, popular superstitions, ghost, fairy, and witch stories, which had been related by the fireside on winter nights while he was a child, fed a naturally strong imagination, and readily imbued him with the poetic spirit.

At the age of seventeen, however, he had to leave behind him the region of romance, and enter upon the practical duties of life. He chose the trade of a house painter, and in the town of Wick he began and finished his apprenticeship. During these years he became a devotee at the shrine of music, and acquired a considerable proficiency on the violin, cornet, and bagpipes. In 1860 he set out for Glasgow, that great centre of attraction for the aspiring youths of the rural districts of Scotland. Here, by steady perseverance and good conduct, he soon advanced himself to the position of foreman in the establishment in which he was employed, and some years ago he com-

menced business along with his brother in the plumber and gasfitter line. In Glasgow he connected himself with a literary class, which was of great benefit to him in developing his mental powers, and making him proficient in the art of composition. He became a voluminous contributor to a M. S. Magazine in connection with this class, and some of his poetical efforts were put forth for this modest periodical, and gave indication of poetic vigour and fluency, which at once stamped him as a poet of no mean order.

Mr Waters subsequently formed a connection with a monthly magazine, printed and published in Glasgow, and to the pages of this serial he contributed numerous short poems, as well as a novel, entitled "Ralph Ainslie," which added considerably to his growing reputation. Although immersed in the cares attending a large business, we may expect that he will yet gather together, and publish in a separate form, his meritorious compositions.

### KITTY.

Sporting in the summer breeze,
  Dancing in the greenwood glade,
Laughing to the whispering trees,
  Romping 'neath the birken shade.

Kitty ! 'tis thy voice I hear,
  From behind the birken tree,
Merry, mellow, and so clear,
  And thy elfin form I see.

Rosy cheek and laughing eye,
  Like a gem of brightest blue,
Round thy snowy shoulders lie
  Glossy locks of sunny hue.

Darling Kitty ! young and fair,
  Thoughtless as the matin gale,
Wafting odours sweet and rare
  From the flowers that deck the vale.

Fairy Kitty ! mother's pride,
  Tender, loving, dear, and blest,
Come and nestle at my side,
  Let me clasp thee to my breast.

## NORMAN'S SONG.

From "Helen of Braemore."

Strike deep the chord! the mystic chord,
That, wakened, thrilled the lover's breast,
And roused the thought that trembling soared
On fancy's bright illumined crest;
With skilful hand thy numbers fling
Light from the love inspiring string.

On silent wing the years flit by,
Like airy phantoms of a dream,
And life is but a plaintive sigh—
A struggling ray—a misty gleam,
But hearts are brave when hope is high,
Wake, harp, nor let despair come nigh.

Strike deep the chord! I love the sound
That echoed through my father's halls,
When peace and happiness were found
Securely knit within their walls,
And minstrels with prophetic eye
Poured forth their mellow minstrelsy.

And maidens wheeled with twinkling feet,
The fairy mazes of the dance,
Their hearts responsive measure beat,
Their dark eyes flashed with witching glance,
And am'rous suitors whispered near
Love breathings on their throbbing ear.

The souls that spurned the tyrant's yoke,
And fought for freedom, where are they?
The voice that loud in battle broke,
To fire the heart and turn the day,
Is mute, but yet their mem'ries give
The parent fire to those who live.

Strike deep the chord! its echoes tell
Of joys in childhood's cloudless morn,
But, ah! the blight that with'ring fell,
Hath nipped the rose, but left the thorn;
Well, let the craven heart repine,
Such heart, I trow, shall ne'er be mine.

In vain I strike the shuddering chord,
The hearts are gone it once could move,
Their seats are vacant at the board,
The eyes are closed that beamed with love;
Adieu! ye heroes! rest in peace;
Adieu! my harp! thy murm'ring cease.

### THE BANKS O' DOON.

O Doon ! thy bonny banks and braes
Bloom still as fair as when he sung—
Thy own dear bard—in sweetest lays
That e'er from mortal harp were rung.

Thy flowers their lovely tints unfold,
Thy stately trees around thee close,
As when upon those banks he strolled
And plucked, with weary heart, the rose.

Thy limpid waters softly glide,
Thy little birds still chant as gay,
As when along thy winding side
He mused and sang in life's young day.

Ah ! here he often raised the note
Of artless joy or wasting woe,
And here relief he often sought
When passion toss'd him too and fro.

No more at morn or dewy eve
Will tread, with manly step, thy braes,
No more in melting strain he'll weave
The song of beauty in thy praise.

His form has vanished from the scene ;
We have the rest—there still remain
The impress where his steps have been,
His spirit and his magic strain.

'Tis not in sculptured works of art
His name shall live—his matchless power,
They are enshrined in every heart,
In every hillock, stream, and flower.

## GEORGINA JANE GORDON,

BETTER-KNOWN in several of our journals and newspapers by the signature of "Georgie" attached to numerous excellent sketches and racy sweet-flowing verses, was born in Richmond, near Melbourne, Australia. Both her parents were Scotch, but having married for love, they emigrated

to work for the "siller." Miss Gordon's earliest recollections are of a large wooden house, with a long verandah in front, where she used to play, and where the family frequently slept all night when the heat was oppressive within. They had sometimes troublesome visitors, and her father slept every night with loaded pistols by his pillow, while two strong watch-dogs were let loose in the grounds. The family returned to Scotland when Georgina was about three years of age, and for sometime settled in a beautiful part of the Highlands of Sutherland. They afterwards removed to the farm of Alehouseburn, Banff. At school she was an apt scholar, and had a powerful memory. "Essay days" were her delight, and she began to scribble while still in pinafores. Her early poetical compositions were sung to a baby sister while rocking her asleep, and a prize for an essay made her first think of writing for "the press." Miss Gordon, we learn, is just out of her "teens," and her prductions are very promising. In style she is generally vigorous and lively, and several of her poems are very creditable to her heart, feelings, and poetical sensibilities.

### A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

In a dainty room, by a glowing fire,
  Looking warm and bright, as the daylight waned,
Is a lady sitting in rich attire,
  Yet her beautiful face with tears is stained,

'Tis a costly boudoir, and scattered round
  Are rare rich trifles in silver and gold,
But, oh heart! what mockery beside the sound
  Of such pitiful sorrow as cannot be told.

On her lap is lying a tiny boot,
  And tears fall anew as she turns it o'er;
And thinks of the soft little dimpled foot
  Which is never, never to fill it more.

And how many times when her baby's eyes
  Were closed, and she watched his slumbers sweet,
She had dreamed of a time when, learned and wise,
  He should have great honours laid at his feet.

But now on her weeping the moon peeps in,
And over yon wall shines the same clear light,
On a mound where the snow lies soft o'er the green
Which covers her darling, so cold and white.

Thy cross, poor mother, is heavy to bear,
But God give thee comfort as years wear away,
In thinking his soul, now so sinless and fair,
Waits thine, in the light of the pure lasting day.

## CUDDLE DOON, MY BAIRNIE.

Cuddle doon, my bairnie,
Sleep ye soun', my bairnie,
While I croon, my bairnie,
A wee bit sang to thee.
Cosy nap, my bairnie,
In my lap, my bairnie,
Nae mishap, my bairnie,
Ever need'st thou dree.

Hushie ba, my bairnie,
Sleep awa, my bairnie,
O' them a', my bairnie,
Nane sae dear to me.
Mou'ie sweet, my bairnie,
Kissies gie't, my bairnie,
When I see't, my bairnie,
Sweet as sweet can be.

Sleepin' noo, my bairnie,
Bonnie doo, my bairnie,
Could I lo'e my bairnie
Dearer than I dae.
Lay ye doon, my bairnie,
An' aroun', my bairnie,
Ane aboon, my bairnie,
Safely watch o'er thee.

## DREICH I' THE DRAW.

I'm weary o' waitin' an' bidin' my lane,
A puir single maiden, sair needin' a joe;
An' blythe wad I be to see some ane I ken
Come ben wi' an offer—I wadna say no.
I'm weary o' waitin' an' wantin' a man,
I'm a keen sonsy kimmer o' thirty an' twa;
I hae a bit lad wha ca's in noo an' than,
Yet, wow, for a wooer, he's dreich i' the draw!

He whyles has an erran', and whyles he has nane,
But speirs hoo I am, wi' a face like a mune;
An' cracks as he sits by the cosh ingle stane
O' weather, the craps, an' affairs o' the toon.

He gies me a look wi' the tail o' his e'e—
I'm whyles sae provokit, his chafts I could claw,
Why disna he say what his meanin' may be—
Hech me! Robin lad, but ye're dreich i' the draw!

Wi' ony ane leevin' a dud I can cloot.
Can wash, bake, an brew, or dickies can airn,
Yet, oh! my ain Robin, ye winna speak oot,
But leave me alane in the garret to girn.
Ye ken weel eneuch that a good wife I'll mak,
An' yet ye're as dumb as the stanes o' the wa';
Ye seem as if wantin my puir heart to brak',
For oh! Robin laddie, ye're dreich i' the draw.

Hech Sirs! isn't awfu' that lassies maun want,
An' hing on the nail till they're wizzened an' auld,
Because lads are bashfu', an'stammer an' mant,
An' canna bring oot what they're fain to hae tauld.
But I've made up my mind, nae langer I'll tarry,
I'll speak plainly oot when he maks the next ca';
An' syne shud he spier gin I'm willin' to marry,
He winna find Jenny owre dreich i' the draw.

## ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN,

PRESENTLY residing at Amaranth Station, Ontario, is a well-known poet, indeed he has been called the Burns of Canada. He was born at Johnstone, Renfrewshire, in 1820, close by the classic "Braes o' Gleniffer," so sweetly sung of by Tannahill. No better place for nursing poetic thought and feeling could well be imagined, and doubtless young M'Lachlan had unconsciously received there some of those influences which now appear as grace and rhythm in song. His first employment was at a cotton factory, where the pittance which he earned helped to support his mother, who was a widow—his father having died when on his way back to Scotland to bring out his family to Canada, where he had purchased and cleared some land. He soon grew weary of thirteen hours' daily imprisonment, and

left the factory to become a tailor's apprentice. He devoted his leisure hours to reading, and became passionately fond of poetry, and frequently went long distances to hear celebrated orators. He studied oratory, and soon began to try his powers as a poet and public speaker.

In 1841 Mr M'Lachlan set out for Canada, and settled on a farm, but for years he has followed the vocation of a public lecturer. In 1862 he was sent by the Canadian Government to set before his countrymen the advantages to be gained by emigration. On this occasion, as well as at a subsequent period, he received from his countrymen valuable marks of respect for him as a talented man and a true poet. In a lecture delivered by a respected minister in his native place on "Walter Scott, Ebenezer Elliott, and Alexander M'Lachlan," it was said that the fingers that sewed cloth for the body, had put together books for the soul, and had written poems which had made his name a household word by lone Canadian lakes, and which would yet make it "a hallowed sound" in his native land.

Mr M'Lachlan's first volume, entitled "Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," was published in Canada in 1855. Three years later another appeared with the title of "Lyrics," followed in 1861 by "The Emigrant." His latest publication, "Poems and Songs," published in Toronto, is a handsome large octavo volume, with a striking portrait.

In a work, entitled "Selections from Canadian Poets," published at Montreal in 1864, it is stated that, "in racy humour, in natural pathos, in graphic portraiture of character, he will compare favourably with the great peasant bard; while in moral grandeur and beauty he frequently strikes higher notes than ever echoed from the harp of Burns." For ourselves we consider that his productions evince not only great natural power and ease of diction, but also display much of the keenness of sensibility, the

sympathy with the beautiful in nature and in life which characterise the true poet.

## OLD ADAM.

Old Adam was a character,
Old Adam was a sage ;
Ye'll hardly find his marrow now,
In this degen'rate age.
He wore aboon his raven locks
A braid Kilmarnock bonnet,
A hameart coat upon his back,
Wi' big horn buttons on it.

A plaid out-owre his shouthers hung,
The en' fell owre his sleeve ;
A crooket, knotet, hazel rung
Was in his wally nieve.
His breeks were side, sae were his shoon,
His legs they were nae rashes,
And button'd upward to the knee,
Wi' great drab splatterdashes !

A ringin' laugh, a hearty shake,
A bright eye beaming o'er you ;
Ahint him Towser wags his tail,
And there he stands before you !
And yet the inner man was form'd,
On nature's model plan ;
The dress but hid a heart that lov'd
All Nature, God, and Man.

He was nae *thing* that stood apart
Frae universal nature ;
But had a corner in his heart
For ev'ry living creature.
And after him, o'er a' the toon,
The dogs delighted ran ;
The very kitlins keat fu' weel,
He was nae common man.

His heart was just a living spring,
Wi' sympathy o'erflowing ;
And round its brim, the sweetest flowers,
Of Love, and Hope, were blowing.
To see him—and to hear him speak—
To look but in his face,
I made you fa' in love somehow,
Wi' a' the human race.

A secret charm, a hidden spell,
A mystery had bound him ;
An atmosphere of calm delight,
Was always hanging round him ;

'Twas even in the dress he wore,
For tho' his coat was cloutit.
Ye never saw't, or if ye saw,
Ye thocht nae mair about it.

I ne'er could solve the mystery,
By words that drappit frae him,
I felt, but couldna find the way,
He carried conquest wi' him.
And weel I lik'd to sit and read
The language o' his e e ;
And try to sound the hidden deeps
Of that untroubled sea.

The maist o' folk wha would be guid,
And keep frae doing evil,
Maun aft hae battles wi' themselves,
As weel as wi' the deevil.
And some are guid by grace o' God,
And some hae to be skelpit ;
But he was guid, and just because
He wasna fit to help it.

His joy was in the woods to rove,
To loiter by the burn ;
He lov'd wild nature, and she lov'd
Her lover in return.
He sought her green retired nooks,
And nae ane better knew
The secret haunts, the fairy howes,
Where a' the wild flowers grew.

And he would follow in the track
Where spring had newly been,
To see the primrose peeping forth,
And blewarts ope their e'en.
The gowan didna better lo'e
Nor did the foxglove ken,
The hazel howes, the fairy knowes
O' bonnie Calder glen.

Ilk strange wee bird o' wood and wild,
'Bout which the learn'd disputit,
Its name, its nature, and its sang,—
Weel kent he a' about it.
And when the wee gray lintie cam'
Around his cot to sing,
He wadna let the vagrant touch
A feather o' her wing.

And oh ! how he would sing the sangs
O' langsyne's happy days,
'Till we were wafted back again
Amang the broomy braes.

We felt the magic o' the wood,
As we were wont to do,
When we would hush our hearts to hear
The voice o' the cuckoo.

Ance mair, the flowers were living things
That round about us sprung;
It wasna dew, but siller draps
That on their bosoms hung!
The sky again was bonnie blue,
Where no' a speck was seen;
And oh! the grass was green again—
I canna tell how green.

We felt the breath o' meadows sweet,
Ere yet the dews depart;
And oh! ance mair the gowan fair,
Had crept into our heart.
And tho' he's lain him down to rest,
Frae a' earth's good or ill;
His memory is fragrant yet—
He's singing to us still.

## MAY.

O sing and rejoice!
Give to gladness a voice
Shout a welcome to beautiful May!
Rejoice with the flowers,
And the birds 'mong the bowers,
And away to the green woods, away!
O, blithe as the fawn
Let us dance in the dawn
Of this life-giving, glorious day:
'Tis bright as the first
Over Eden that burst—
O, welcome, young joy-giving May!

The cataract's horn
Has awakened the Morn,
Her tresses are dripping with dew;
O, hush thee, and hark!
'Tis her herald, the lark,
That's singing afar in the blue.
Its happy heart's rushing,
In strains wildly gushing,
That reach to the revelling earth,
And sink through the deeps
Of the soul, till it leaps
Into raptures far deeper than mirth.

All nature's in keeping
The live streams are leaping
And laughing in gladness along,

The great hills are heaving,
The dark clouds are leaving,
The valleys have burst into song.
We'll range through the dells
Of the bonnie blue bells,
And sing with the streams on their way;
We'll lie in the shades
Of the flower-covered glades,
And hear what the primroses say.

O, crown me with flowers
'Neath the green spreading bowers,
With the gems and the jewels May brings;
In the light of her eyes
And the depth of her dyes,
We'll smile at the purple of kings.
We'll throw of our years
With their sorrows and tears,
And time will not number the hours
We'll spend in the woods,
Where no sorrow intrudes,
With the streams and the birds and the flowers.

## OLD HANNAH.

'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm
Drops down on the heart like dew,
And the sunbeams gleam
Like a blessed dream
Afar on the mountains blue.
Old Hannah's by her cottage door,
In her faded widow's cap;
She is sitting alone
On the old grey stone,
With the Bible in her lap.

An oak is hanging above her head,
And the burn is wimpling by;
The primroses peep
From their sylvan keep,
And the lark is in the sky.
Beneath that shade her children played,
But they're all away with death,
And she sits alone
On the old grey stone,
To hear what the Spirit saith.

Her years are o'er three score and ten,
And her eyes are waxing dim,
But the page is bright
With a living light,
And her heart leaps up to Him
Who pours the mystic harmony

Which the soul can only hear!
She is not alone
On the old grey stone,
Tho' no earthly friend is near.

There's no one left to love her now;
But the Eye that never sleeps
Looks on her in love
From the heavens above,
And with quiet joy she weeps;
For she feels the balm of bliss is poured
In her lone heart's deepest rut;
And the widow lone
On the old grey stone,
Has a peace the world knows not.

## FRANK MILLER

WAS born in 1854 at Tillicoultry, and lived fifteen years in Helensburgh, where, on the completion of his education, he entered the service of the Bank of Scotland. He was afterwards for sometime at Auchterarder, and is at present teller in the same bank at Annan. Mr Miller has written for magazines and newspapers, both in prose and verse —the latter being principally thoughful sonnets, and pleasing little songs.

### IN THE GARDEN.

I would like you now, she whispered in her captivating way,
Just to write some pretty verses on the sweetest flower you've seen—
Oh, perhaps, the modest primrose, or the polyanthus gay,
Or the wallflower that half-hidden by the bees all day has been,
Or the sole surviving daisy on the close-cut croquet green.

No one living could do justice to my chosen flower, I said;
But I wrote a little poem, and, with laughter-lighted eye,
Soon my sweet companion read it. Oh, she shook her pretty head,
But she blushed and looked bewitching while attempting to look shy,
And she kept my little poem, and I'll keep *her* till I die.

### CARLISLE CATHEDRAL.

Kneeling on holy ground before my King
I'll pierce the cares and unbelief that blind
My heaven-turned soul, and pray and hope to find
New faith and fresh love here. O good Lord bring
Help to my soul from every sacred thing—
From sculptured forms by ancient art designed,
From books with memories of dead saints entwined,
And from the organ whose glad voice makes ring
The courts with praise and prayer; yea from the great
And glorious eastern window, Lord, on me
Let a sweet influence fall from all I see.
O make me wholly Thine; O consecrate
My inmost soul to Thee; and, Lord, endue
"All that within me is" with fervour new.

## GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

GEORGE MAC DONALD, an elegant poet, and one of our most popular prose-writers, was born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, in 1824. On leaving school, he studied at King's College, Aberdeen, where he took the degree of M.A. He early gave evidence of his future literary distinction, but first became known to the world of letters in 1855 by a volume of poetry, entitled "Within and Without." This work was received with much favour, and during 1856 and 1858 other two volumes of poetry were published; while "The Disciple, and other Poems," was issued in 1867. These, with other poetical and prose writings were afterwards published in ten handsome volumes, entitled "Works of Fancy and Imagination." Many of Dr Macdonald's prose works are extremely popular, both at home and abroad, more particularly "Alec Forbes," "Robert Falconer," "David Elginbrod," "Unspoken Sermons," and "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood." As a writer for the young he is especially successful,

while he is well-known as a powerful lecturer on literary and other topics. In 1872 he visited the United States, in the principal cities of which his eloquent lectures were greatly appreciated. He received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen, and for a number of years he ably edited "Good Words for the Young," a very popular serial issued by his publishers, Messrs Strahan & Co.

For many years he has been a regular contributor to several of our leading magazines, and whether in prose or verse his works display delicate perception of character and poetical sympathy with nature. His religious ballads are full of originality, purity, and force, and give ample evidence of a soul keenly observant of life's experiences, and imbued with poetic genius of a high order. He admires worth wherever he finds it, and, in the words of one of his critics, what appears ever foremost in his thought "is the earnest aspiration to reveal the conditions and beauties of a pure spiritual life."

### THIS SIDE AN' THAT.

A GODLY BALLAD.

The rich man sat on his father's seat—
  Purple an' linen, an' a'thing fine!
The puir man lay at his gate i' the street –
  Sairs an' tatters an' weary pine!

To the rich man's table ilk dainty comes;
  Mony a morsel gaed frae't, or fell;
The puir man fain wad hae dined on the crumbs,
  But whether he got them I canna tell.

Servants prood, saft-fitit, an' stoot,
  Stand by the rich man's curtained doors;
Maisterless dogs 'at rin about
  Cam to the puir man an' lickit his sores.

The rich man dee'd, an' they buried him gran';
  In linen fine his body they wrap;
But the angels tuik up the beggar man,
  An' laid him doon in Abraham's lap.

The guid upo' this side, the ill upo' that—
  Sic was the rich man's waesome fa';
But his brithers they eat an' they drink an' they chat,
  An' carena a strae for their father's ha'.

The trowth's the trowth, think what ye will ;
An' some they kenna what they wad be at ;
But the beggar man thoucht he did no that ill,
Wi' the dogs o' this side, the angels o' that.

## AN OLD SERMON WITH A NEW TEXT.

My wife contrived a fleecy thing
Her husband to infold,
For 'tis the pride of woman still,
To cover from the cold :
My daughter made it a new text
For a sermon very old.

The child came trotting to her side,
Ready with bootless aid :
"Lily will make one for papa,"
The tiny woman said :
Her mother gave the needful things,
With a knot upon the thread.

"The knot, mamma !—it won't come through.
Mamma ! mamma !" she cried.
Her mother cut away the knot,
And she was satisfied,
Pulling the long thread through and through,
In fabricating pride.

Her mother told me this : I caught
A glimpse of something more :
Great meanings often hide themselves
With little words before ;
And I brooded over the new text,
Till the seed a sermon bore.

Nannie, to you I preach it now—
A little sermon, low :
Is it not thus a thousand times,
As through the world we go,
When we pull, murmur, fret, and cry,
Instead of "Yes, Lord," "No?"

For all the rough things that we meet,
Which will not move a jot—
The hindrances to heart and feet—
*The Crook in every Lot*—
What mean they, but that children's threads
Have at the end a knot?

For *circumstance* is God's great web—
He gives it free of cost,
But we must make it into clothes
To shield our hearts from frost :
Shall we, because the thread holds fast,
Count all our labour lost?

If he should cut away the knot,
And yield each fancy wild,
The hidden life within our hearts—
His life, the undefiled—
Would fare as ill as I should fare
From the needle of my child.

For as the cordage to the sail;
As to my verse the rhyme;
As mountains to the low green earth—
So fair, so hard to climb;
As call of striking clock, amid
The quiet flow of time;

As sculptor's mallet to the birth
Of the slow-dawning face;
As knot upon my Lily's thread,
When she would work apace;
God's *Nay* is such, and worketh so
For his children's coming grace.

Who knowing his ideal end.
Such birthright would refuse?
What makes us what we have to be
Is the only thing to choose:
We neither know his end nor means,
And yet his will accuse!

This is my sermon. It is preached
Against all fretful strife.
Chafe not with anything that is,
Nor cut it with thy knife.
Ah! be not angry with the knot
That holdeth fast thy life.

## WHA'S MY NEIBOR.

Frae Jerusalem a traveller tuik
The laigh road to Jericho;
It had an ill name, an' mony a cruik,
It was lang an' unco how.

Oot cam the robbers, an' fell on the man,
An' knockit him on the heid;
Took a' whauron they could lay their han',
An' left him nakit for deid.

By cam a minister o' the kirk:
"A sair mishanter!" he cried;
"Wha kens whaur the villains may lirk?
I s' haud to the ither side."

By cam an elder o' the kirk;
Like a young horse he shied;
"Fie! there's a bonnie mornin's wark!"
An' he spangt to the ither side.

By cam ane gaed to the wrang kirk ;
Douce he trotted alang.
"Puir body !" he cried, an' wi' a yerk,
Aff o' his cuddy he sprang.

He ran to the boady, an' turned it ower :
"There's life i' the man," he cried ;
He wasna ane to stan' an' glower,
Nor haud to the ither side.

He doctored his wounds an' heised him on
To the back o' the beastie douce ;
An' held him on, till, a weary man,
He langt at the half-w'y hoose.

He ten'd him a' nicht, an' at dawn o' day :
"Lan'lord, latna him lack ;
Here's auchteenpence ! an' ony mair ootlay,
I'll sattle as I come back."

Sae nae mair, neibors—say nae sic word,
Wi' hert aye arguin' an' chill :
"Wha is the neibor to me, O Lord ?"
But, "Wha am I neibor till ?"

## BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear ?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue ?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin ?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear ?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high ?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose ?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss ?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear ?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands ?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things ?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

## THE WAESOME CARL.

There cam a man to our toun-en',
An' a waesome carl was he;
Snipie-nebbit, and crookit-mou'd,
And gleyt o' ae blinterin ee.
Muckle he spied, and muckle he spak,
But the owercome o' his sang,
Whatever the tune, was aye the same:—
There's nane o' ye a' but's wrang.
Ye're a' wrang, and a' wrang,
And a'thegither a' wrang;
There's no a man aboot the toon
But's a'thegither a' wrang.

That's no the gait to fire the breid,
Nor yet to brew the yill;
That's no the gait to haud the pleuch,
Nor yet to ca' the mill;
That's no the gait to milk the coo,
Nor yet to spean the calf;
Nor yet to tramp the girnel-meal—
Ye kenna yer wark by half!
Ye're a' wrang, &c.

The minister wasna fit to pray,
And lat alane to preach;
He nowther had the gift o' grace,
Nor yet the gift o' speech.
He mind't him o' Balaam's ass,
Wi' a differ ye may ken:
The Lord he opened the ass's mou',
The minister opened's ain.
He's a' wrang, &c.

The puir precentor cudna sing,
He gruntit like a swine;
The verra elders cudna pass
The ladles till his min'.
And for the rulin'-elder's grace,
It wasna worth a horn;
He didna half uncurse the meat,
Nor pray for mair the morn.
He's a' wrang, &c.

And aye he gied his nose a thraw,
And aye he crook't his mou';
And aye he cockit up his ee,
And said—Tak tent the noo.
We snichert hint oor loof, man,
But never said him nay;
As gin he had been a prophet, man,
We loot him say his say:
Ye're a' wrang, &c.

Quo' oor gudeman: The crater's daft!—
Heard ye ever sic a claik?
Lat's see gin he can turn a han',
Or only luik and craik.
It's true we maunna lippen till him—
He's fairly crack wi' pride;
But he maun live—we canna kill him—
Gin he can work he s' bide.
He was a' wrang, &c.

It's true it's but a laddie's turn,
But we'll begin wi' a sma' thing:
There's a' thae weyds to gaither and burn—
And he's the man for a' thing!—
We yokit for yon heich peat-moss—
There was peats to cast and ca'—
Weel rid, we reckon, o' him and his
Lang tongue till gloamin'-fa';
But we're a' wrang, &c.

For, losh! or it was denner-time,
The toon was in a low!
The reek rase up as it had been
Frae Sodom-flames, I vow.
We lowst and rade like mad, for byre
And ruck war blazin' fell,
As gin the deil had brocht the fire
To mak anither hell!
'Twas a' wrang, &c.

And there, on-luikin', the carl stude,
Wi' 's han's aneath his tails;
To see him maisthan' drave us wud,
We ill cud haud oorsels.
It's a' your wyte; I tauld ye sae;
Ye're a' wrang to the last:
What gart ye burn thae deevilich weyds
Whan' the win' blew frae the wast?
Ye're a' wrang, &c.

# ALEXANDER LAING.

WE have in a separate work given a sketch of the life and an estimate of the writings of this poet. Yet we think a work on modern national poetry would at least be incomplete without giving him a place in its pages. Alexander Laing was born in Brechin in 1787. His father was an agricultural labourer, and with the exception of "two winter's schooling," the poet was wholly self-taught. Sent to tend cattle so early as his eighth year, he regularly carried books and writing materials with him to the fields. His books were procured by the careful accumulation of the half-pence bestowed on him by the admirers of his juvenile tastes. In his sixteenth year he was apprenticed to the flax-dressing business, at which he continued for fourteen years, when he met with an accident which permanently disabled him from following that calling. He afterwards became a packman, and engaged in mercantile concerns until shortly before his death, which took place in 1857.

Mr Laing early wrote verses. In 1819, several songs from his pen appeared in the "Harp of Caledonia." He subsequently became a contributor to the "Harp of Renfrewshire" and the "Scottish Minstrel," edited by R. A. Smith. His lyrics likewise adorn the pages of Robertson's "Whistle Binkie," the "Book of Scottish Song," Rogers' "Modern Scottish Minstrel," and Blackie's "Poets and Poetry of Scotland." He published, in 1846, a collected edition of his poems and songs, under the designation of "Wayside Flowers." A second edition appeared in 1850, and a few days before his death a third edition was published, with illustrative notes; while a fourth was issued by Messrs Black & Johnston, Brechin, in 1878. In 1876 we published a sketch of his life, with selections from his works, which met with a kindly reception. He was a contri-

butor to the local journals, and compiled some handy elementary works for the use of Sabbath schools. His extensive information regarding the poets and poetry of Scotland brought him into correspondence with the more celebrated poets of the day. He edited two editions of Burns; furnished his friend Allan Cunningham with numerous notes for his four volumes of Scottish songs; compiled the biograpical notices for the "Angus Album," published in 1833; contributed a number of anecdotes to the "Laird of Logan;" and edited an edition of his favourite song-writer Robert Tannahill. It is also worthy of mention that the improvement which took place in the penny chap-book and ballad literature of Scotland was owing in some measure to Laing, who carefully superintended the Brechin editions of those once celebrated pieces, often enriching them with short historical or biographical sketches.

It has most justly been said that it has seldom happened that the poems of any author exhibit more *heart*. His songs, like those of Tannahill, are all finely adapted for being sung or set to music, evincing that the writer was possessed of a very correct musical ear. His "Rosy Cheeks and Haffets Bare," "Ae Happy Hour," "The Braes o' Mar," "Blue E'ed Nelly," and many others, flow to the ancient airs of Caledonia with all the ease and beauty of a wimplin' burn.

Pictures have been taken from the poems of Mr Laing by members of the Royal Scottish Academy, and a group of statuary, entitled the "Wayside Flower," illustrates the idea of the poet, which, though truly beautiful in conception, is not less graceful when transferred to the plaster. A mother points her child to a little floweret on the ground—

> There's a moral, my child, in the wayside flower;
> There's an emblem of life in its short-liv'd hour;
> It smiles in the sunshine, and weeps in the shower;
> And the footstep falls on the wayside flower!

Now see, my dear child, in the wayside flower,
The joys and the sorrows of life's passing hour;
The footstep of time hastens on in its power;
And soon we must fall like the wayside flower

Yet know, my dear child, that the wayside flower
Shall revive in its season, and bloom its brief hour;
That again we shall blossom in beauty and power,
Where the foot never falls on the wayside flower!

A number of Mr Laing's songs were selected for a work consisting of two volumes of translations of the living Scotch poets into the German language, which was certainly a tribute of honour to our bard, and to our country. The selections included "The Happy Mother," and "Ae Happy Hour."

Twa bonnie bairnies, the fairest of a',
They cheer up my heart when their daddie's awa';
I've ane at my foot an' I've ane on my knee,
An' fondly they look, an' say "Mammie" to me.

At gloamin' their daddie comes in frae the plough,
The blink in his e'e, an' the smile on his brow,
Says, "How are ye, lassie, O, how are ye a',
An' how's the wee bodies sin' I gaed awa!"

. . . . . .

The dark grey o' gloamin', the lone leafy shaw,
The coo o' the cushat, the scent o' the haw;
The brae o' the burnie a' bloomin' in flower,
An' twa faithfu' lovers make ae happy hour.

A kind winsome wifie, a clean canty hame,
An' smilin' sweet babies, to lisp the dear name;
Wi' plenty o' labour, and health to endure,
Make time to row round aye the ae happy hour.

## ARCHIE ALLAN.

Ah! poor Archie Allan—I hope he's no poor!
A mair dainty neebour ne'er entered ane's door—
An' he's worn awa' frae an ill-doin' kin,
Frae a warld o' trouble, o' sorrow, an' sin'.
Wad ye hear o' the hardships that Archie befel?
Then listen a-wee, an' his story I'll tell.

Now twice twenty towmonts and twenty are gane
Sin' Archie an' I could ha'e ranket as men—
Sin' we cou'd ha'e left ony twa o' our eild,
At a' kinds o' farm-wark, at hame or a-field;
Sin' we cou'd ha'e carried the best bow o' bere,
An' thrown the fore-hammer out-owre ony pair.

Ah! then we were forward, an' flinty, an' young,
An' never ance ken'd what it was to be dung;
We were lang fellow-servants and neebours fu' dear:
Folks ne'er thocht o' flittin' then ilka half-year.

When he was the bridegroom, an' Mary his bride,
Mysel' an' my Jeannie were best man an' maid!
'Twas a promise atween us—they cou'dna refuse—
Had our bridal been first, they had gotten the glo'es.

Aweel, they were married, an' mony were there,
An' Luve never low'd on a happier pair;
For Archie had nae woman's skaith he could rue,
An' Mary was sakeless o' breaking her vow.
They had lo'ed ither lang, an' the day was to be
When their ain gather'd penny wad set them up free;
Sae clear o' the warld, an' cantie, an' weel,
They thrave out an' in, like the buss i' the beil';
Their wants werena monie, their family was sma'—
Themsel's an' but ae lassie-bairn was a';
Sae wi' workin' an' winnin', wi' savin' an' care,
They gather'd an' gather'd nae that little gear.

Yet nae narrow bodies—nae niggards were they—
Nae slaves to the warld, to want, an' to ha'e;
Tho' they ken'd weel aneuch a' the bouk o' their ain,
They wad tak', they wad gi'e—they wad borrow or len';
When a friend or a neebour gaed speerin' their weel,
They had meal i' the bannock, an' maut i' the yill;
They had hearts that cou'd part, they had hands that were free,
An' leuks that bade welcome, as warm as cou'd be;
Gaed ye in—cam' ye out, they were aye, aye the same;
There's few now-a-days 'mang our neebours like them!

Thus, blythesome an' happy, time hasten'd awa',
Till their dochter was twenty, or twenty an' twa,
Whan she, a' the comfort an' hope o' their days,
Fell into some dowie, some ling'rin' disease.
Lang ill was the lassie, an' muckle she bure,
Monie cures they gi'ed till her, but death winna cure;
She dwyn'd like a gowan 'mang newly mawn grass;
Some luve disappointment, they said, ail'd the lass—
Ay! happen what may, there maun aye be a mean:
Her grave wasna sad, an' her truff wasna green,
Whan Mary, her mither, a' broken an' pin'd
Wi' trachle o' body, wi' trouble o' mind,
Was reliev'd frae her sorrows—was also weel sair'd,
An' laid by her bairn i' the silent kirk-yard!

Oh! sirs, sic a change! it was waesome to see;
But life's like a journey, an' changes maun be;
Whan the day o' prosperity seems but at noon,
The nicht o' adversity often comes down;

I've lived till my locks are as white as the snaw,
Till the friends of my youth are a' dead an' awa';
At death-bed an' burial nae stranger I've been,
But sorrow like Archie's I've never yet seen;
The death o' his lassie I ken'd it was sair,
But the death o' her mither was harder to bear;
For a' that was lovely, an' a' that was leal,
He had lost i' the death o' his Mary Macneill!

Whan the buryin' was bye, an' relations a' gane;
Whan left i' the house, wae an' wearie, his lane,
As a neebour wad do, I gaed yont the gate-end,
An' hour i' the gloamin' wi' Archie to spend;
For the fate o' oor neebour may sune be oor fa',
An' neebours are near us when kindred's awa'.
We spak' o' the changes that time ever brings,
Of the frail fadin' nature of a' earthly things,
Of life an' its blessings—that we ha'e them in len';
That the Giver, when he wills, has a right to his ain;
That here though we ha'e nae continuin' hame,
How the promise is sure i' the Peace-maker's name,
To them that wi' patience, wi' firmness, and faith,
Believe in His merits, and trust in His death;
To them—though the coffin, an' pale windin'-sheet,
Though the cauld grave divide them, in heaven they shall meet—
Shall yet ha'e a blythe an' a blest meetin' there,
To ken separation an' sorrow nae mair.
Thus kindly conversin', we aften beguiled
The hours o' the gloamin', till three summers smil'd;
Till time in its progress had yielded relief,
Had dealt wi' his mem'ry, an' lessened his grief—
Though nae like the man I had seen him, 'tis true,
Yet fell knief an' cantie my auld neebour grew.

Sometime, then-about, as it happened to be,
I hadna seen Archie for twa weeks or three,
Whan ae night a near neebour woman cam' ben,
An' says, "Ha'e ye heard o' the news that's a-gaun?
It's been tell'd me sin' mornin' by mae folk nor ane,
That our friend Archie Allan was beuket yestreen."
"Aweel, weel," quo' I, "it e'en may be sae,
There's aye heart wi' auld folk, we'll a' get a day;"
But when it was tell'd wha the bride was to be,
I heard, but said naething—I thocht it a lee!

'Twas a' very gude he shou'd marry again—
A man in a house is but drearie his lane;
But to think that he wad ever tak ane for a wife,
Wha had liv'd sic a loose an' a throwither life—
Wha had been far an' near whaur it cou'dna be nam'd,
An' was come o' a family but little esteem'd—
To think he wad tak' her! I cou'dna believ't;
But I was, and mony forbye were deceiv't;
For, the Sabbath thereafter, wha think ye was cried?
But Archibald Allan an' Marg'ret Muresyde!

Weel, how they forgather'd an' a' that befel,
Tho' it's painful to speak o't, ye'll wish me to tell.
She cam in-about here as it happened to fa',
An' was nearest door neebour to him that's awa ;
An' seein' a fu' house an' a free-hearted man,
That ken'dna the warld, wi' her wiles she began—
Seem'd sober and decent as ony ye'll see,
As quiet and prudent as woman could be,
Was aye brawly busket, an' tidy, an' clean,
An' aye at the kirk on the Sabbath was seen—
Was better nor monie, and marrow't by few,
Till a' cam about as she wished it to do ;
But scarcely her hand and her troth he had taen,
Till she kyth'd in her ain dowie colours again.
They had a short courtship, a brief honeymune !
It's aye ru'd at leisure what's ower rashly dune.

We've a' our ain fau'ts an' our failin's, atweel,
But Maggy Muresyde ! she's a bauld Ne'er-do-weel !
An' the warst o' it was, in an unlucky hour
She'd gotten ilk plack o' the purse in her pow'r ;
An' sune did she lift it, an' sune, sune it gaed—
In pennies twas gathered, in pounds it was spread :
Her worthless relations, and ithers siclike,
Cam in about swarmin' like bees till a byke ;
And they feasted, and drank, and profaned the blest Name,
And Sabbath and Saturday—a' was the same.
Waes me ! it was sair upon Archie to see
The walth he had won, and laid up a' sae free,
To comfort and keep him when ailin', or auld,
Sae squander'd by creatures sae worthless an' bauld ;
And sair was he troubled to think o' their sin,
And the awfu' account they wad ha'e to gi'e in ;
Yet griev'd as he was at the rash lives they led,
He durstna ance say it was ill that they did !

But time and your patience wad fail me to tell
How she spent and abused baith his means an' himsel',
For constant and on, as the rin o' the burn,
Her hand it was never but in an ill turn—
Till siller, and gear, and a' credit were gane—
Till he hadna a penny, or aught o' his ain—
Till age an' vexation had wrinkl'd his brow—
Till he hadna a morsel to put in his mou' !

Aweel ! neither able to want or to win,
Ae mornin' last week, ere the day-licht cam' in,
Thro' the lang eerie muirs, an' the cauld plashy snaw,
Wi' his staff in his hand he had wander'd awa,
To seek a fa'n bit for his daily supply,
An' to thole the down-leuk o' the proud an' the high.
O ! had I but seen him when he gaed a-field,
I wad ta'en him inbye to my ain couthie bield ;
And wi' my auld neebour shared frankly and free,
My bannock, my bed, an' my hindmost bawbee !

How far he had gane—how he'd far'd thro' the day,
What trials he had met wi', I canna weel say ;
But whan the gray hour o' the gloamin' fell down,
He sought the fire-side o' some distant farm-town—
Wi' the door hauflin's up, and the sneck in his han',
He faintly inquir'd—wad they lodge a poor man ?
The mistress gaz'd on him, an' drylie she spak',
"We may lodge you the nicht, but ye maunna come back "—
Said beggars an' gang'rels were grown unco rife—
Speer'd what place he cam frae—gin he had a wife?
Ay ! that was a question ! O sirs, it was sair :
Had he no ha'en a *Wife*, he had never been there !
Cauld, cauld at their backs thro' the evenin' he sat,
And cauld was the bed and the beddin' he gat,
The floor and the rooftree was a' they could spare,
And he lay down, alas ! but to rise never mair.
Was he lang or sair ill, there was nane heard nor saw,
Gin day-licht poor Archie had worn awa' !
Wha ance wad ha'e thocht it that he wad ha'e been
A beggar, an' dee't in a barn a' his lane !
But we needna think *this* will, or *that* winna be,
For, the langer we live, the mae uncos we see.

## ADAM GLEN.

Pawkie Adam Glen,
Piper o' the clachan,
When he stoitet ben,
Sairly was he pechan ;
Spak' a wee, but tint his win',
Hurklit down, an' hostit syne,
Blew his beik, an' dichtit's een,
An' whaisl't a' forfoughten.

But, his coughin' dune,
Cheerie kyth't the bodie,
Crackit like a gun,
An' leuch to Auntie Madie ;
Cried, "My callans, name a spring,
'Jinglin' John,' or onything,
For weel I'd like to see the fling
O' ilka lass an' laddie."

Blythe the dancers flew,
Usquebae was plenty,
Blythe the piper blew,
Tho' shakin' han's wi' ninety.
Seven times his bridal vow
Ruthless fate had broken thro' ;
Wha wad thocht his comin' now
Was for our maiden auntie !

She had ne'er been sought
Cheerie hope was fadin',
Dowie is the thocht
To live an' dee a maiden.

How it comes we canna ken,
Wanters aye maun wait their ain,
Madge is hecht to Adam Glen,
An' sune we'll ha'e a weddin'.

### THE WINTER EVENING.

The winter's come to speer whar the simmer has been;
The frost sets in, an' the wind blaws keen;
The snaw comes on, an' the mirk nicht fa's;
An' drearie an' eerie the blin'-drift blaws.

Are ye a' i' the house? ha'e ye milk? ha'e ye meal?
For back an' for bed are ye a' sair'd weel?
Ha'e ye fouth i' the neuk for the e'enin' fire?
An' a simmer-won saxpence to spen' 's ye require?

Are the kye i' the byre? are the sheep i' the cot?
Is the roof-tree stark? will the doors stan' out?
Are the stacks a' ticht, baith corn an' hay?
It's a sair nicht thereout, an' lang till day.

Are ye a' roun' the blythe ingle cheek in a ring?
Ha'e ye new beuks to read? ha'e ye auld sangs to sing?
It's a dreigh forenicht, but ye'll no think lang
Wi' a crack an' a laugh, wi' a beuk an' a sang.

## DAVID TASKER,

AUTHOR of "Musings of Leisure Hours," is a native of Dundee, having been born there in 1840. He was the eldest son of a handloom weaver, and as he had to take his daily share of "windin' pirns," his early education was scant. For this, however, he made up in after years by hard application. His first employment was as a mill boy; but being a diligent lad, possessed of much natural intelligence, he was soon promoted to the position of a warper, and latterly became manager of one of the mills in his native town. He has resided for several years in England, and of late his once familiar name has been very seldom seen in our journals. While a

young man he occasionally appeared as a public singer and reciter. His effusions were highly spoken of by the late Rev. George Gilfillan, who wrote an introductory note to his volume, which was published in Dundee in 1865. This talented critic characterised them as possessing a sweet sincerity, "reminding one of the artless note of a bird, which sings not to gain applause so much as to relieve her little heart." His serious poems evince much spontaneous fervour and great tenderness, while others show a rich quiet humour.

### THE BAIRNIES AT HAME.

The bricht sun o' summer sinks grandly to rest,
Mid calm rosy cluds doon the fair gowden west;
Th' blue hills are smilin', wi' glory arrayed,
Th' bonnie wee birds i' th' hawthorn glade
Are carollin' sweetly on ilka green spray,
As hameward I trudge frae th' toils o' th' day.

Far awa doon i' yon sweet mossy dell,
Whaur blossoms th' craw-pea an' wavin' bluebell,
An' whaur th' lang fern creeps the grey rocks amang,
A clear siller burnie rows wimplin alang;
In a green shady neuk, by its water sae bricht,
Stands th' snug cosy biggin' sae dear to my sicht.

Just noo its low rooftree, close theekit wi' straw,
To keep us a' warm when the winter winds blaw,
Keeks thro' the thick foilage, sae welcome to view,
While frae th' lum head th' reek curls up sae blue;
Ha! the wee tots are crossin' the brig ower the stream,
To welcome their dad to his luve-lichtit hame.

O sweet are th' joys that th' gloamin' time brings,
Then luve roond oor dwellin' a bricht halo flings;
We a' are sae happy, tho' frugal oor fare—
We aye are contented, then what need we mair;
Ony pleasures that wealth gies are no worth th' name,
Compared wi' the joys 'mang the bairnies at hame.

Hoo cosy we sit roon th' warm ingle neuk,
Th' totums a' daffin, while I'm at my beuk;
My dear wifie sits wi' the wean on her knee,
An' croons it to sleep wi' a sweet lullaby;
Or's darnin' a stockin' or steekin' th' seam
O' a duddie o' claes for the bairnies at hame.

Tho' sair I maun toil frae the dawin' to nicht,
My heart is aye cheery, my spirits are licht;

I think o' th' weans that ilk turn o' the pleugh
Helps to bring a sma' dud or a bit to th' mou' !
I envy nae riches, I covet nae fame,
But strength to provide for the bairnies at hame.

Nae doot we hae haen cares an' sorrows eneugh,
But if life was a' sunshine oor joys wad be few ;
For if winter ne'er cam', wi' its cauld gloomy skies,
We wadna sae dearly th' summer time prize ;
Sae oor joys hae been puirer, sin' tearfu' we saw
Oor dear little Archie laid deep 'neath th' snaw.

Sae adoon life's dark stream may we peacefully glide
My wifie, an angel o' luve, by my side ;
An' th' totums, God bless their wee hearties, I ken
Will grow to be braw bonny lasses an' men ;
But altho' I sud leeve till I'm donnart an' lame,
I'll aye mind the joys 'mang the bairnies at hame.

## THE PICTURE ON THE WALL.

Down through a stirless atmosphere
  Falleth the sombre twilight gloom,
Shading mountain, vale, and mere,
  And stealing into my little room,
Where, by the fire-light flickering low,
  Dreamily lone and sad I sit,
Watching the red flames come and go,
  And their faintly glimmering shadows flit.

Silent and fitfully they pass
  Over the room walls to and fro ;
Now they gleam on the looking-glass,
  Now on the quaint old clock they glow ;
Now on a pictured face they fall—
  The fair young face of my dear dead love—
Which looketh down on me from the wall
  Like an angel from its home above.

Its large eyes sweetly blue and bright,
  Its brown hair arching a noble brow ;
And the full round cheeks all flush'd and white,
  It seemeth to smile upon me now,
Sweet, as in life it used to smile ;
  Yet it seemeth a living face to me,
For time that face cannot erase
  From the mirror of my memory.

It haunteth my vision all the day,
  It floateth around me everywhere ;
At night when I look up far away
  Among the stars, I see it there.
It rises before me in my dreams,
  In the quiet hours o' the mirk midnight ;
And sometimes around it mildly beams
  A radiant halo of heavenly light.

And oft we roam where the rippling brook
  Kisses the pebbles white and cool,
And rest in the greenly sheltered nook,
  Close by the old mill's glassy pool ;
Rest 'neath the rustling tall old pine,
  Where oft we've met in the twilight gray ;
And I press her warm, soft cheek to mine,
  And kiss her again in the dear old way.

Vain idle dreams ! Ah, never again
  On earth that face will smile on me.
It shineth, where joys eternal reign,
  On the golden shore by the glassy sea.
And I am weary the livelong day,
  Lonely, weary, and sad at heart,
Longing to join her far away
  In that bright land no more to part.

## DAVID WINGATE

IS one of our best-known poets, and has long enjoyed the warmest commendations of the highest authorities. He was born at Cowglen, parish of Eastwood, Renfrewshire, in 1828. His father, who was a collier, was killed when David was in his fifth year. His school days only extended over three years, and by the time he was nine, he was at work in a coal pit. Many of his productions showing clear tokens of refinement and culture, it is quite apparent that he must have been diligent during his spare hours. Although possessing, in no small degree, the genius of poetry, it is evident he also had the genius of energy and activity, and of an earnest and determined mind. He was no dreamer, believing in the traditions so current among young men that certain great characters have wrought their greatness by inspiration. The glow of toil awakened him to the consciousness of his real capacities.

His early productions were contributed to the

*Glasgow Citizen* about 1850. In 1861 he first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and since then he has been a frequent writer to *Good Words* and other periodicals, both in prose and verse. In the following year Messrs Blackwood & Son published his "Poems and Songs." This volume enjoyed a very extensive sale, and the profits enabled Mr Wingate to acquire in the Mining School of Glasgow a scientific knowledge of his calling. His second volume, "Annie Weir, and other Poems," was published in 1866, while his latest work, entitled "Lily Neil," was issued by Blackwood in 1879.

Through a life of severe and perilous toil, Mr Wingate has thought much and deeply. All his writings indicate a high moral character and a well regulated mind. The solid substance of thought which pervades them, and the frequent spontaneous felicities of language distinguish the man of natural power from the man of mere cultivation. His humour is not of that broad robust kind that sets the table in a roar; but it is no less effective in its own gentle way, while his pathos is the pure emanation of a feeling heart, making its way at once to the heart of the reader. With no sparing hand he decisively grapples and crushes whatever is false, and many of his poems show that fine air of independence which is altogether untinged with pride or self-importance. In every respect David Wingate is another important stone to the now lofty pyramid commemorative of self-educated Scotchmen, and his productions will maintain a lofty place in the national minstrelsy.

It might be added that Mr Wingate has for years occupied the responsible position of colliery manager at Cambuslang, and it is interesting to learn that a short time ago he was married to a grand-daughter of the poet Burns.

The following are the closing verses of a very pleasing poem, entitled "John Frost," suggested by the prattle of a child with its mother:—

D'ye ken?—He breathed in through a bole
Whare a wee lassie lay,
And she dee't the next day,
And they laid her doun in the kirk-hole,
Puir wee lamb—
And covered her in the kirk-hole.

But guess what my auntie tell't me?
She says the wee weans, when they dee,
Flee awa' ower the moon,
And need nae claes nor shoon,
To a place whare John Frost they'll ne'er see,
Far awa'—
To a place whare John Frost daurna be.

And she says our wee Katie gaed there,
And she'll never be hoastin' nae mair.
Sure, we'll gang there ana'—
We'll flee up and no fa'—
And we'll see her jist in her wee chair—
And she'll lauch
In her bonnie wee red cushioned chair.

## THE GLOAMIN' HOUR.

I dearly lo'e the gloamin' hour
E'en when in sorrow pinin',
When dewdraps bathe the faulded flower,
And ae fair star is shinin';
When song frae every plantin' streams,
A world o' joy revealin',
And boyhood's joys and manhood's dreams
Are owre my memory stealin'.

I dearly lo'e, at gloamin' hour,
To watch the deepenin' shadow
Owre mountain, moor, and woodland lower,
While mist hangs owre the meadow;
When leanin' on some auld dyke-stile,
Hope's lamp my heart illumin',
I croon some sang o' happy toil,
At peace wi' a' things human.

What heart but lo'es the gloamin' hour?
Then rest comes to the weary;
Love lurks in glen and woodland bower,
And Jeannie meets her dearie.
Then sweetest seems the mutual tale
O' vows, and hopes, and wishes;
And O, how sweet, through gloamin's veil,
The glow o' Jeannie's blushes!

Thou art a priestess, gloamin' hour,
And aye thou gi'est us warnin
That life, at best a fragile flower,
May fade before the mornin'.

Oh ! may we a' sae leeve that we,
Arrived at ae life's gloamin',
May upward gaze wi' hopefu' e'e.
And wait the life that's comin' !

## OCTOBER.

A song for dun October,
That tints the woods wi' broon,
And fills wi' pensive rustling
The wooded dells aroun';
While lintie, merle, and mavis
Nae langer pipe wi' pride,
Nor larks wi' song salute us
On the green hill-side.
Auld nests are now beginning
To peep frae woods fast thinning,
And wi' nae thocht o' sinning
Lairds death are scatterin' wide ;
While some are grumblin' sairly
O' fields that yield but sparely ;
But nature yet looks rarely
On the green hill-side.

What though our posie borders
In waefu' plight are seen,
Though stocks and staring dahlias
Hae tint their summer sheen ?
Thy hoary dawns, October,
They ne'er were meant to bide,—
Unlike the halesome clover
On the green hillside.
Though robin's town-notes swelling
O' summer's flight are telling,
A sober thought compelling
That nane would seek to hide,
Shall we at hame sit chaunnering
O' frost and famine maundering,
While wiser folks are wandering
On the green hill-side ?

We'll see the souchin' peesweps
In gatherin' flocks prepared,
To leave the glens and meadows,
Whare love's delights they shared ;
Their cheerfu' cries we'll hear nae
As ower our heads they glide,
Poor birds ! they part in silence
Wi' the green hill-side.
And though nae lambkins' gambols
May cheer us on our rambles,
O' hips, and haws, and brambles
Ilk brake we'll reive wi' pride,

And pu' the lingering gowan,
Whare, late, the cluster'd rowan,
In scarlet grandeur glowin',
Graced the green hill-side.

When streams the gouden sunset
Frae 'tween the hills and cluds ;
While hangs the double rainbow
Aboon the sparkling woods,
In the herald lull that tells us
The storm-king by will ride,
Oh ! wha would haste in terror
Frae the green hill-side?
What though the cluds close o'er us,
And glens grow dark before us.
Some bush frae blustering Boreas
Will ample beil' provide ;
While thoughts we lang shall treasure—
The bairns o' purest pleasure—
Shall leap in canty measure
On the green hill-side.

Oh ye wha life are wearin'
Amid the city's smeek—
It's no' in noisy taverns
Ye pleasure's face should seek.
'Mang "social tankarts foamin' "
She cares nae lang to bide ;
But weel she lo'es the freshness
O' the green hill-side.
For summer's flight she cares nae ;
And winter's frown she fears nae ;
To slight poor toil she dares nae,
Nor frae him seeks to hide ;
By burnies murmuring sweetly,
At morn or e'en she'll meet ye,
And wi' a smile will greet ye
On the green hill-side.

## THE COLLIER'S RAGGED WEAN.

He's up at early morning, howe'er the win' may blaw,
Lang before the sun comes roun' to chase the stars awa' ;
And 'mang a thousand dangers, unkent in sweet daylicht,
He'll toil until the stars again keek through the chilly nicht.
See the puir wee callan' aneath the cauld, clear moon !
His knees oot through his trousers, and his taes oot through his shoon,
Wading through the freezing snaw. thinking owre again
How happy every wean maun be that's no a collier's wean.

His cheeks are blae wi' cauld, and the chittering winna cease,
To gi'e the hungry callan' time to eat his mornin' piece ;
His lamp is burning in his hand wi' feeble, flickerin' ray,
And in his heart the lamp o' Hope is burning feebly tae.

Nae wonder that the callan's sweert to face his daily toil,
Nae wonder he sae seldom greets the morning wi' a smile,
For weel he kens he's growing up to face the cauld disdain
That lang the world has measured oot to every collier's wean.

The puir, wee, hirpling laddie ! how mournfully he's gaun,
Aye dichtin' aff the ither tear wi's wee hard-hackit haun' ;
Sair, sair he's temptit 'mang the snaw to toom his flask o' oil ;
But ah ! a'e flash o' faither's ire were waur than weeks o' toil.
In vain the stars look on the youth wi' merry, twinklin' e'en ;
Through clouds o' care sae dense as his their glory is nae seen ;
He thinks 'twad been a better plan if coal had boonmost lain,
And wonders why his faither made a collier o' his wean.

Oh ! ye that row in fortune's lap his waefu' story hear ;
Aft sorrows no sae deep as his ha'e won a pitying tear,
And lichter wrangs than he endures your sympathy ha'e won—
Although he is a collier's, mind, he's still a Briton's son.
And ye wha mak' and mend our laws, tak' pity on the bairn,
Oh ! bring him sooner frae the pit, and gi'e him time to learn ;
Sae shall ye lift him frae the mire, 'mang which he lang has lain,
And win a blessing frae the heart o' every collier's wean.

## JAMES BARNET,

PRINTER and publisher, Chicago, was born in Dundee in 1825, and entered a hackling machine factory there at the age of twelve. A year after this he was apprenticed to the printing business. Mr Barnet worked several years in Edinburgh and London, and then, along with a brother, he went to America. He engaged in farming for some time, worked in various towns at his own trade, and latterly commenced business in Chicago. Mr Barnet met with several reverses of fortune, and lost 8000 dollars' worth of books, &c, in the great fire which burned the city. He publishes several local "directories," "guides," &c., and frequently contributes racy sketches and poetical pieces to the American press.

### MY AIN BELL.

'Tis fifteen years and ten, Bell,
Since we twa cam' thegither,
"An' mony a canty day," lass,
"We've had wi' ane anither."
But care has left its mark, Bell,
An' trials did heavy fa';
Still thankfu' we should be lass,
Our back's no at the wa'.

A buxom queen you were, Bell,
When first you met your jo,
How happy were you then, lass,
Your lauchin' e'en did show.
Look forit, then, my ain Bell,
An' min' to look on high,
For there's the gift that's best, lass,
Which siller canna buy.

Our bonny lasses three, Bell,
On them we'll ever min';
Their ways, just like your ain, lass,
Were couthie sweet, an' kin'.
Then let us pledge anew, Bell,
The gladsome years we've seen,
That light our load may be, lass,
To th' land o' gowden sheen.

## LADY JANE M. MANNERS,

WIFE of Lord John Manners, is well known as a lady of literary talent. She frequently contributes, both in prose and verse, to our leading magazines. It was said that she was the authoress of the interesting details of Lord Beaconsfield's private life and character which appeared in the *Times* soon after his death. She takes great interest in temperance matters, and in the establishment of reading and coffee-rooms. Lady Manners has published several little works bearing on this subject, and also a volume of translations—"Gems

of German Poetry" (Messrs Blackwood & Sons, 1865). In these poems she has adhered carefully to the original, and it was her object to give as literal a version as was consistent with any degree of harmony and rhythm.

## I SAW THE WOOD CHANGE COLOUR.

GEIBEL.

I saw the wood change colour,
The air was mute and grey:
I was half-dead with sorrow,
But why, could scarcely say.

Whirled from the autumn bushes
The leaves, so dead and dry:
"Thus became all thy pleasures
The wild wind's prey," thought I.

"Thy spring so full of blossom,
Thy richer summer passed,—
Upon the ice hard frozen
Now art thou fettered fast."

Then all at once re-echoed
A clear sound from on high:
It was a bird of passage
That to the south did fly.

Ah! when its waning pinions,
Its song fell on mine ear,
I felt a strange sweet comfort
Unto my soul draw near.

The passing guest reminds me,
As with clear voice it sings—
"Ah! soul of man, forget not
That thou hast also wings."

## THE SPRING BANQUET.

W. MULLER.

Who spread the fair white drapery,
Out over all the land—
The snowy, fragrant drapery,
All fringed with a green band?

And who hath stretched out o'er it
The tent so blue, so high:
Beneath it, the gay tapestry
Which o'er the fields doth lie?

It was Himself who did it,
The rich, the bounteous Lord,
Whose treasures never lessen
Though constantly outpoured.

'Twas He who decked the tables
Within His spacious hall,
And to His great spring banquet
Each living thing doth call.

They stream from every blossom—
From shrub and tree they pour—
Each blossom is a goblet
With fragrance brimming o'er.

Hear you the Host proclaiming,
"Come all that fly, that creep,
That roam earth's plains and forests,
Or swim the watery deep.

"And thou, thou heavenward pilgrim,
Thy fill of rapture drink,
And on thy knees low bending,
On Me adoring think."

## COURAGE.

GEIBEL.

O break, my heart, thy fetters,
And cease now to despair:
Much hast thou borne already,
This also thou canst bear.

Now, armed with shining weapons,
Free spirit, go thy way:
A sterner season waits thee
Than love's delightful May.

Though faint and sorrow-stricken,
Press onwards, and be strong:
The swan, thou knowest, dying,
Pours forth its richest song.

## THE HIGHLAND TARTAN.

Dear to each Highland soldier's heart
The Tartan of his clan,
Symbol of glory and of pride
To every Highland man,
Whether he dwell 'mid Athole's hills,
Or where the winding Tay,
By Birnam's glens and forests fair,
To ocean wends its way;

Or nearer to the northern star,
Where snows the mountain crown,
And towering over silver lakes,
Stern peaks of granite frown.

In every country, far or near,
Where Highland men are known,
The Tartan plaid is greeted still
With homage all its own.
Still to the pibroch's stirring strains
On many a foreign shore,
The Highland clans press nobly on
To victory, as of yore.
True to traditions of the past,
True to their ancient fame,
May Caledonia's children add
Fresh glories to her name.

## ISA CRAIG-KNOX

WAS born in Edinburgh in 1831. Her family belonged to the Scottish middle class, her paternal grandfather having been a burgher of Aberdeen, and her grandfather on the maternal side a small farmer in Insch, Aberdeenshire, whose land is now owned by a grandson. At the time of the birth of the subject of this notice, her father, John Craig, was in business as a hosier and glover in South Bridge Street. Her mother died when her child Isa was about a year old. Miss Craig spent her early years with her grandmother. Her father, as did her mother, died suddenly, and the young lady was thus left alone—at least without a father's love or a mother's tenderness—to fight life's battle.

Miss Craig, under the *nom de plume* of "Isa," about this time became a writer of verse to the *Scotsman* newspaper. These "tentatives," from the pure diction and tenderness of feeling they displayed, attracted a good deal of attention at the time, and many

were the surmisings who "Isa" could be. Mr Ritchie, then the principal proprietor of that newspaper, encouraged his fair correspondent, was her warm and constant friend, and his influence was the "open sesame" to other literary circles. Besides writing verse, Miss Craig contributed critiques to the *Scotsman*, and found time to edit a fortnightly periodical. In 1856 she published a volume, entitled "Poems by Isa." Many of the poems in that volume are replete with fine and graceful thoughts, embodied in language at once forcible and chaste. Her contributions to the *National Magazine*, under the initial "C.," are among her best conceptions; highly imaginative, and skilfully wrought out, and deservedly admired at the time. In 1859 she left Edinburgh for London, and there became assistant secretary to the National Association of Social Science. She was in this position at the time she sent in her ode on the centenary of Burns, which, out of 621, was the one found entitled to the prize of fifty guineas offered by the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company. It is stated that the poem was dictated more by love for the poet than eagerness for the prize, for on the day of the award Miss Craig was absent, and being busily occupied had forgotten all about it. In 1865 she published "Duchess Agnes, and other Poems," and some years later a volume of a purely religious character, entitled "Songs of Consolation."

In 1866 Miss Craig married her cousin, Mr John Knox, iron merchant, London. She now only occasionally woos the muse, having betaken herself to writing serial tales for the *Quiver* and other monthlies. Her first venture in that department of literature was, if we mistake not, "Esther West," and appeared in the *Quiver*, and the latest we have read from her pen is "A Heroine of Home," which also appeared in the *Quiver* for 1880. While we admire her tales, so full of pleasant writing, and withal so free of sensationalism, we doubt not that

had she continued her poetic flights she would have soared to equal altitude with the best of our female singers.

### "OUR FATHER."

Among the little ones,
"Our Father," let me say,
I learn the holy childhood thus,
And am a child as they.

Among the servants, Lord,
I breathe the prayer divine,
A servant among servants, so
A servant—theirs and thine.

"Our Father," among men—
The evil and the good—
Daily for all on thee I call,
And own their brotherhood.

Child, servant, brother, thus
Alone can I be one
With Him by whom in perfectness
The Father's will was done.

### MY MARY AN' ME.

We were baith neebor bairns, thegither we play'd,
We loved our first love, an' our hearts never stray'd;
When I got my young lassie her first vow to gie,
We promised to wait for each ither a wee.

My mither was widow'd when we should hae wed,
An' the nicht when we stood roun' my faither's death-bed,
He charged me a husband and father to be,
While my young orphan sisters clung weeping to me.

I kent nae, my Mary, what high heart was thine,
Nor how brightly thy love in a dark hour wad shine,
Till in doubt and in sorrow, ye whisper'd to me,
"Win the blessing o' Heaven for thy Mary and thee."

An' years hae flown by deeply laden wi' care,
But Mary has help'd me their burden to bear,
She gave me my shield in misfortune and wrong,
'Twas she that aye bade me be steadfast and strong.

Her meek an' quiet spirit is aye smooth as now,
Her saft shinin' hair meekly shades her white brow,
A few silver threads 'mang its dark faulds I see,
They tell me how lang she has waited on me.

Her cheek has grown paler, for she too mann toil,
Her sma' hands are thinner, less mirthfu' her smile;
She aft speaks o' heaven, and if she should dee,
She tells me that there she'll be waitin' on me.

## TREASURED.

Who hath not treasured something of the past,
The lost, the buried, or the far away.
Twined with those heart affections which outlast
All save their memories? these outlive decay:
A broken relic of our childhood's play,
A faded flower that long ago was fair,
Mute token of a love that died untold,
Or silken curl, or lock of silv'ry hair,
The brows that bore them long since in the mould.
Though these may call up griefs that else had slept,
Their twilight sadness o'er the soul to bring,
Not every tear in bitterness is wept,
While they revive the drooping flowers that spring
Within the heart, and round its ruined altars cling.

## A FATHER TO HIS INFANT DAUGHTER.

Mine, sweet life, mine!
Thou art a jewel fair for me to keep
And to make shine—
A mine's rich ore to gather in a heap
And to refine—
A field to sow and reap.

And, sweet life, thou
Art like an early morning when the sun
First lights its brow,
Telling us of a glorious day begun;
And such is now
Thy beauty, lovely one.

Mine, sweet love, mine!
My name shall be the first those bright lips speak;
And pressed to mine
In blushing girlhood oft shall be thy cheek;
Those arms shall twine
Around me old and weak.

And thou wilt love,
And they who love must weep—but I will guide
Thee early, dove,
Into an ark where thou may'st safely hide
Until above
Earth's storms thou dost abide.

. . . . . .

### A SONG OF SUMMER.

I will sing a song of summer,
Of bright summer as it dwells,
Amid leaves, and flowers, and sunshine,
In love haunts and grassy dells.
Lo! the hill-encircled valley
Is like an emerald cup,
To its inmost depths all glowing,
With sunshine brimming up.
Here I'd dream away the daytime,
And let happy thoughts have birth,
And forget there's aught but glory,
Aught but beauty on the earth.

Not a speck of cloud is floating
In the deep blue overhead,
'Neath the trees the daisied verdure
Like a broidered couch is spread.
The rustling leaves are dancing,
With the light wind's music stirred,
And in gushes through the stillness
Comes the song of woodland bird.
Here I'd dream away the daytime,
And let gentlest thoughts have birth,
And forget there's aught but gladness,
Aught but peace upon the earth.

## JOSEPH NOEL PATON.

SIR JOSEPH NOEL PATON, R.S.A., LL.D., Her Majesty's Limner for Scotland, was born at Dunfermline in 1821. His father was a popular designer for the damask manufacturers for which the town is noted, and a man of no ordinary abilities. He was a Fellow of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, and a zealous collector of relics of every kind associated with the ancient palaces and general history of Scotland. Through his mother, the subject of our sketch could claim direct descent from the chiefs of some of the most noted clans of the North, and doubtless the young artist and poet heard from her many exciting recitals of traditionary lore, which

could hardly fail to exercise an influence on his character and habits of thought. The circumstances of his childhood and early youth thus tended in no ordinary way to develop his taste for painting. The first proofs of his early talent were the natural outcome of this training. In 1838 he completed a water-colour drawing of "The Combat between Bothwell and Balfour," from Scott's "Old Mortality," which elicited the favourable notice of Mr, afterwards Sir George Harvey, and in the following year he illustrated another subject from the "Waverley Novels," "Annot Lyle Playing," from the "Legend of Montrose." In 1841-2, he supplied gratuitously illustrations for the *Renfrewshire Annual*, and contributed a number of verses to its pages.

In 1850 he became an Academician of the Royal Scottish Academy, and in 1855 he was appointed Limner to the Queen for Scotland, an office of ancient standing in the Scottish royal household. Two years later he received the honour of knighthood at Windsor Castle from the hands of the Queen. He is a Commissioner of the Hon. the Board of Manufactures, and one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. He received, in 1876, the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh. Of Sir Noël's numerous works in various departments of art we do not require here to speak in detail. They comprise illustrations of classical and northern mythology, of poetical and Scriptural subjects; and are all characterised by an allegorical or didactic tendency. But it is not only as an artist that Sir Noël Paton has won wide reputation; and although he modestly considers himself an unlicensed poacher on the preserves of Apollo, and tells us that he "hesitates to appear amongst better-accredited sportsmen," his two volumes of poetry—"Poems by a Painter" (1862), and "Spindrift" (1866)—are characterised by the elaborate detail and overflowing fancy which form so great an attraction in his well-

known works. These volumes speedily won for him recognition as a worthy member of the literary guild. Sir Noël is still an occasional contributor to the current periodical literature of the day.

### THE CHIEFTAIN'S CORONACH.

Far from his mountain-peaks and moorlands brown,
Far from the rushing thunder of the Spey,
Amid the din and turmoil of the town
A Highland Chieftain on his death-bed lay:
Dying in pride of manhood, ere to gray
One lock had turned, or from his eagle face
And stag like form Time's touch of slow decay
Had reft the strength and beauty of his race:
And as the feverish night drew sadly on,
'Music!' they heard him breathe in low beseeching tone.

From where beside his couch she weeping leant,
Uprose the fair-haired daughter of his love,
And touched with tremulous hand the instrument,
Singing, with tremulous voice that vainly strove
To still its faltering, songs that wont to move
His heart to mirth in many a dear home-hour;
But not to-night thy strains, sweet, sorrowing dove,
To fill the hungering of his heart have power!
And hark! he calls—aloud—with kindling eye,
"Ah! might I hear a pibroch once before I die!"

Was it the gathering silence of the grave
Lent ghostly prescience to his yearning ear?
Was it the pitying God who heard, and gave
Swift answer to his heart's wild cry?—For clear,
Though far, but swelling nearer and more near,
Sounded the mighty war-pipe of the Gael
Upon the night-wind! In his eye a tear
Of sadness gleamed; but flusht his visage pale
With the old martial rapture. On his bed
They raised him. When it passed—the Mountaineer
was dead!

Yet ere it pass, ah! doubt not he was borne
Away in spirit to the ancestral home
Beyond the Grampians, where, in life's fresh morn,
He scaled the crag and stemmed the torrent's foam;
Where the lone corrie he was wont to roam,
A light-foot hunter of the deer! But where,
Alas! to-day, beneath the cloudless dome
Of this blue autumn heaven, the clansmen bear
His ashes, with the coronach's piercing knell,
To sleep amid the wilds he loved in life so well

## SONG.

With the sunshine, and the swallows, and the flowers,
She is coming, my belovéd, o'er the sea!
And I sit alone and count the weary hours,
Till she cometh in her beauty back to me;
And my heart will not be quiet,
But, in a "purple riot,"
Keeps ever madly beating
At the thought of that sweet meeting,
When she cometh with the summer o'er the sea;
All the sweetness of the south
On the roses of her mouth,
All the fervour of its skies
In her gentle northern eyes,
As she cometh, my belovéd, home to me!

No more o' nights, the shivering north complains,
But blithe birds twitter in the crimson dawn;
No more the fairy frost-flowers fret the panes,
But snowdrops gleam by garden-path and lawn;
And at times a white cloud wingeth
From the southland up, and bringeth
A warm wind, odour-laden,
From the bowers of that fair Aden
Where she lingers by the blue Tyrrhenian Sea;
And I turn my lips to meet
Its kisses faint and sweet;
For I know from her's they've brought
The message, rapture-fraught:
"I am coming, love, with summer, home to thee!"

## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Sweet! in the flowery garland of our love,
Where fancy, folly, frenzy interwove,
Our diverse destinies, not all unkind,
A secret strand of purest gold entwined.

While bloomed the magic flowers we scarcely knew,
The gold was there. But now their petals strew
Life's pathway; and instead, with scarce a sigh,
We see the cold but fadeless circlet lie.

With scarce a sight and yet the flowers were fair,
Fed by youth's dew and love's enchanted air:
Ay, fair as youth and love; but doomed, alas!
Like these and all things beautiful, to pass.

But this bright thread of unadulterate ore—
Friendship—will last though Love exist no more;
And though it lack the fragrance of the wreath,—
Unlike the flowers, it hides no thorn beneath.

## JAMES H. STODDART.

THE accomplished editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, was born in Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire, in 1832. Mr Stoddart's first outset in the world was in the *Scotsman* office in 1850. He afterwards filled commercial situations till he joined the *Herald* as sub-editor twenty years ago, and became editor in 1875. It is unnecessary for us to refer here to the elegance and versatility of his literary talents. These are well known to the public. Many things—poetic and otherwise—from his pen have appeared in magazines, &c., but his miscellaneous writings have not as yet been issued in a collected form.

Although "Village Life" was published anonymously by Mr Maclehose in 1879, it soon became known that Mr Stoddart was its author. The book received wide popularity. It contains many passages remarkable for power of thought and depth of feeling, and the descriptions of village worthies show keen observation and a continuity of interest reminding one of Crabb's "Parish Register," or Balfour's "Characters." The length of the sketches prevent our giving any entire, so we can only give the opening portion of two. "The Beadle," "The Doctor," "The Old Boatman," "The Schoolmaster," and "The Blacksmith." would make excellent public readings—the latter is a bit of a philosopher, and a powerful debater on the subjects of "the new Faith," "Evolution," &c.

### THE BLACKSMITH.

Here, on the outskirts of the wood,
We reach the village smithy—hear
The ring of hammers, see the glow
Upon the hearth, and in the shed
Cart wheels and ploughshares, old and red
With rust, a grindstone large and good,
An iron circle true to throw
The hot rim of the wheel upon,
And give it truth of form when cool.

The cottage joins the smithy, fair
With climbing plants in open bloom :
And at the windows blossom rare
Geraniums, mixing their perfume
With homely scents. A pretty home,
Busy and frugal—and its lord?
Ah ! at the anvil see the smith,
See the broad grimy brow all scored
With heavy drops of sweat that fall
Quick hissing on the iron hot,
Each time his hairy arm brings down
A mighty stroke that shakes the spot,
And owns the brawny wielder's pith.

Substantial steadfast man was he,
Who shod the horses, forged the ploughs,
Who tilled the glebe that kept his cows,
Stern in his ways, as ought to be
The father of a filling house.

But when you see him toss his tongs
Down in the trough to rest awhile,
Then look about him with a smile,
And ask at last with rasping lungs
Something of a contentious sort,
Expect brave controversial sport.
Begun at first with cautious wile
To stave the issue off a while,
Sly hits the loutish audience know,
And laugh and swing them to and fro ;
But soon the bellows, blowing bright,
Whitens the argument ; and right
Down ring the disputatious blows,
Swift, bright, and thick the sparkles whirr,
And, flying to the rafters, wake
The lurking rats into a stir—
Justly the end of high debate,
When rats have lodgings in the state.

A man of great renown the smith,
His ready tongue, his arm of pith,
His rugged face, his honest eye,
His pride, untouched by vanity,
His sturdy reasonableness, the stand
He takes for doctrines old and grand,
Make him the village head and chief.
Some glimpses of the newer light,
Some glimm'rings from the science sphere,
Some crude conceptions, caught in brief,
Of the new Faith and the new Sight
To Evolutionists so dear,
Had reached him. But think not that these
Disturbed the adamantine base
On which his faith is founded fast.

Why, is he not a Calvinist?
Believing in th' Eternal Will
Whose purposes the worlds fulfil,
Order, and law, and Will Divine
Were one to him; and God's decree
The root of a vast living tree,
Branching and intertwisting wide,
And filling all the ages still,
A growing trunk whose mystery
Was solved by the ascending sap
From fountain-thought of Deity.

. . . . . .

## THE VILLAGE.

You see the village from the moor.
A long descent by narrow path—
White in the sun it glisteneth—
Leads to the dwellings of the poor,
Embosomed in the leafly trees.
And flowing through with pebbly ease
A little trouting burn is seen,
Its grassy banks the village green:
A pleasant place when summer weaves
With flow'ry weft the grassy sod,
And hangs the elm and ash with leaves,
Rustling around the cottage eaves,
When soft winds breathe abroad;
Most beautiful when golden light
Shines from the western sky at night,
And light the face of children fair
Who play beside the stream, or round
The trees in merry jingo-ring
Go dancing, till their glossy hair
Is shaken loosely o'er their eyes.
There, maidens croon and young men sing,
And old men gabble over pipes,
And old wives chatter with old wives,
And all the bright light glorifies—
Young life and old life hallowed there
By golden beauty of the trees,
By shining grass, by purple cloud,
By mellow rainfall, by the breeze
That turns the leaves and stirs the locks,
By deepening shadows of the night,
By the blue sky and starry light;
Ideal gleams of heaven and earth
Play round the humble cottar's hearth,

Descend with me, a little while,
The homes of homely men to see,—
Here half-way is a broken stile,
And gushing bright, and clear, and free,
Out of the red sand by its side,
A shallow well invites to drink.

A moment pause upon its brink,
Or stoop recumbent on the knee,
With planted hands outstretching wide,
Like the select of Gideon's band;
And dipping face and lapping tongue
Into the fountain, understand
How thirst was slaked when earth was young,
And the wine cup was yet unsung.

This is the trysting well and style:
Here may be seen the village maid
At gloaming half afraid to stay,
Yet trusting that not far away,
Some one is coming to beguile
A sweet brief hour with her; and shade
His and her eyes of gleaming love,
With modest shawl drawn close above
Their leaning heads, and arms that lock
Each other in Too soon the clock
From village homes sounds out the hour
That separates, and seems to mock
The love that binds them in its power.

And legends, too, there are to tell,
Old legends of the stile and well—
That well, or trysting place has not
Its antique story, deftly wrought
From fancy and from fact? Somehow
The poet lingers there, and weaves
From ancient myth and modern fact
A tragic tale, ar comic act—
A ghostly narrative that leaves
A faint sensation even now
That something eerie is about—
Something that tempts the maiden out,
That draws her to the place where love
Was in the olden time supreme,—
Tragic or happy, matters not—
She hopes the best, and hopes, in sooth,
That love, all love, will be her lot.
The village swain, he too may deem,
With half bold superstitious face
The while he meets her, that the place
Is sacred to the trust and truth
And triumphs of dear innocence,
And awed he may be by the sense
Of time and place, and legend old.

Now we have drunk, and ruminate
Not on the tales the charmed relate;
But on the youth and love that glow
Around the trysting place, and throw
The warmth of true romance upon
The humble villagers below.

Here each has sought his careful mate,
And placed her on his homely throne;
Both may be old, and grown sedate,
But still may catch the sense of youth,
The sense of love, the while they pass
The spot where love was linked to truth:
Or think of daughters waiting there,
Or sons who wander o'er the grass,
With passions opening to the air.

## EFFIE WILLIAMSON,

FACTORY-WORKER, is a native of Galashiels, and, with the exception of a few years she spent in Ireland, has lived all her life in that town or neighbourhood. Her education was not superior to the average given to the children of working people. It is only some five years since she first began to write, and no one was more surprised than she herself was when she discovered that she could write verses of such merit as to find ready admission not only in the papers of our own country, but also abroad, as well as in some of our best-known magazines. Though fated to attend the loom, and keep the shuttles busy flying, she possesses a genuine love for poetry, and has found leisure, amid these more imperative avocations, to attend to the woof and warp of song. She tells us that many of her verses have been composed amid the noise and din of the factory:—

Thus to the music of its chimes
I weave my sad or cheery rhymes;
When in my heart fierce passions rise,
My sympathetic loom replies;
The pickers strick with angry blow—
With loud click, clack, the shuttles go.
But when of wood and vale I dream
They glide along like bubbling stream;
Anon responsive to my sighs,
To plaintive wail its echo dies,
As it too felt my weight of woe.

Although we find an occasional shade of pensiveness she more frequently writes with a breezy freshness, wafting thoughts from town life to verdant regions of natural beauty, shady woods and mossy dells. She sings very sweetly of early flowers, rippling brooks, and woodland sounds. None of her pieces sink below mediocrity. Their sentiment is always good, elevating, and hopeful, while many of them manifest scintillations of true poetry. Although she has already proved herself a prolific writer, she has not as yet published in book form. We feel certain she would meet with great success if she saw her way to collect her pieces. The following poem appeared recently in *Chambers's Journal*, with this foot-note:—"These lines are the production of a Scottish mill-girl, and we have much pleasure in giving them the publicity they merit."

### A SUMMER-DAY REVERIE.

June's blooming flowers and fragrance sweet,
Forth to the woods beguile our feet,
With unresisted spell;
Fond memories lure us to the spot
Where grows the blue Forget-me-not,
The flower we love so well.

Bright flower! to love and friendship dear:
Thy name falls softly on our ear,
With sweetness ever new;
Wafts back our thoughts on Fancy's wing
To sunny memories that cling
Around thy petals blue.

Unmarked the moments as they flow;
When seen in light of long ago,
How precious in our eyes!
Our yesterdays, too fair to last,
To-day, when numbered with the past,
Surpassing bright shall rise.

Why should we thus regretful sigh
For sunny pleasures long gone by,
And present joys forget?
To-day, for us the sunbeams fall,
And blooming flowers our hearts enthrall
In dewy fragrance set.

And dearer, sweeter joys are ours
Than sunlit skies or dewey flowers
Could e'er to us impart;
For us the wondrous world of Thought
Rare gems from every clime has brought,
Enriching mind and heart.

For us to-day, in golden store,
Nature and Art their treasures pour,
And love-sweet offerings bring;
Ah! whisper not of Time's decay,
Though all of earth must pass away,
Faith lifts her drooping wing.

Not in the sunny Past our rest,
Nor present joys shall end our quest
For full and perfect bliss;
Revealed alone to Faith's glad sight
Where time nor change our hopes can blight,
A fairer world than this!

## CURLY POW.

"Me curly pow," she brightly said,
And, laughing, shook her pretty head.
All over eyes and brow
Her flaxen locks in triumph spread—
Bewitching curly pow.

"Me bonnie lassie," next her strain;
With roguish glance she smiles again.
Who could reproach her now?
At two years old, alas! how vain—
O naughty curly pow!

"Me little woman;" ah, sweet pet
E'er woman's tears thy bright eyes wet,
Or care-lines mark thy brow,
Rejoice; long years of childhood yet
Are thine, wee curly pow.

## MY NATIVE LAND.

Let others roam from shore to shore,
The rapture of their hearts outpour
On Alpine lakes and mountains grand;
Enough for me could I explore
The beauties of my native land.

Thy hills and vales, to me how dear!
Thy wimpling streams, so bright and clear!
Kind Nature hath with lavish hand
Clothed thee in beauty, far and near—
None other like my native land.

. . . . . .

Succeeding seasons pleasures bring ;
The fresh green leaves and flowers of spring
To summer glories soon expand ;
And winter snowflakes softly fling
A white robe o'er my native land.

When sparkling lies the morning dew,
Or brightly smiles the noonday blue,
I praise the skill and love that planned
And wakes to life each morn anew
The beauties of my native land.

## FALLING LEAVES.

While summer beauties fast decay,
O'er flowers for ever passed away
My spirit grieves :
Brown Autumn paints with colours gay
The falling leaves.

How much of beauty lingers still !
The yellow corn-ricks on the hill
In golden sheaves,
And happy birds their songs can trill
O'er falling leaves.

O Autumn mornings, calm and bright !
All through the silent hours of night
Some fairy weaves
A glittering robe of frost-work white
To deck the leaves.

Shall I alone, with downcast head,
Still murmur over flowerets dead,
And bygone eves ?
With half-reluctant feet I tread
The rustling leaves.

Ah ! thus it is in life's brief May :
Bright hope, like flowers in colours gay,
The heart deceives ;
Alas ! how soon it fades away
To withered leaves.

'Tis ever so with joys of earth :
But hopes there are of nobler birth
No heart deceives ;
Go, seek those joys of priceless worth,
Unfading leaves.

Now cease, my heart, your vain regret ;
Unfading flowers are blooming yet
For soul that grieves :
What folly thus to pine and fret,
O'er earth's poor leaves.

## O, I WISH IT WERE WEEL AWA'!

They tell me to sing o' the snaw,
  Lying cauld an' chill,
  O'er valley an' hill;
But I see nae its beauties ava'.
  The puir bairnies greet,
  Wi' their chilblain'd feet,
An' I wish it were weel awa'—
O, I wish it were weel awa'!

The woods may look bonnie an' braw,
  Wi' starry white gems,
  On a' the bare stems;
An' the grand folk up at the Ha',
  Wha hae plenty meal,
  An' siller as weel,
May sing o' the bonnie white snaw—
May sing o' the bonnie white snaw!

The wee birdies cower on the wa',
  Nae heart for the sang
  That cheered us sae lang,
Though softly the fairy flakes fa'.
  They likena the scene,
  For frosty winds keen
Ha'e left neither doghip nor ha'—
Ha'e left neither doghip nor ha'!

O cauld, cauld the frosty winds blaw,
  An' it's hard to thole;
  Nae siller for coal,
For some canna get work ava',
  While this dainty white gown
  Lies o'er a' the town,
An' they wish it were weel awa'—
O, they wish it were weel awa'!

Blaw, fresh winds, an' hasten the thaw,
  The burnies set free,
  Shake doun frae the tree
The frost gems sae bonnie an' braw;
  Let the wee flowers spring,
  An' wi' licht hearts we'll sing,
Farewell to the frost an' the snaw—
Farewell to the frost an' the snaw!

## REV. JAMES PATON, B.A.,

AUTHOR of "The Children's Psalm," "Leila, and other Poems," and "Lays of the Scotch Worthies," was born in 1843 at Torthorwald, a village beautifully situated on the slope of the hills that separate Nithsdale from Annandale, by the old coach road from Lockerbie to Dumfries, and four miles from the latter town. He was educated at the village school, and went direct therefrom to the University. Mr Paton's parents came of that fine old peasant stock which are the glory of Scotland —his father being a sincere and intelligent Cameronian. Our poet took the degree of B.A. in his seventeenth year at the University of Glasgow. He afterwards, during three winters, acted as Classical and advanced English Master in Belmont Academy, Greenock, prosecuting his studies for the ministry at the summer sessions of the Reformed Presbyterian Hall, and for two years acted as tutor to a young gentleman in Edinburgh. He was licensed as a preacher in his twenty-first year, and immediately thereafter he was ordained in charge of a small congregation of "New Light" Reformed Presbyterians at Airdrie. His ministrations began in a schoolroom to a congregation of 60 or 70 people, but in a few years the members numbered 500, with a church and manse of their own. In 1873, Mr Paton, with nine-tenths of his people with him, joined the Church of Scotland, and by their exertions raised and endowed the new church and parish of Flowerhill. Airdrie, at a total expenditure of £10,500. He was inducted to St George's, Paisley, in 1879, and ministers there with wide and growing acceptance to a very large congregation. Mr Paton is the youngest of a family of eleven, other two of whom are preachers —the Rev. John G. Paton, New Hebrides, and Rev. Walter R. Paton, Chapelton.

"The Children's Psalm" was published in London in 1870, and has been long out of print. It was much admired for the freshness and excellence of its contents, the skill with which they were arranged, and the aptness and poetical beauty of the hymns with which the meditations are interspersed. "Leila, and other Poems" was published by Mr Gardner, Paisley, in 1875, and the entire edition has also been sold. It was written almost entirely in the author's 'teens. Some of the shorter pieces were greatly admired by the press, and were considered much superior to the poem from which the volume takes its name. The last and most mature production, "Lays of the Scotch Worthies," under the *nom-de-plume* of J. P. Wellwood, issued by the same publisher in 1881, manifestly springs from Mr Paton's training and surroundings. The field on which he has entered is certainly the grandest in the history of our country. If he be spared to complete the theme, and sing the lays of Scotland's "worthies" from the dawn of the Reformation in Patrick Hamilton, to its final triumph at the Revolution, after the death of James Renwick, he will doubtless produce a work of eminent usefulness and of lasting fame. As to the historical value of these poems, we believe they can be relied on, being substantiated by the best authorities, to the study of which the author has devoted patient years; while the copious notes appended to the volume are valuable to the careful reader. Historical poems are difficult to compose so as to secure truth, with smoothness of rhythm, and in this Mr Paton may occasionally fail, although it is generally quite evident that he possesses the imagination, fire, and fancy that we look for in the genuine poet.

### THE MAY-DAY OF THE WORLD.

Hark. O hark! 'tis the children's song,
Bursting sweet and clear,
Too happy to walk—they dance along,

And music breaks from each merry tongue,
While they hail, with chorus soft yet strong,
The May-Day of the Year :—

"Hail, Queen May, in thy primrose crown,
Gemmed with snow-drops clear ;
Life leaps wherever thy step goes down,
Flowers spangle the old earth's bosom brown—
Thou breathest joy through village and town,
O May-Day of the Year !"

A white-haired pilgrim, sad and lorn,
Shook the dewdrops clear
From his bed beneath the wayside thorn,
And muttered :—"Would I had ne'er been born !
There cometh, to Hearts all blighted and torn,
*No* May-Day in the Year !"

Forth stepped a boy, whose radiant brow
Shone like noontide clear :—
"Oh ! hark ye, my merry playmates, now,
Let each a bit of his cake allow,
And we'll show this white-haired pilgrim, how
May-Day comes to his Year."

Forth stepped a girl, whose golden hair
Wave-like streamed and curled ;
She gathered from each the old man's share ;—
Weeping he took it, and called her fair,
Then hailed, with a cry of hope and prayer,
The May-Day of the World :—

"All-hail brave boys and girls divine,
Clear-browed, golden-curled ;
When love shall human hearts entwine—
And Christ through all human actions shine—
Then cometh, despite lorn hearts like mine,
The May-Day of the World !"

Hark, O hark ! how the children sing,
Clear-browed, golden-curled :—
Pure faith, sweet hope, in each bosom spring !
O charity, thrill each warm heart-string !
And bear us a race, who shall glory to bring
The May-Day of the World.

## THE PRINCESS ALICE.

I saw a soft-haired sunny child in Britain's Palace fair,
O'er whom a Royal Mother smiled and stroked her silken hair ;
"This one," quoth Albert Good and Wise, as she clambered on his knee,
"This merry girl's the flower and prize of all our family-tree."

I saw a maiden in her prime amongst our Highland hills,
She clomb M'Dhui's crest sublime and leapt the mountain rills ;
The flush of health illumed her face, the light of love her eye—
Balmoral shone with double grace when Alice fair was nigh !
The Royal Stuart tartan hung around her like a charm—
No wonder brave Prince Louis clung so closely to her arm.
'Twas love that drew the happy pair with sweet affection's power,
And Britain gave to Hesse's heir good Albert's pet and flower.

I saw a happy Royal bride, on eve of marriage day,
Lay all her gems and robes aside and kneel where Albert lay ;
She wrestled with the dread disease—she soothed his fevered head—
The mother Queen upon her knees she calmed and comforted—
And then she " Rock of Ages " sang, it was his *last* request,
And quelled her heart with many a pang to sing his soul to rest !
O God, from all Thy Paradise no angel more could do
For our dear Albert Good and Wise, than did his Alice true ;
And though from Death she could not save whom God had called above,
She gemmed his pathway to the grave far down with lights of love.

I saw a queenly lady move, in high grand ducal court,
Midst Princes' praise and people's love, where arts and arms resort ;
In all that made life good or fair—that blessed or hettered man—
Alice of Britain, Hesse's heir, still led the noble van :—
Glad when the light of learning came, or art's diviner glow,
To warm her spirit at the flame and soar with those who know ;
But gladder still—the soldiers' hall with angel-light to cheer,
Who lay in Darmstadt Hospital for Fatherland so dear ;
But gladder, gladder still was she, with Louis by her side,
And all their children at her knee, around her own fireside !
She, like her Royal mother cursed those worthless women-things
That think it *vulgar* to have nursed the babe that from them springs ;
Though great in all the charms that grace and beautify our life,
Greater in her true woman's place as sister, mother, wife !

I saw that queenly lady bow beside Great Britain's heir—
And none could soothe his fevered brow like that sweet sister fair ;
The night on which ten years ago the good Prince Albert died –
That awful night through tears and woe she kept her brother's side ;
She wrestled with the fever fierce till baffled Death withdrew,
And Britain kissed through prayers and tears that tender hand and true
Which robbed by might of love the tomb, and dared from Death-shade bring
Victoria's son in manhood's bloom—our Prince and future King.

I saw an anxious mother weep in Hesse Darmstadt's Halls—
Death's wing waves where her children sleep, and all her heart appalls!
She nursed the children one by one—she watched her husband's bed—
And would resign the task to none which God had on her laid;
And when, from out her darling band, Death stole away the prize,
No hireling's, but a mother's hand closed little Marie's eyes.
Supreme in self-control till then no tender kiss she gave—
The good physicians, kindly men, had spoken words so grave;
But when to little Marie's mate—still weak—the news she bore,
And saw the brother's frenzied state for sister now no more,
The love which nought can quench or cloy, leapt fearless from its sheath—
She clasped and kissed her darling boy—it was the kiss of death!
And when she bowed her own bright head, which oft had death defied,
Good Louis pale from troubled bed, came tottering to her side;
And all the loves from Fatherland thronged weeping where she lay,
And all the loves from Britain's strand—two nations weep and pray!
In vain her toil-worn spirit strove awhile with parting breath,
Then, martyr to her mother-love—she died a worthy death.

Alas, this day, this fatal day, on which Prince Albert died,
The Princess Alice passed away to glory at his side!
Alas this day for our good Queen! she boweth crushed and lone—
Where Frogmore's sacred shrine is seen, her broken hearth doth moan.
Yet bear thee up, O widowed heart, and think that thou hast been
The good Prince Albert's better part, and Alice' mother-queen;
The people bless thee for their sakes and hold thee doubly dear:—
From arts or arms no glory breaks like that which centres here—
Glory of motherhood and home—parents' and children's love—
A glory that survives the tomb and blooms afresh above!

## GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D.D.

ALTHOUGH a native of New York, is of Scotch parentage, and being the author of the beautiful and ever-popular song, "The Auld Scotch

Sangs," is sufficient excuse for giving him a place here. We believe very few of our readers know anything about the poet. As far as we can learn he was born of Scotch parents in 1805, resided in Brooklyn, and was long acknowledged as an accomplished scholar and eloquent pulpit orator. Dr Bethune was a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church at Utica, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn. He is author of various volumes, including several theological works, "British Female Poets," and "Lays of Love and Faith," from which we give the following pieces. He also edited an edition of "Walton's Complete Angler," and wrote for it a valuable bibliographical preface, &c. Many of his works, we are told, were written and compiled in the moments of relief from graver studies—the occupation of moments when others would be looking out of the windows. The poems and songs from which we give extracts are particularly melodious, thoughtful, and tender, while his classical fragments prove his extensive knowledge, and there is a relish of mingled scholarship and fun in some of his epigrams most rare in those days. The version we give of the "Auld Scotch Sangs" contains an additional verse to any we have seen in Scottish song books.

### THE AULD SCOTCH SANGS.

O! sing to me the auld Scotch sangs,
  I' the braid Scottish tongue,
The sangs my father loved to hear,
  The sangs my mither sung;
When she sat beside my cradle,
  Or croon'd me on her knee,
An' I wad na sleep, she sang sae sweet,
  The auld Scotch sangs to me.

Yes! sing the auld, the gude auld sangs,
  Auld Scotia's gentle pride,
O' the wimpling burn and the sunny brae,
  An' the cosie ingle-side;
Sangs o' the broom an' heather,
  Sangs o' the trysting tree,
The laverock's lilt and the gowan's blink;
  The auld Scotch sangs for me!

Sing ony o' the auld Scotch sangs,
The blythesome or the sad;
They mak' me smile when I am wae,
An' greet when I am glad.
My heart gaes back to auld Scotland,
The saut tears dim mine e'e,
An' the Scotch bluid leaps in a' my veins,
As ye sing thae sangs to me.

Sing on, sing mair o' thae auld sangs;
For ilka ane can tell
O' joy or sorrow i' the past,
Where memory loves to dwell;
Though hair win gray, and limbs win auld,
Until the day I dee,
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings
The auld Scotch sangs to me.

## O! HAPPY WAS THE GLOAMIN'.

O! happy was the gloamin', when
I gently woo'd and won thee,
As through the shadows o' the glen
The young moon smiled upon thee.
Thine e'en were like the stars aboon,
Thy step was like the fairy,
And sweeter than the throstle's tune
Was thy saft voice, my Mary.
Thy han' in mine, my cheek to thine,
Our beating hearts thegither,
And mair than a' the warld beside
Were we to ane anither.

Fu' mony a day we twa hae seen,
Fu' mony a day o' sorrow;
And clouds that lowered the yester-e'en,
Grew blacker on the morrow;
Yet never was the day sae sad,
Nor night sae mirk and eerie,
But ae fond kiss could mak' us glad,
My ain dear faithfu' Mary.
Thy han' in mine, my cheek to thine,
Our beating hearts thegither,
The warld might frown, but what cared we,
Sae we had ane anither?

And now, as in the gloamin' sweet,
When first my passion won thee,
I homeward come at e'en to meet
And fondly gaze upon thee;
Tho' locks be gray on ilka brow,
And feet be slow and wearie,
O, ne'er to me sae dear wert thou,
Nor I to thee, my Mary.

Thy han' in mine, my cheek to thine,
Our beating hearts thegither,
Whate'er may change, thae hearts are still
The same to ane anither.

The gloamin' dim o' passing life,
Is fa'ing gently o'er us;
And here we sit, auld man and wife,
Nor dread the night before us;
For we maun lift to heaven hie
A lightsome hope and cheerie,
Nor fear to lay us doon and dee,
And wak' aboon, my Mary.
Thy han' in mine, my cheek to thine,
Our faithfu' hearts thegither;
Welcome be death to tak' the ane,
Gin he will tak' the ither.

## WORDS FOR MUSIC.

I love to sing when I am glad,
Song is the echo of my gladness;
I love to sing when I am sad,
Till song makes sweet my very sadness.
'Tis pleasant time, when voices chime
To some sweet rhyme in concert only;
And song to me is company,
Good company, when I am lonely.

Whene'er I greet the morning light,
My song goes forth in thankful numbers,
And, 'mid the shadows of the night,
I sing me to my welcome slumbers.
My heart is stirred by each glad bird,
Whose notes are heard in summer's bowers;
And song gives birth to friendly mirth
Around the hearth, in wintry hours.

Man first learned song in Paradise,
From the bright angels o'er him singing;
And in our home, above the skies,
Glad anthems are for ever ringing.
God lends his ear, well pleased to hear
The songs that cheer His children's sorrow;
Till day shall break, and we shall wake
Where love will make unfading morrow.

Then let me sing while yet I may,
Like him God loved, the sweet-tongued Psalmist,
Who found, in harp and holy lay,
The charm that keeps the spirit calmest;
For sadly here I need the cheer,
While sinful fear with promise blendeth;
O! how I long to join the throng,
Who sing the song that never endeth!

## EARLY LOST, EARLY SAVED.

Within her downy cradle, there lay a little child,
And a group of hovering angels unseen upon her smiled,
When a strife arose among them, a loving, holy strife,
Which should shed the richest blessing over the new-born life.

One breathed upon her features, and the babe in beauty grew,
With a cheek like morning's blushes, and an eye of azure hue;
Till every one who saw her, were thankful for the sight
Of a face so sweet and radiant with ever fresh delight.

Another gave her accents, and a voice as musical
As a spring-bird's joyous carol, or a rippling streamlet's fall;
Till all who heard her laughing, or her words of childish grace,
Loved as much to listen to her, as to look upon her face.

Another brought from heaven a clear and gentle mind,
And within the lovely casket the precious gem enshrined;
Till all who knew her wondered, that God should be so good,
As to bless with such a spirit a world so cold and rude.

Thus did she grow in beauty, in melody, and truth,
The budding of her childhood just opening into youth;
And to our hearts yet dearer, every moment than before,
She became, though we thought fondly, heart could not love her more.

Then out spake another angel, nobler, brighter than the rest,
As with strong arm, but tender, he caught her to his breast:
"Ye have made her all too lovely for a child of mortal race,
But no shade of human sorrow shall darken o'er her face;

"Ye have turned to gladness only the accents of her tongue,
And no wail of human anguish shall from her lips be wrung;
Nor shall the soul that shineth so purely from within
Her form of earth-born frailty, ever know a sense of sin.

"Lulled in my faithful bosom, I will bear her far away,
Where there is no sin, nor anguish, nor sorrow, nor decay:
And mine a boon more glorious than all your gifts shall be—
Lo! I crown her happy spirit with immortality!"

Then on his heart our darling yielded up her gentle breath,
For the stronger, brighter angel, who loved her best was Death!

## JAMES CHAPMAN,

AUTHOR of a very interesting little volume, entitled "A Legend of the Isles, and other Poems" (1878), is a poet of much delicacy of thought, and possesses a strongly-marked individuality of his own. He was born in 1835 on the Braes of Tillwhilly, near Upper Banchory, Kincardineshire. His father was a village blacksmith, and was somewhat famed for his mechanical skill. James received a very fair elementary education, but the family having removed farther up the Dee, to the neighbourhood of Kincardine O'Neil, Aberdeenshire, where his father leased a small farm, the subject of our sketch left school, and assisted his father till he attained his twenty-fourth year. He then, like many manly "north-country chaps," moved towards the south to push his fortune. He obtained an appointment in a public institution in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, and soon afterwards settled in Partick. During the last twenty years he has been in the service of that burgh in the capacity of a detective officer, and at present holds a responsible appointment in the sanitary department. He began to "rhyme" at an early age, and became well-known under the *nom-de-plume* of "Gnome." Mr Chapman still continues to contribute verses to several newspapers and magazines, and his volume having been very well received, we are pleased to learn that he has been induced to collect and revise his recent pieces for a second work.

Mr Chapman is not only a poet, however. He unites to poesy the sister arts of painting and engraving, and has proved that he possesses a fine taste for drawing, and several of his pictures show unusual talent. The delicate and fanciful frontispiece and title-page of his volume also shows that he is a tasteful engraver, and possesses original powers of design. He has written numerous fine poems, and as we have

already hinted, he excells in calm beauty and attractive grace. With strong earnestness and deep religious feeling he unites philosophic subtlety and beautiful creative imagination.

### THE SWORD AND THE CROSS.

"Halt, stranger! Who and whence art thou?
Nay hold thy hand, no need for swords;
'Twas rudely put, but I avow
No ill intent begat my words;
Thy garb and bearing called them forth,
For these proclaim thee from the north.

And I—ha! cousin, can it be
That thus I meet thee face to face?
So far from home—from Galilee—
At such an hour, in such a place!
But I'm a felon, and I fear
My claim of kinship irks thine ear.

Ay, Simon; there's an angry wail
From cursed Samaria's plundered plains;
And Roman harpies sometimes fail
To garner foul extortion's gains;
Dark deeds are frequent now, and fame
Hath linked them with thy kinsman's name.

When we of Galilee, though few,
Proclaimed us freemen like our sires,
And Pilate's hirelings slew and slew—
Ay, even at our altar fires—*
While Judas, spurning Rome's decrees,
Fell fighting like the Maccabees:

My sword was red, my bosom bled,
But deeper wounds were in my soul;
To far Judea's hills I fled,
And now I haunt them like a ghoul—
Ha, ha, the haughty alien gang
Hath felt the trampled adder's fang!

But, virtuous Simon, tell me why
I find thee here, 'tween night and day,
'Twixt sterile earth and stormy sky,
Where wolves and robbers prowl and prey,
While greedy rival nets will rake
The scaly harvest from thy lake?"

"Cease, Korath, cease -thy jesting words
On earnest ears distasteful fall—
For, soul and body, I'm my Lord's,
For him I've left my earthly all:

* See Luke xiii. 1 and Acts v. 37.

Our Israel's woes at length have won
From heaven, her God's, and David's Son!

Messiah found me by the sea—
My aimless life was lost till then—
I heard His startling, 'Follow me,
And henceforth ye shall fish for men!'
To hear was to obey His call,
Faith fondly at His feet flung all.

Life falls like manna from His lips,
For never mortal spake like Him;
Mosaic meekness owns eclipse,
Our prophet-stars seem dull and dim,
And Israel's thronging thousands sing
Hosanas to their heavenly King.

The graves resign their pallid prey,
The devils fear His face and flee,
And thou—the golden streaks the grey,
The day is dawning—come and see!
Ay, cleanse thy robber-hands and come,
We'll wage a worthier war with Rome."

"Ha, kinsman, if thou sayest sooth,
The North will rise with glad accord,
Where many a hardy Hebrew youth
Now hides his sentiments and sword.
But hark! some foe intends offence,
The wind hath sounds that warn me hence.

Ha, ha! an outlaw's ears are keen,
The Gentile hounds are on my track;
My health demands a change of scene—
Those saints must only see my back,
Farewell, farewell! when next we meet
I'll lay my sword at Jesu's feet."

. . . . . .

The nails are driven—Jesus bleeds—
'Mid howl of scorn, and hiss of hate:
Whence are those evil twain whose deeds
Have earned them there a kindred fate?
The heavens have hid them in the gloom
That swathes yon charnel mound of doom!

How horrible! the lightning's gleam
Reveals the right-hand felon's brow,
And shrilly rings a woman's scream,
"My long lost Korath! is it thou?"
High-hearted Hebrew! all in vain
Thy rage, misguided, gnawed the chain.

His voice is raised—who can foresee?
Its echoes yet may ring through Rome!
Faith pleadeth, "Lord, remember me
When to Thy kingdom Thou art come."
And Grace respondeth, "Thou shalt be
This day in Paradise with me!"

## CULLODEN.

Let thy fancy, unfettered, have limitless sway,
And thro' space and thro' time let her waft thee away
To a dark, lonesome heath, and a dark, doleful day.
O'er Culloden's red plain
There's a star in its wane,
And it pales, and it pales, till it sinks o'er the main.

To the low, wailing prayers—to the dim, swimming eyes,
That are pleading, and pleading, and searching the skies,
It will never again in its glory arise.
But there lingers a power
In the Stuarts' white flower,
And their rose yet is wreathen round cottage and bower.

'Tis Culloden can tell how our forefathers strove
To exalt it on high its red rival above,
And our men gave their lives where our maids gave their love.
If 'twas error and crime,
'Twas an error sublime—
'Twas a crime that will win them the plaudits of time.

Tho' our mists gather grey in the grandeur and gloom,
Over cromlech and cairn, they hide not the bloom
Of the garlands that twine round the warrior's tomb.
There is peace—bless her sway;
May it ne'er pass away;
Be Culloden's, oh, Scotland! thy last battle day.

## THE MORAL RUBICON.

Time brings changes
And revenges:
Time builds up and Time lays low;
Oh, remember
Life's December!
Age must reap what youth may sow.

Though the sapling oak be pliant,
Though ye bend it to your will,
Can ye twist the gnarled giant,
That, of storm and time defiant,
With his shadow glooms the hill?

Though the brook that past you tinkles
May be turned to turn the wheel;
Though the adder's brood that twinkles
'Mong the rotting pine-tree's wrinkles
May be crushed beneath the heel;

When the flood its bound'ries breaketh,
Can a titan curb its wrath?
He may die his hate who wreaketh
On the venom'd snake that sneaketh
'Mong the heather in his path.

Take the whelp, a child may tame him
Ere his might the savage ken;
But the lion—can you blame him?
Ere the fetters gall and shame him,
He with gore will drench his den.

So with man: ye may persuade him
Ere entwined in Habit's chain,
But let years of guilt degrade him,
Though a seraph then essayed him,
He might plead and plead in vain.

Oh, restrain him—
Oh, regain him!
Ere the Rubicon be pass'd;
Shadows lengthen,
Habits strengthen,
Longer, stronger, to the last.

## BOCHT WIT'S BEST.

Wit's aye best when bocht;
I'm in love wi' Tammas,
Deeper than I thocht
When he left at Lammas.

I will sing a sang:
Ye'll tak' up the chorus
We've been dowie lang;
But the best's afore us.

Tam, though blythe and braw,
Didna please ma mither;
Sae atween the twa
I was in a swither.

I had need o' this:
I was far ower pettit;
Ilka dear won kiss
Cost him faucht to get it.

Noo that he's awa,
  He micht hae a hunner:
Pride has got a fa';
  Whar's he noo, I wunner.

Love 'll bring him back,
  Syne he will forgi'e me;
I've gane a' to wrack
  Since he partit wi' me.

Bonnie bloomed the brae
  Whar we met thegither;
Noo the mist creeps gray
  O'er the faded heather.

There I'll sit an' greet
  Till the cauld stars glimmer;
I'll be aff my feet,
  Lang ere it be simmer.

Dreams are ill to read:
  Ilka nicht I'm dreamin',
Either that he's dead,
  Or wi' unco' women.

But I'll sing a sang,
  An' ye'll join the chorus.
He'll be back ere lang:
  We've the best afore us.

## THOMAS M'QUEEN

WAS extensively known through Canada as a Scotch poet and an editor. He died in July, 1861. The Rev. W. Wye Smith, Toronto, tells us that three of his volumes, published between 1836 and 1850, were so well received that each soon ran through three editions. For some time he conducted the *Signal* newspaper at Goderich. He afterwards removed to Hamilton, and started the *Canadian*. M'Queen was a vigorous writer, and many of his poetical pieces are very beautiful. Several of these have a place in a volume entitled "Selections from

Canadian Poets," by Edward Hartley Dewart, published in Montreal in 1864.

## ADDRESS TO THE RIVER GARNOCK.

Oft, Garnock, oft in this lone spot,
In boyhood's brighter day,
With feelings ne'er to be forgot,
I marked thy waters onward float—
Wave after wave away.

And I marvelled much, as speedily
Thy dark waves floated on,
What length and breadth had floated by—
Whence wast thou—whither went'st—and why
Thy waters ne'er were done.

But years on years have sped away,
And in their devious course
Have blent my auburn locks with gray,
And scattered wrinkles and decay,
And tremblings of remorse.

Less lovely Spring's green robes appear,—
Less bright the moon's pale beam,
The summer's sun looks dull and drear,
And the former charms of Nature wear
The semblance of a dream.

The lightsome heart—the laughing eye—
The hope that lured me on—
The voice that sung my lullaby,
And the youthful peers that shared my joy—
These all are dead and gone.

The budding spring—the blooming May—
The blackbird's soothing strain—
The schoolboy's gambols on the way,
But bring to mind a happier day,
That cannot come again.

Again I come—but changed in all
Save the unborrowed name,
To list the once-loved waterfall
Pour forth its midnight madrigal,
Eternally the same.

No change has come on thee—the years
That fleetly have gone by,
And mingled sorrows, sighs, and tears,
And blighted hopes and fostered fears,
Have failed to drain thee dry.

Ages elapsed have seen thee glide,
Thou lonely moorland river;
Yet on thy undiminished tide,
Wave after wave thy bubbles ride
Majestical as ever.

Yon tower, of rude, unchartered day,
That frowns above thy stream,
In crumbling atoms seems to say:—
"*Man and his labours pass away*
*Unheeded as a dream.*"

Thou saw'st the Druid altars dyed
With blood of burning men;
With bow and quiver by his side,
He ranged for prey the forest wide,
The mountain and the glen.

He changed his painted skin and hair,
His creed and sacrifice—
And, humming through the woods of Blair
Thou heard'st Saint Winning's evening prayer
To countless deities.

Thou seest him still the child of change,
Nor less the child of thrall,
Abjuring Nature's healthy range
For prison-toil and commerce strange,
With scarce a God at all.

And yet thou art unchanged; the flood
Hath foamed and fled away,
Leaving thy calm and native mood
To sing to hill and vale and wood,
Thy philosophic lay.

Roll on, thou liquid glassy sheet;
Roll on, methinks I see,
In thy unbroken waters fleet,
A sign, a pledge, an emblem meet,
Of immortality.

My toil-worn frame, like thine may seem,
Fast sinking to decay;
My life, my spirit, like thy stream,
Lit up at heaven's unfading beam,
Must glow and glow for aye.

## ALEXANDER ROBERTSON

WAS born at Glengairn, parish of Ballater, Aberdeenshire, in 1825. He left his father's house when about sixteen years of age, and engaged in farm work until he was twenty-four. He then removed to the neighbourhood of Brechin, where he became "a minister's man," and afterwards acted as gardener and coachman to a gentleman in that town. Our poet is now keeper of the Abbey Public Bowling Green, Arbroath. He sings heartily, and has written numerous beautiful lyrics in the domestic vein.

### THE AULD BIRKEN TREE.

O Mary do ye mind on the auld birken tree,
Wi' lang drooping branches, that hung o'er you an' me,
As we sat beneath its shade, when simmer days were fine,
Or the lang simmer evenings o' auld langsyne?
Twice thirty years ha'e passed since the first time we met there,
When our hearts were young and innocent, we ken't nae grief nor care,
But guileless as the little lambs that sported blythe an' free,
Or the mavis singin' o'er us on the auld birken tree.

When the ewes were feeding quietly alang the heather braes,
And the lambs in groups were dancin' in the sun's pleasant rays,
And I was busy weavin' a birken wreath to thee,
As we sat beneath the shadow o' the auld birken tree.
When the gloamin' gather'd round us, and the bughtin' time drew nigh,
And the evening star was glancin' bright alang the eastern sky,
Then we climb'd the braes th'gither, wi' spirits light an' free,
To gather in the ewes near the auld birken tree.

If happiness be found on earth, I'm sure we found it there;
Our days were days of pleasantness, and ever bright and fair;
But, ah! our days ha'e darkened, and tears ha'e dimmed our e'e
Since we sat beneath the shadow o' the auld birken tree.
But memory aften wakes o'er these past happy days,
And in my dreams I see the ewes and lambs upon the braes,
I hear the mavis' sang, an' when I close my e'e
I think ye're sittin' by me 'neath the auld birken tree.

### TO THE AULD WIFE.

A NEW YEAR CARD.

Come sit ye down wi' me, guidwife,
Sit down an' hae a crack,
The New Year's scenes are pass'd awa',
The fouk a' at their wark.

The Auld Year noo is past an' gane,
Wi' a' its joys and cares ;
The New Year it is noo begun,
Wi' a' its hopes an' fears.

We hae seen monie a guid New Year,
Yet monie a change has been
Since we were at the Parish School
An' danc'd upon the green.
That time your hair was glossy black,
An' o'er yer shoulders hang,
But noo yer hair is unco grey,
An' no sae sleek an' lang.

Ye mind upon that happy nicht,
That nicht ye was my bride,
Ye was a strappin' sonsie lass,
As ye stood by my side.
Yer cheeks were red, yer face was fair,
Yer e'en were azure blue,
But noo yer cheeks are wearin' thin,
An' scores alang yer brow.

I'm sure last week we baith were glad
To see our bairns here,—
They a' cam' in about wi' us
To welcome in the year.
We baith were proud to see them up
To men and women grown,
They're wearin' up life's weary brae,
An' we are wearin' down.

We've lived a lang contented life,
And monie a struggle had,
But aye been granted health an' strength
To win our daily bread ;
And frae the journey we hae trod
A lesson we can gi'e,
To tak' the warl' as it comes,
An' aye contented be.

It's hard to say if we again
The next New Year will see,
Or if we're even spared to see
The leaf upon the tree.
We just maun always be prepar'd,
And when we breathe our last
May we receive a welcome where
The weary-laden rest.

## WILLIAM CRAWFORD,

SON of Mr J. P. Crawford, author of "The Drunkard's Raggit Wean," &c., was born in Glasgow, in 1848. From his early years he evinced a passionate love of music, and astonished everyone with his taste and proficiency in that delightful accomplishment when a mere child. With his growing years he devoted his time to its study. He became a teacher and composer, his compositions being published by the leading London firms, and so great was his passion for music that on one occasion when composing his "Grand African March," he sat for twenty-four hours at the piano without touching food or drink. His last work was the composing and publishing of pianoforte accompaniment for "The Drunkard's Raggit Wean" in December, 1877. He was thus a young man of great promise, and was expected by many professional composers and literary men as destined to make for himself a mark in the world. His removal by death, at the early age of twenty-nine, was mourned over by a wide circle. As a poet he was not a very prolific writer, but his songs, some of which he has wedded to music, are graceful, simple, and pretty. He died at his father's residence at Strathbungo, near Glasgow, in 1878. Personally he was of an amiable disposition, gentlemanly manners, a man of noble mind and keen sensibility, which latter, owing to his over-ardent study of music, developed into a painful nervousness, hastening him to an early grave.

### MY SAILOR LADDIE.

Yestreen a sailor laddie
Cam' doon the glen wi' me,
Quo' he, "I lo'e you dearly,
And you my bride maun be."
And aye this sailor laddie—
This blythesome sailor laddie,
He vowed he'd ask my daddie
For leave to marry me.

Quoth I, "But you're no blate, man,
To speak sae crouse to me;
I winna wed a sailor,
Tho' bride I ne'er should be.
Na na, my sailor laddie;
Gae wa' then, sailor laddie,
You needna ask my daddie
For leave to marry me."

"Aweel, aweel," quoth he then,
"This ring wi' gems sae gay
Maun deck the haun sae bonnie,
O' gentle Bessie Gray.
I'll be her sailor laddie,
Her loving sailor laddie;
She needs but ask her daddie
For leave to marry me."

"Oh! bide a wee," quo' I then,
"Since I the truth maun tell;
I lang ha'e lo'ed you, laddie,
And fain wad wear't mysel'.
I'll wear the ring, dear laddie—
My ain braw sailor laddie;
Oh, gang and ask my daddie
For leave to marry me."

## DAVID M'INTOSH,

DENVER, Colorado, was born at Hillside of Montrose in 1846. He was naturally "quick to learn," for he was taught to read and write a little by his parents before he was eight years of age. David was at work soon after this, and at ten he was attending the "heckling machines." The weary drudgery and confinement of this labour soon told upon his health. He learned the trade of a mechanic, and shortly after completing his apprenticeship he went to America, where he, being a skilful workman, has been very successful.

Mr M'Intosh first tried his hand at verse-making when he was about fifteen, and was bold enough to

send his productions to the editor of the *People's Journal*, from whom he received kindly encouragement to persevere. He afterwards became a frequent contributor of smoothly-worded songs and thoughtful poems.

### THE MITHERLESS LADDIE'S LAMENT.

The bonnie simmer days are gane, the flowers hae dwyned awa',
An' sune cauld winter will be here, wi' wind an' weet an' snaw;
But blithely, blithely wad I bide the cauld an' stormy weather,
Nor care though it was winter aye if I but had my mither.

Oh, simmer will come back again, the flowers will countless spring,
An' a' around an' up abune the birds will blithely sing,
But oh, nae mair will I be blithe, when gownies deck the lea,
For simmer winna bring again my mither back tae me.

I sometimes think o' fun an' play, when laddies blithe I meet,
But thochts o' her come i' my head, an' then I just maun greet;
Yon happy laddies at their play, how blithe they're a' thegither,
But they hae nocht to mak' them wae, they haena lost their mither.

When hands or feet, or breast or head, or onything is sair,
They've ane to speak a couthie word an' tend them late an' ear',
They've ane to wash an' mend their claes, an' keep them trig an' smairt;
When onybody's ill to them they've ane to tak' their pairt.

But mithers arena a' alike. Oh no, there's guid an' ill,
For twa-three laddies that I ken are nae ower weel dune till;
Yet blithe an' happy they sud be; whate'er can them befa',
They're a' weel aff compaired wi' me, for I hae nane ava.

Oh, I hae freends, I've mony freends, I scarce cud count them a',
An' some are guid an' some are ill, some just atween the twa,
But nane o' them hae muckle care o' what they do or say—
I rayther wad hae her again than a' the freends I hae.

Forbye, when freends are ta'en, though we can ne'er forget,
We aye get ither freends, and sae for them we sudna fret;
But when oor mither's ta'en awa we never get anither—
Hoo sud we get sae mony freends, an' only get *ae* mither?

O, sair, sair, she was keepit down when I was youug and sma',
An' noo when I cud be a help my mither's ta'en awa;
To bring me up an' keep me richt she trachled late an' ear',
An' noo when I cud help her some she's gane for ever mair.

Oh, there's ae thocht I often think, an' aye it pains me keen—
I fear, I fear I wasna aye sae guid's I sud hae been.

To think that I hae made her wae, an' her for aye awa, —
It's this, it's this that gars me greet, an' pains me maist o' a'

O, wad she, wad she come again, though only for a wee ;
But na, she'll never come again, it winna, canna be ;
I ken I sudna be sae ill—I sudna greet sae sair—
It does nae guid, I ken, I ken—but oh ! she'll come nae mair.

O, whiles I canna think it true—it's like a dream to me—
An' aft I murmur to mysel', "O, no, it canna be ;"
But when I see oor cheerless hame—alas ! fu' cheerless noo—
An' miss her kind an' couthie smile, oh, then I ken it's true.

She's gane up to that happy land, where sorrow enters never :
Here we may laugh, or we may greet, but there they're happy ever ;
There toil will never crush her doun, nor care her bosom fill—
Oh, when I ken this to be sae, I sudna be sae ill.

An' yet (I'm maybe wrang, but tears forbidden fill my e'en)
Had she been spared till I was big, hoo weel we wad hae been ;
But primroses an' cowslips fade when better days are nigh ;
Like Spring's first flowers she wore awa when a' the warst was bye.

Oh, I will try to be content, to fret an' pine is wrang ;
But sune, sune may we meet again—we'll maybe nae be lang ;
An' oh, when that blest hour has come, far, far frae pain or care
Oh, happy thocht, we'll meet again, an' ne'er be parted mair !

## WALTER LAIDLAW,

WAS born in Jedburgh in 1840. The greater part of his life has been spent in the service of the Marquis of Lothian, and for some time he has been conservator of the garden grounds of Jedburgh Abbey. Mr Laidlaw has written and published numerous verses in the local and other newspapers. He is a keen observer and lover of Nature, and has the faculty of giving ready expression to his thoughts and feelings. His powers of repartee and sarcasm are formidable, but these are kept in due restraint, and there is not an inhabitant

of the picturesque and spirited old border burg better known and more esteemed.

Mr Laidlaw has distinguished himself in th Scottish capital by his ingenuity and taste in flor decoration. The garden grounds under his charg are kept in beautiful order, and are much admire by the numerous tourists who visit the Abbey. might be added that this venerable and magnifice edifice was erected in the twelfth century by Davi I. The Marquis of Lothian, having recent removed the modern parish church from the nav which it greatly disfigured, the old Abbey Churc as now restored, presents one of the most exquisi specimens of the transition from the Norman to t early English that exist anywhere in Britain.

## SPRING.

Again the merry voice of Spring
Makes every hill and valley ring ;
The clouds distil their genial showers,
The buds unfold their leaves and flowers,
Now soft the fragrant zephyrs blow,
Singing their anthems sweet and low.
What joy to roam by Teviot side,
Where limpid wavelets ceaseless glide,
And on their harps of peebles play,
Dancing unto their own sweet lay ;
As through these classic scenes they run,
Sparkling and glittering in the sun.
Now wild ducks coy, on lonely stream,
In varied colours, brightly gleam,
While in the pools the speckled trout
Now leaps and wheels and darts about ;
The bees are humming on the trees,
The lambkins sport upon the leas,
While many a feathered warbler's song
Echoes Monteviot's woods among.
The cuckoo in the old fir-stell,
The blackbird whistling in the dell,
The mavis and the cushat dove
Pouring rich music through the grove,
While larks are singing, soaring high
Far heavenward in the azure sky,
And every sound is full of mirth,
As if to celebrate the birth
Of freshening flowerets newly born,
That now our woods and glens adorn.

Now the primrose decks the brae,
Now bonnie blooms the milk-white slae ;
Upon the banks are blooming free
The harebell and the anemone.
Now in its sylvan lone retreat
The modest violet's blooming sweet ;
O'erhung with ferns and foliage green,
The tiny nestling's home is seen.
Down by the rippling burnie side
The lily blooms in all its pride.
How gorgeously, with bounteous hand,
Has Flora decked our Border land !
While Nature shines so debonair,
Let us her pleasures joyous share ;
For Spring, so blythesome, fresh, and gay,
Like sunny childhood, flits away.
Yet Teviot, how thy scenes are dear
In every phase of changeful year !
In Winter, with rude, icy floods ;
In Spring-time, with its opening buds ;
In Summer dight, with flowerets gay,
Or Autumn, yellowing to decay.
In Nature's works we always find
Such pleasures as exalt the mind ;
The Seasons, with their varied charms,
Are God's thoughts shaped in varied forms :
The firmament, the earth, the sea,
Show forth the power of Deity.

## JOHN LYLE MARTIN,

A MOST promising poet and *litterateur*, whose intellect gave promise of fruit that never reached maturity, died in 1876, at the early age of twenty-four. So far as we can learn he was born in the north of Scotland. He lost his father, who occupied a good social position, when very young, but he received a first-class education in Edinburgh, where he resided with his mother and only sister. Mr Martin afterwards entered the audit office of the North British Railway, and was subsequently employed by the Standard Life Assurance Company,

where he remained up till the date of his death. From boyhood he cultivated a taste and had acquired a faculty for literary composition, and when very young took a prize for a tale for boys given by the proprietors of a London magazine. The forcible style of expression which afterwards characterised his writings was early displayed in his conversation. At the time of his death, his friend, Walter C. Howden—a poet of no mean order—penned a very appreciative "In Memoriam," which appeared in the *People's Friend*. In that sketch we are told that a dignity of manner made him reverenced and looked up to alike by his playmates at school and his companions of later years. Indeed it were easy to imagine one of such a mould, and possessing so strongly imaginative a temperament, experiencing the disappointment so gracefully depicted in a prize poem appearing in the Christmas number of the *People's Journal* for 1872, and which in a letter he alludes to as "seeing myself for almost the first time in print.

Perpetual delight
To votaries, he dreamt, was Nature's dower;
Earth seemed to him a noon with no dark night,
A day with no sad hour,
He saw a fairy raid:
Heroes and lovely women over-ran
His wondrous world—a Dian every maid,
A Hercules each man.

But—

The vision fled, and if 'twas sweet to dream,
'Twas bitter to awake
To find his fortune cast
Among a race of common men and plain, whom he despised.

We have reason to think this was a veritable struggle with himself, and that he recognised and eventually yielded obedience to the feeling embraced in the closing verses, when after thinking the world was not entirely bad,

He found in poor men more
Of true nobility and native grace
Than in the rich; beauties unseen before
Shone in each homely face;
Youth was no longer youth,
But he had learnt to soar on humbler wings,
Had learnt there was a poetry in truth,
A joy in common things.

His muse was by no means prolific. In a letter to a friend he said, "I write one piece per annum," but these bear evidence of the same graceful style and skilful handling of his prose sketches—being rich in fancy and deep poetical feeling. He did not allow these pursuits to interfere with other duties. He was a painter as well as a poet, and his pictures, which were publicly exhibited in Edinburgh, and betokened almost as creditable a use of the brush as the pen, gave fair promise of success in this branch of the fine arts. "A Biographical Sketch of Alexander Smith," and "An Estimate of George Elliot," were almost the last of his efforts. These displayed originality of thought, subtlety of analysis, and a chastity of diction rare in so young a writer. Regarding the latter Mr Howden says:—"Was it a prophetic foreboding of coming gloom, or had that insidious disease, consumption, which carried him off, already given warning of its approach, when he penned this essay so replete with beauty and pathos, and evincing a sympathy and tenderness of feeling inexpressibly touching? His estimate of Alexander Smith reads almost like his own epitaph when he says he will rank with Chatterton, Keats, Kirke White, and David Gray, 'those "inheritors of unfulfilled renown," whom the gods loved, and withdrew from earth ere promise had fairly ripened.' His closing remarks in view of his own untimely decease are peculiarly touching:—'Alas! the foreboding was too soon to be verified, and the poet's grave to be "cut across his life of toil." He himself must have known it, for there is everywhere in these essays the

same prophetic brooding over death, and this foreknowledge gave much of its stateliness and beauty to his later writings. Death proved to be "a greater poet far than Love," and we see that in the "Spring Chanson," the last and finest thing he ever wrote.' The latter part of this poem is then quoted, the concluding lines being italicised—

Men live and die, the song remains; and when
I list the passion of thy vernal breath,
*Methinks thou singest best to Love and Death,*
*To happy lovers and to dying men.*"

FORCED.

An apple grew on a topmost bough,
But spite of the sun that beat on the wall,
And spite of the showers—I don't know how—
The apple was green, and acid, and small.
The children climbed on the wall with a bottle,
And covered it in it from ray and dew,
And strange! it ripened and swelled to bigger
Than the narrow neck that had passed it through.

A heart was daintily nursed and set,
It was blown in pleasure and sunned in gold,
And water'd in favour, and yet—and yet
The heart was shrivelled, and puny, and cold.
But Poverty came, and it developed,
Though narrower circumstance pressed it round;
And it beat in its limits with freer motion
Than when it had pulsed in the larger bound.

## THE PLOUGHMAN STUDENT.

A HIGHLAND IDYLL.

Once—in my grandfather's days—a family lived in a shieling
Lonely and poor, in the heart of wild and desolate moorlands;
Different days they had known—but changes came, and reverses—
Fortune had frowned on their farm; the crops all failed in succession;
Flocks in one terrible night were buried entire in the snowdrift;
And when the bank had come down, with the careful hoardings of seasons,
All in the world that it holds the dearest was gone, and the farmer,
Shunning unneighbourly charities, drooped, and passed into silence.

Hope had been high in their son, whom rumour reported a scholar;
But, with the death of the laird, their came another misfortune.
Patronage went to a stranger, and Ranald, pressed by his mother,
Came from the gleaming town, with the crowned University tower.

Stalwart a man was the minister—sinewy, tall, and deep-chested—
Muscular Christian, truly; but worn with his books and privation;
Thoughtful, too, at his prospects—striving to hope through a future
Glooming like thundery hills. So he waited endeavouring, fretting,
Hoping, till hope deferred made him sick with sore disappointment.
Work never offered. He noticed the want that was stealthily creeping
On them, till mutely appealing looks and the plaints of the children
Bred a resolve in him—painfully born—but firm as the granite—
That Heaven's work should be done—in Heaven's manner and method,
So, in the grey of one summer morning, he stole from the cottage.
Sound there was none in the yard, but the musical plashing of water
Into the moss-grown trough, and a peat-cart summitward toiling,
All that was visibly stirring. In labourer's garb he descended,
Shunning familiar fields, with the early hoers of turnips—
Shunning the groups at the dipping pool—for he dreaded their questions.
Miles upon miles he covered that day by a broadening river,
And, as the long rays slanted to evening, he came to a parish
Where the faces were strange.

And he entered a thinning fee-market,
Hoping still to be hired. And a venerable man who was near him
Fixed upon him the thin-blue *far-away* eyes of the aged.
"Thirteen pounds to ye, lad, and ye labour the glebe to my pleasure.

Stout enough, surely, ye are, and a well-looking. Marion, what think ye?"
Asked the old man of a maiden, who laughingly measured the ploughman,
Nodding and tossing her curls; and the sheen of her auburn tresses,
White-gauzed arm, with I know not all—and the smile so bewildered,
Dazzled the youth that he hastily lowered his eyes to the rashes,
Fearful to look again, unheeding the minister's question.
"Ask at him, Marion," said he, "how many Commandments are written?"
So she asked, and the stammering answer, "*Eleven*," he repeated.
Shaking his head, the old man wiped his spectacles gravely,
Pursed his lips, then murmured "himself had been specially favoured;"
Trusted "the lad would be found in Him when he numbered His jewels;"
Hoped he was pleased with the fee, then homewards smilingly tottered,
Led by the beautiful girl, like a rose-girt stem in November.

Thus did he go to the fields, and forgot his collegiate honours,
Bearing his lowly burden, with humble men for companions,
Ignorant—careless of Kant—unwitting the Secret of Hegel.

Summer was gone, and with it the violet from under the hedgerows;
Blue forget-me-not, too, by the side of the dykes; and the autumn,
Wealthier far in the heather, and sunning the oats for the sickle,
Sweetened the beauty of Marion, the aged minister's daughter.
Ranald thought it, at least, as he saw her bend in the garden,
Training her flowers, or yet oftener flitting about with the reapers,
Answering back with her silvery laughter their homage so awkward,
Making at times by his side such a sweet affectation of binding
Sheaves for him—only to tire, and then, swinging her bonnet and speaking
Words from the bubbling fount of her buoyant spirit whose music
Vibrated down in his soul, although ears might be deaf to their import.

Sweet were the harmonies, tender the dreams, of these exquisite moments;
Bitter their mixture of pain—like the pallor that creeps o'er the sunset.

Touch of uneasiness mingled, too, with the maiden's own dreaming—
Scarcely conscious yet, "for ladies thought not of ploughmen."
Motherless—wayward, impulsive—with men she had chiefly consorted;
Few even these; and he appeared to her through his disguises
Prince among Nature's noblemen, woman's hero in hodden,
Knightlier, nobler than any—than all she had known—than the high-bred
Lisping garrison men, who had set her so high in their Pantheon;
And the girl—she concealed not her liking—why should she?—"for ploughmen
Thought not of ladies."

But soon his sudden warmths and his prudent
Studied coldnesses came to be fraught with a strange revelation.
Deeper womanly interest startled the mirth from her laughter
Weighting her heart. If they met, she would speak, with her glances averted,
Weather and harvest babble; and once he had heedlessly uttered
Passionate words. So no more she came and stood by the reapers.
But a trouble clouded her life—it burdened his duty.

And it happened one Sabbath morning, when oats had been garner'd,
And the glory that lightens death lay pale on the woodlands,
That the old man sickened—and bells chimed in—and the people
Seated about on the mouldering tombs began to be weary.
Fond was the pastorly care, and quick in devising expedients.
Ranald was beckoned, who gladdened the minister's heart to behold him—
Ranald so wise and contained—though he doubted him wise to salvation—
"Yet, was the power not the Lord's?" and often his voice had impressed him,
Solemn and bell-like at eve when they read in their turn from the Scriptures.

"Go," he said, "give them my blessing, and mount thou the desk and repeat them
Blessed words from the Book, that they go not away again fasting."
And Ranald went.

Minutes had scarcely elapsed when a sudden
Breathless tale was poured in the minister's ears of his ploughman;
Gownless, how he was up in the pulpit itself, and was leading
Worship—the prayer—the praise "Stroudwater"—like any one licensed,
Crowning wonder! the man looked aghast—he would *preach* ere he finished;
True—for he told even then of an Eleventh Commandment—
Higher, diviner rule than any in law or the prophets.
Once her gaze met his; but the lower love was forgotten—
Almost absorbed in the higher—till, at the voice of the preacher—
Kindling eye, and form dilating and growing the listeners
Stared at each other in stupid amaze, like cattle affrighted.
Once again did he meet soft eyes full of shyness and triumph,
Then happy mist obscured his vision, till they seemed to vanish;
Upturned faces grew dim, and in through the door in the sunshine
Leaflet of whirling russet and circling bird in the rafters.

Old folks say that the minister got for Ranald the living,
When himself should have died; and they also affirm—but I know not—
Gave to him Marion, his daughter—wife and living together.

## P. M'CRAKETT.

WRITERS, as a rule, awaken a certain amount of interest in the minds of those who peruse their writings, which often develops into a feeling of attachment or admiration on the part of the reader, and a wish to know something of the author. These feelings were awakened within ourselves after read-

ing a little poem by Mr M'Crakett, and a note of enquiry brought a modest reply from him to the effect that he only belonged to a class of versifiers in Scotland whose poetry, though genuine, does not possess the strength and power which would attract the public of this generation at least to purchase many volumes of it. The realisation of this statement has prevented the author from publishing in book form, notwithstanding the solicitations of competent judges, and the fact that he has appeared frequently and very favourably in the columns of newspapers and magazines. This feeling on the part of Mr M'Crakett, and the fact of his never adhibiting his name to his effusions, is to be regretted, for we can heartily endorse the opinions of several of our best-known poets, who are and have been intimate with him, and have spoken in high terms of his writings. The late Alexander Smith on one occasion expressed the pleasure a perusal of several of his verses, abounding in happy descriptive touches, had afforded him, adding that "they have the *lilt* and movement which distinguishes the born poet from the labours of the 'rude mechanical.'" Mr Smith specially noted two of the poems we give as successful and pleasing in a superior degree—"The Bairnie Awa" and "The Lammermoor Hills"—the third verse being specially pointed out, with its indications of moorland cairns and moorland birds, as a very happy rendering of the solitude and desolation of the hill-side.

From a shepherd boy on the Lammermoor hills, Mr M'Crakett has raised himself to the position of headmaster of one of the Greenock schools. He was born on the border of these hills, at Lambden, in the parish of Greenlaw, Berwickshire, in 1827. His great-grandfather was of highland blood, and originally belonged to the Clan Cameron, while his father was a small farmer near Earlston, and latterly a wool dealer and feuar in Greenlaw. Though a man of

limited education, he possessed great shrewdness, was particularly well informed on Scottish history in the periods of the Rebellions, and in local lore and old world ballads. The subject of our sketch was sent to school when eight years old, and was taken away when thirteen. He had, however, been a diligent pupil. As he was then sent to tend flocks on the hills, he fell passionately in love with the solitudes of Nature, and his employment permitted him to make much self-improvement. Thirsting for something higher than peasant life, he was apprenticed to a draper. Shop life, however, not being altogether in keeping with his tastes and aspirations, he proceeded to Edinburgh to push his fortune. We find him soon after teaching an *adventure* school in Abbeyhill. Here he was teacher and scholar at the same time, for he attended the higher classes himself. In 1847 he was chosen as master of the Free Church School, Canongate, and afterwards headmaster of New North Free Church District School, where he remained four years. During this period he continued to attend classes, and was himself so popular a teacher that in 1853 he was offered the headmastership of "Fairnie's John Street School," Greenock—a situation he has held with almost unbroken success ever since.

Several of his songs have been sung in the midst of personal affliction and domestic losses. Of late years Mr M'Crakett has not been in robust health, and under the grinding influence of *Code* exactment, he feels that the muses have deserted him. Let us hope that this is not the case, and that we will yet have many more pieces from his pen, showing the matured feeling and sentiment which are so suggestive and touching in his early efforts. Good thought, gentle affection, an intelligent love of Nature, and excellent moral purpose are the crowning merits of Mr M'Crakett's verses.

## THE BAIRNIE AWA'.

When draps o' black sorrow were mixed wi' oor lot,
An' death lookit in to oor wee happy cot,
Its ingle grew eerie wi' lanely hearts twa
That roun' it wad mourn for their Bairnie awa.

It's after the sun gangs awa ower the hill,
An' nature lies sleepin' a' pensive an' still,
That memory sae thickly its shadows maun draw
Aroun' our wae hearts for the Bairnie awa.

We wander aye back to the time o' his birth,
When snell winter winds sabbit sair roun' the hearth,
Meet emblem o' angnish that aiblins might shaw
Oor dark day o' dool for the Bairnie awa.

Sweet nestlin' we see him a babe on the breast,
The smile on his cheek that sae fondly was kiss't
Wi' pride, when the first o' the Bairnie we saw,
An' kent na a flower like oor ain that's awa.

When we think o' him growin' wi' promise sae fair,
A rosy wee wean wi' the saft sunny hair,
On the brow that sae aft we hae kissed for a fa',
A tear fills our e'e for the Bairnie awa.

Though odours sae sweet be afloat on the air,
An' winter now reignin' owre nature nae mair,
The simmer we canna weel see through the snaw
That drifted frae us oor wee Bairnie awa.

O what gars the lintwhite we loed weel to hear
Sae dreary notes pour owre the dull dreamy ear?
In his sang there can surely be nae change ava,
Yet it seems unco sad since the Bairnie's awa.

We'll tent weel the token, we'll tent weel the toy,
The remnants sae dear o' oor canty wee boy—
The saft sunny lock that's a treasure nae sma'
We'll set it in gowd for oor Bairnie awa.

Though dreamin' maun bring wi' its pleasure a pain,
It's sweet i' the dream to hae clasped him again,
An' felt the wee handies ance mair roun' us a'
Till the vision taks wing wi' oor Bairnie awa.

We'll sing o' him now *set* a gem in a croon
O' splendour, and fadeless, wi' nae comin' doon;
For death when it knockit to gie us yon ca'
But sent him to shine in that land far awa.

Come, bairnies, ye'll join i' the cheerier strain,
Ilk hopin' some day to see brother again
Ayont a' the cluds where a blast canna blaw
To part us when met i' that land far awa.

## PATIENCE AMID THE ILLS O' LIFE.

Cauld an' wild the winds are blawin',
Blasts sae keen we couldna bide
Without some haud to kep our fa'in',
Ane to haud aye by our side.
A ruggit hedge our way encloses,
An' mony a stang the prickles gie,
But 'mang the jags are buddin' roses ;
Wait wi' patience, an' ye'll see.

Though sleet an' rain hae pelted lang,
An' moorcocks cower'd wi' droukit wing,
I hear ae mavis sing its sang,
An' snawdrops tell o' early spring.
Spring an' simmer skies are comin',
Though clouds may hide them frae our e'e ;
The storm maun rave ere bees be hummin' ;
Wait wi' patience an' ye'll see.

There's ae sure shielin' frae the blast,
It's faith an' hope in ane aboon,
Wha'll hap us safely till it's past,
An' hameward help us late an' soon.
Onward let us aye be joggin',
Tentfu' lest we gang aglie,
For tentfu' steps 'll clear the cloggin' ;
Wait wi' patience, an' ye'll see.

Wait, ye poor oppress'd an' lorn ;
Wait, ye sons o' grief an' fear ;
A rose may bloom for ilka thorn,
An' joys be spread for ilka tear.
What though passin' ill may press us ?
Guid's laid by for you an' me ;
The nicht maun hae a morn to bless us ;
Wait wi' patience, an' ye'll see.

## THE LAMMERMOOR HILLS.

Tho' stately the hills in the north and the south,
Nae hills are to me like the hills o' my youth ;
Its joys have an echo that time never stills,
Frae the glens i' the bosom o' Lammermoor Hills.

The steed o' the victor ance pranced on their plain,
An' his red banner waved ower the spoils o' the slain ;
For the camps by yon corries and dark mossy rills,
A' tell o' the Romans on Lammermoor Hills.

Their wild heathy fells hae the cairns o' gloom,
Wi' the tales o' the perished or weird woman's doom,
An' the birds o' the moorland wi' lang crookit bills
Cryin' roun' them sae waefu' on Lammermoor Hills.

The hills o' my hame where I lived an' I lo'ed—
Where I herded the sheep and the blaeberries pu'ed ;
As aft as I see them my heart and e'e fills,
Wi' the thochts o' langsyne on the Lammermoor Hills.

The glad smile o' simmer wad light their dark brows,
As we played like the lambs 'mang the green hazel howes,
An' fished wi' a preen in the dam by the mills,
Till the red sun gaed doon ower the Lammermoor Hills.

Frae the blast that blew keen on the heathery dale,
I can mind o' the shielin' weel theekit wi' feal,
An' the cozy red peat-fire that cauld and care kills,
To the lad in the plaid on the Lammermoor Hills.

The lav'rocks and linties are dear aye to me,
As they sing frae the clouds or the bonnie ha' tree ;
But their sang ower the heather like May dew distills,
On my heart never dowie on Lammermoor Hills.

O' the sangs that they sung in our young days o' yore,
Ilk brood takes the key-note and sings as before,
The true love and friendship that time never chills—
There's music for me 'mang the Lammermoor Hills.

I lo'e the wild flowers by the brake an' the lea,
But nane smiles sae sweet an' sae charmin' to me,
Or sends to my bosom sic rapturous thrills,
As the heather that blooms on the Lammermoor Hills.

O, gie me yon cot by the green burn side !
Wi' health an' contentment 'twad be a' my pride ;
My harp wad be tuned by the birds an' the rills,
And my Muse wad be nursed by the Lammermoor Hills.

Dark changes hae left their deep trace on our brows,
Sin' we left the lane hoose 'mang the green gorsy knowes ;
But time kindly spares, wi' its furrows an' drills,
The face aye the same o' the Lammermoor Hills.

The sun o' my youth is now rounded and set,
But the haunts o' my childhood are dear to me yet—
Like friends fresh an' fadeless through life an' its ills,
To welcome me back to the Lammermoor Hills.

## JOHN W. M'LAREN,

("THE LADDIE BARD")

A YOUTHFUL enthusiast in poetic art, was born in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, in 1861. His father, a seafaring man, died when John was three years old, leaving a wife and four children. Shortly afterwards three of them died—the youngest, now under notice in his poetical character, alone surviving. Being anxious to assist his mother in the maternal struggle, he remained at school for about five years only, and then went to a situation as message boy to a bootmaker, and afterwards to a news-agent. It was while in the employment of the latter, and at the precocious age of thirteen, that he first began to scribble rhymes, and several of these appeared in London periodicals. Trying his hand at "hame-spun lays," he sent a short piece to one of the Edinburgh newspapers, awaiting the result with "fear and trembling." His hopes of success were realised, and since then he has regularly contributed to numerous papers and literary miscellanies. John M'Laren is presently a compositor, in the employment of the eminent firm of Ballantyne, Hanson, & Co., Edinburgh.

During 1881 he published a volume entitled "Rhymes Frae the Chimla-Lug," which met with much favour. Devoid of laboured art, his poems are modest, yet faithful portraitures of every-day life, surprising in one so young; while there is an rhythmical cadence and lyrical ring in some of his songs which is unusual in a juvenile poet. As his muse expands in the wider survey of life, if he continues, as he has done with laudable ambition to develope the dream of his poetic aspiration, we will hear more of "The Laddie Bard."

## THE WEE LOCK O' HAIR.

I' the howe whaur the blue-bell sae braw micht be seen,
Nae mair i' the gloamin' I'll wander at e'en,
Wi' dear, darlin' Johnnie, my bonnie wee wean,
For noo, wi' the lave up to heaven he's gane.

An angel cam' doon i' the deid 'oor o' nicht,
An' took him awa' tae that region sae bricht,
Whaur thousands o' bairnies a' sit roun' His knee,
In robes o' pure whiteness, a braw sicht tae see.

I sabbit fu' sairly, I cou'dna but greet,
Tae think I'd nae mair see the wee face sae sweet,
O' him wha said, "Mither dear, keep up yer hairt,
It's only, ye ken, for a short time we pairt.

"I'll meet ye aboon i' the bricht shinin' land,
Whaur Jesus sae bonnie an' lovin' doth stand!
Aye ready to welcome the wee'st wean there,
Sae, mither, dear mither, oh dinna despair!"

I raise i' the nicht-time an' slippit aroun'
Tae whaur oor wee Johnnie in death sleepit soun';
An' as I there stood an' aft kissed the cauld cheek,
Sae life-like he lay that I thocht he wad speak!

'Twas a bonnie June mornin', the lark sweetly sang,
An' the butterflee fluttered the wild flow'rs amang,
The lambs at the hill-fit sae plaintive did cry,
The bonnie wee burnie wailed as it gaed by.

. . . . . .

When the guidman cam' hame frae the dreary kirkyaird,
Without speakin' a word to the room he repaired,
An' there to his Maker he vowed he wad keep
The promise for his sake wha'd noo fa'n asleep.

He quately cam' ben, I cou'd easily see
The big tears o' sorrow welled up in his e'e;
The first words he spak' were, "O Tibbie! tak' care,
That ye pit awa' carefu' this wee lock o' hair!"

He gaed me the lock that he got frae the wean,
When he promised he'd never taste whisky again;
He tauld me," quo John, "that it was a great sin,
An' drunkards tae heaven wad ne'er enter in!"

The tears doon my wan cheeks began then tae rin;
John grippit my hand, an' my face lookin' in,
Spak' tenderly sae—"Tibbie, listen tae me,
An' I'll tell ye the cause o't, without ony lee.

"I took to the drinkin', aft cam' hame at nicht,
An' said tae ye, Tib, what I ken't wisna richt,

My conscience aye checked me for what I had dune;
A voice seemed to whisper, 'John, John, what a sin.'

"'Twas a' through bad company, that led me on;
I drank a' my siller, then seekit a loan,
Tae bury wee Johnnie, frae Pate o' the Inn;
He strauchtly refused wi' a dry cauldrife grin.

"My airm it was lifted tae strike him a blow,
When the voice o' the wean seemed to cry, 'Faither; no!
For me, dinna strike him, 'twill gi'e mither pain;
Gang hame, mind the promise ye made to the wean.'

"O merciful Father! had I struck the blow,
He ne'er had again served the vile cup o' woe,
Nor lured on the wretched wi' pushonous drink,
Tae perish o' hunger on misery's brink.

"I left the gay den wi' its crystal sae bricht,
An' since then I've aye tried tae dae what is richt,
'Tween God an' my conscience the truth, Tib, I tell,
There's a difference in me, an' ye ken that yersel'."

He raise frae the chimla, syne fell on my neck,
An' sabbit fu' sair wi' a hairt like tae break.
I had tae forgi'e him—what wife could dae less?
He wisna the warst i' the 'oor o' distress,

Mony years slippit by: an' baith geyan auld,
Sit patiently waiting His ca' tae the fauld,
An' aften the twa as they quately mused there
Thocht on the lang syne, an' the wee lock o' hair.

A'e nicht i' the gloamin' when a' thing was quate,
The angel o' death slippit in at the gate,
An' tauld them its message! "Prepared," they replied,
An' gaed whaur nae trouble their souls can divide.

I' the lanely kirkyard at the back o' the toon,
Tae the stranger wha happens to gang passin' roun,'
These words micht be read on a simple heid-stane—
"He keepit the promise he made to the wean!"

## THE SUN I' THE LIFT WAS SHININ' FU' BONNIE.

The sun i' the lift was shinin' fu' bonnie
As I and my Jeannie strayed roun' the Braid Hills;
The lassie whase looks are mair witchin' than onie,
Whase voice is far sweeter than murmuring rills.

The birdies were warblin' their woodnotes sae cheery,
An' waukenin' the echoes o' Nature's sweet lyre;
Enraptured I sat doon beside my ain dearie,
And heard the sweet sangs o' the gay feathered choir.

The bae o' the lammie beside its ain mammy,
Fell saft on oor ears as we sat there alane:
The mild summer zephyr, refreshing and balmy,
Flushed Jeannie's fair cheeks, like the rose after rain!

What would I no dae for the sake o' my Jeannie?
I'd lay doon my life in a meenit, I trow;
Oh! ithers may hae gowden hair and blue eenie,
But nae ane can equal the lassie I lo'e.

Gie me but ae 'oor wi' my lass i' the gloamin',
Whaur a' thing is quate but the wee burns that rin,
Whaur lammies are friskin', an' kye are oot roamin',
Awa' i' the kintra, frae labour's loud din.

Ye Powers i' the lift! wha protect the wee sparrow,
An' hap a green mantle ilk year ower the lea!
Guard weel the bit lassie wha is my sweet marrow,
And shield her frae danger whaure'er she may be.

## WILLIAM REID

WAS born in Peterhead in 1827. His father, a master tradesman, was in good business at the time, but died before the subject of our sketch had reached his seventh year. His mother, with the honest pride of a brave Scotch heart, struggled successfully to bring up her little ones without being indebted to charity. None of them were able to do for themselves when the bread-winner died. On being long enough at school to be able to read and write fairly, and to do a little arithmetic, the family removed to the village of St Fergus, where we find him engaged herding cattle on the Links near the sea. Afterwards he was employed as a shepherd's assistant on the Backbar of Strathbeg—a service, he informs us, he greatly enjoyed, as he had there plenty of leisure for reading and putting his thoughts into boyish rhyme. He was afterwards a cowherd on a farm near his native town, so that he might be close

to his mother, who had again settled in Peterhead. In 1843 he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, with long hours and short pay. During his apprentice years his only leisure time for reading had to be stolen from sleep or while at his meals, sitting with a spoon in one hand and a book in the other. After many ups and downs — sometimes working at the "gentle craft" in Aberdeen, Inverness, Fraserburgh, and other towns in the north of Scotland—he is once more in his native town, where, with the lapstone on his knee, he talks intelligently on politics, poetry, or religion, or now and then croons over some of his lilts. He has contributed many pleasing verses to the Aberdeen and north country newspapers—those on odd characters, to be sometimes met with in country places, being among his best. We have read his published ballads, "The Last o' the Warlocks," and "Auld Ronald, and other Rhymes," with much interest. Many of his productions are of more than average poetic ability. He was early married, and out of a family of ten, eight of them sleep in different churchyards. In his own words:—

In the battle of my life,
'Mid the struggle and the strife,
I've caught a glimpse of Pleasure's sunny smile;
I've felt the pang of sorrow,
Know what it is to borrow
And to beg a fellow-mortal's leave to toil.

### AULD TAMMAS MARR.

While some sing their loves, an' the joys o' their courtin',
An' some o' the dangers by flood and by field,
I'll sing o' the scenes an' the friens o' my young days,
That still in my fancy an' heart hae a bield.
When I was a laddie o' some thirteen simmers,
I gaed to herd sheep on Strathbeg's benty bar;
I fee'd for sax months to a wee heilan' *bodach*,
Wha held a while's tack o't frae auld Tammas Marr.

How happy was I wi' my sheep an' my doggie—
The lang simmer days unto me were nae lang;
Whiles wadin' the water, whiles biggin' sand castles,
Whiles croonin' a ballad, a tale, or a sang.

The cares o' the warld lay but licht on my shouther,
Its trials an' crosses, I scarce kent their jars ;
My labour was lichtsome, and blythe was the ingle,
When gloamin' cam' doon aye at auld Tammas Marr's.

I see them a' yet, when the day's toil was over,
A' gathered around it, tho' years hae gane by—
The big bleezin' peat fire, auld Tammas an' his servan's,
Wi' "habbrin' Jock Lowrie," wha herded the kye.
When lang grew the e'enin's, and sharp bitin' Winter
Cam' up frae the cauld north wi' his icy car,
When whirl-drift was blawin' in wreaths roon the hallan,
I aye got a lythe neuk yont auld Tammas Marr.

Our pleasures were simple, we thocht 'bout nae ither ;
Wha ruled o'er the nation we cared nae a feg ;
Weel pleased wi' a tune or a sang frae "big Jamie,"
Or "wee Jamie" screedin' aff "Watty an' Meg."
Auld Tammas he sat in his big chair an' crackit,
Wad tauld us gin markets were better or waur,
An' ilk ane aye thocht him a sage on sic matters,
For wise were the words frae auld Tammas Marr.

Oh, happy the steadin', thrice happy the ingle,
Gin maisters wi' servans wad meet aye at e'en ;
The maisters respeckit, the servans nae trachled,
The difference in rank scarce at a' to be seen.
But wae's me, the day's change nae aye for the better,
When maisters wi' servans live at open war ;
Sic things were nae heard o', nor thocht o', nor dream'd o',
For peace reign'd amang us wi' auld Tammas Marr.

For Tam couldna thole e'er to pairt wi' his servans,
When ance they were wi' him they scarce gaed awa' ;
They cam' till him laddies, were wi' him in manhood,
He was like a father to ane an' to a'.
To puir wanderin' bodies he ne'er grudged a han'fu',
To helpless or needfu' his door stood ajar ;
"Fule Jamie," the packman, wad come wi' his cuddie,
An' lodge for sax weeks upon auld Tammas Marr.

Oh, where could ye gat sic a hamely kind maister,
Tho' ye'd gane an' searched or by sea or by lan' ?
We kent him an' ca'd him, when present or absent,
By nae ither title but just the "guidman."
Where'er he was kent he was lo'ed an' respeckit,
Wi' neebors or strangers he ne'er had a jar ;
A leal an' a true heart aye beat in his bosom,
The wale o' the parish was auld Tammas Marr.

But years hae gaen roon since, and time, wi' its changes,
Has wrocht mickle scaith mang my auld freens at last,
An' Tam's lang been laid mang the dust o' his fathers ;
The puir sab in wae o'er his grave as they pass't ;

But up through the stars, mang the blood-bought o' heaven,
Awa' frae life's cares and its troubles afar,
We trust, through the merits o' Ane wha is faithfu',
Its portals stood open for auld Tammas Marr.

### MY MITHER TONGUE.

My mither tongue, my mither tongue,
Though grander speech there be ;
And lowly is thy hame attire,
Your dearer far to me
Than flaunting speech in gaudy dress
That poet ever sung ;
What words can gae aboot the heart
Sae warm's the mither tongue.

The mither tongue, the mither tongue,
The first we try to learn,
The words come sweetly on mine ear
I lispet when a bairn ;
In schule-boy days we English gat,
An' by oor auld Scotch flung,
But schule hours past an' oot to play,
We spak oor mither tongue.

My mither tongue, my mither tongue,
Rows saft and bonnilie
In mony a lay and canty sang
As ane could wish to see.
The strains that Allan, Rab, and Hogg,
Wi' mony mair hae sung ;
The warld canna boast sic sangs
There's in my mither tongue.

My mither tongue, my mither tongue,
Back thro' the drift o' years,
Ye wake a scene—a Scottish glen—
My father's cot appears.
A siller burnie, fresh an' clear,
Wi' gowden broom o'erhung,
An' weel-kent faces o' auld freens
Wha spak my mither tongue.

## JAMES ROSS,

HANDLOOM weaver, was a native of Forfar. We are unable to give the date of his birth, but of his father he says that he "served as a ser-

geant in that war in which we lost our tobacco settlements." James was sent *early* to school, but is said to have been *late* in acquiring knowledge. "Mason's Collection" and "The Rule of Three" were the utmost limits of his reading and arithmetic. He was bred to the "handloom." In 1825 he published a volume of "Poems," and afterwards "The Chaplet." One of his poems, "The Garland of Peace," we are told, was sung in London for one hundred consecutive nights. His poems show fair descriptive power, observation of character, and fertile poetic flow.

### THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'.

Here's to the year that's awa',
That has filled haith the tub an' the sta';
An' in leavin' sic fouth we can slacken our drouth,
Wi' the gifts o' the year that's awa'.
An' durin' the year that we hae,
May the gales o' gude luck ever blaw,
That we safely may steer thro' another new-year,
As we've done thro' the year that's awa'.

Here's to our sweethearts an' wives,
Wha will brighten the year to us a';
They're the sunshine o' life, altho' whiles an ill wife
We might wis' wi' the year that's awa'.
An' here's to the solace o' man,
Gif a year o' ill luck sud befa',
It is Friendship I mean, that sae gratefu' has been,
As it sweetened the year that's awa'.

Here's to the land that we love,
To the land which nae tyrant can awe,
To the land o' kail brose, where they paik aye their foes,
Till they flee like the year that's awa'.
May the deeds which our heroes hae dune,
Frae the annals o' Fame never fa',
Until time shall be tossed on Eternity's coast,
An' expire like the year that's awa'.

Here's to our neighbour John Bull,
An' to Paddy o' Erin-go-bragh;
An' may Shamrock an' Rose wi' the Thistle aye close,
Nor decay like the year that's awa'.
Then here's to a' body a',
To the hamlet as weel as the ha';
For prince, peasant, an' peer the same course yet maun steer,
An' depart like the year that's awa'.

### A SONG OF CONTROL.

When the goblet is full, and the spirits are high,
When the glances of ecstacy gladden the eye,
When the feelings expand in the fulness of soul,
O ! beware then, beware you neglect not Control.

When Fancy's enchantments arise in the brain,
When Reason recedes as a bumper you drain,
When Mirth yields to Madness, and Wisdom would stroll,
It is time then to seize on the reins of Control.

When the magic of minstrelsy melts on the ear,
When the idol of pleasure begins to appear,
When Hope's giddy phantoms, like syrens, cajole,
O ! shun then the glass for the sake of Control.

On the ocean of life, when you feel such a gale,
Like a pilot who skill has, O ! slacken the sail,
Lest the frail bark of life drift on Destiny's shoal,
Ere you time have to seize on the rudder Control.

O ! beware when the health round the table is thrown,
Nor in drinking another's endanger your own,
Lest untimely you rank on Mortality's roll,
And abridge your existence, neglecting Control.

When the wassail goes round, and the revel grows loud,
O ! think how excess may be weaving a shroud,
And how soon in that garb you may hie to the goal,
Where the worm revels only beyond all Control.

## THOMAS ORMOND

WAS born in 1817 at Whitefoot Burn, in the parish of Dunnichen, Forfarshire. While still young he went to Forfar, where he learned the weaving trade. On the decay of the handloom, he was employed in one of the factories for which the town is famed, and continued in the finishing department of the firm of Messrs John Lowson & Son, until struck down by an incurable disease of the stomach. He was much esteemed by his employers and fellow-workers, who on one occasion presented him with a watch and chain, and collected a sum of

money sufficient to supply his wants, and thus, in a measure, soften the days of his severe affliction. He died in 1879. His happiest efforts are in the mildly satirical vein, and there is an absence of malice or ill-nature in even the keenest of his pieces. Many of his verses are possessed of genuine pathos, and appreciable humour.

### MY MITHER'S RED PL D.

My mither's red plaid, I mind on it weel ;
You would thought it was jute by its hard birnie feel ;
But judges could tell it was sterling's the mint,
An' no a thread in it but woollen or lint.
You would laugh at it noo, but she did adore it,
And ne'er changed the fashion or manner she wore it—
Hangin' loose ower her shoulders, preened tight round her head,
Was my mither's braw plaid o' bright Turkey red.

Its age I can't tell ; it is aulder than me ;
Nae wonder the colour is faded a wee :
But I've seen the day it might busket a queen,
When its glare and its glitter wad dazzled your e'en.
In times o' distress, or on some head occasion,
When friends gathered in to the third generation,
A' buskit wi' ribbons sae lang an' sae braid ;
But they'll ne'er hae the bield o' my mither's red plaid.

She kirkit on Sundays sae tidy an' clean,
Fouk said she'd few marrows—I thought she had nane,
As I gazed up the burn till again she'd appear.
You'd no think this was her sitting washlin' here.
Frae the wisdom she's learned in ninety lang summers,
She yet gi'es advice to the daft giglet limmers
That come i' the gloamin's sae kindly to speer
For her health an' her wants, an' get a crack wi' her.

They'll no lose a chance, an' she'll no be that nice
In choosin' her wirds when she gi'es an advice,
As aft she will ca' them daft gouks or a guse ;
But they never tak' ill wi' the weel-meant abuse.
Tho' sorrows an' troubles hae wrinkled her broo,
Her heart is as leal and her love aye as true
As they were on those days that forever are fled,
When she skipt up the burn to the kirk in her plaid.

Nae mair will she gang to the house of the Lord,
Where aft she has sitten an' fed on His word ;
But firmly in faith to His promise she'll cling,
And at last in His kingdom of glory will sing.
Our journey through life may be ruggit an sair ;
Our cleedin' fu' scanty, our pantry fu' bare ;
Our warldly pride tho' but in a red plaid ;—
If our hopes be like her's we need ne'er be afraid.

## OOR LUMHEID.

O' divots frae the mountain side
  Was oor lumheid !
An' winnelstraes an' souricks grew
  On oor lumheid ;
And gr..cefully the ivy green
  Did round the craprods thread,
An' sparrows built their cosy nests
  In oor lumheid.

When I was but a little tot,
  In summer days I sat
Shogin' on the bourtree buss,
  An' doodilt at the cat ;
List'ning to that merry chirp—
  The sparrow's hamely leed,
An' watched their gambols 'mang the leaves
  On oor lumheid.

When the precious yellow corn
  Waved in the autumn wind,
I, wi' my sister, gleaned the ears
  The reapers left behind,
Frae dawn until the evening sun
  Had freenged the clouds wi' red :
How blythe I was again to see
  The auld lumheid.

My wearied heart did bound wi' joy
  Whene'er it met my e'e ;
Exhausted vigour seemed renewed
  The curling smoke to see ;
I bounded o'er the stubble field,
  An' a' my sorrows fled
When seated by the ingle cheek—
  'Neath oor lumheid.

There daddy like a sage did crack
  O' cattle, threaves, an' stooks ;
He had mair knowledge in his heid
  Than a' your printed books.
The youngsters gathered roun' his chair,
  An' at him wondering stared,
While mother's ever eident hand
  The e'enin' meal prepared.

When surly Winter shook his beard
  Oot ower the Grampians blue,
An' painted a' oor window panes
  Wi' fernie leaves, an' blew
The blinding drift to crown the storm
  Upon the whirlwind's speed—
He loudly sung dead Nature's dirge
  In oor lumheid.

In eerie terror aft I sat
An' gazed into the fire,
While list'nin' to the dreary soughs
O' Winter in his ire ;
An' aften were his fearfu' blasts
Arrayed in human form,
While picturin' in my infant mind
The spirit o' the storm.

But age an' storm hae worn awa
The auld lumheid !
An' on its ancient seat is reared
A new lumheid
O' brick an' lime—it disna hae
A single charm for me :
It wants the green refreshin' look
That pleased my youthfu' e'e.

## ROBERT CHAMBERS.

ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D., is a name widely known as, along with his brother, being the originator of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. He was born in Peebles, in 1802. Family misfortunes took their father to Edinburgh, and compelled Robert, who was intended for the Church, to make choice of a different career, and to forego the advantages of a university education. At the age of fifteen he opened a small book-shop in Leith Walk, Edinburgh, his stock consisting entirely of the wreck of the family library. He managed his little business with so much industry that in 1822 he was enabled to remove to a better locality, and soon after issued his first work, entitled "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley." Two years later he published his "Traditions of Edinburgh." In 1826 the "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," and in the year following his "Pictures of Scotland," appeared. Enlisted in the corps of writers for *Constable's Miscellany*, he wrote

successively five volumes embodying the histories of the Scottish rebellions, of which that concerning the affair of 1745, while true as to facts, partakes of the charm of a romance. Then followed two volumes of a "Life of James I.;" three volumes of "Scottish Songs and Ballads;" and four volumes of the "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen." In addition to writing these various works, and giving attention to his business, he acted for a time as editor of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, a well-established journal belonging to Donaldson, the founder of the hospital in the Scottish capital which bears his name.

Robert Chambers' next important work was his "Cyclopædia of English Literature," a publication of higher rank than any previous compilation of a similar character. It was followed by his "Life and Letters of Robert Burns," including his poems. The profits of one edition, amounting to £200, was presented to the daughters of Burns' surviving sister, who had herself previously received many kindnesses from her brother's editor and admirer. On none of his later works did he look back with so much heartfelt pleasure and satisfaction, and none deserves greater praise, for its remarkable fidelity, than that concerning Robert Burns. Here, for the first time, the life of the poet, with all its lights and shades, was correctly delineated. The story of Highland Mary, and the dark days of Dumfries, were placed truly before the world, and allusions in the poems and letters were fully explained. Of all future editions of the Scottish poet, this explanatory and chronological one must form the basis.

He anticipated Macaulay in desiring to make history interesting to the many, embracing details of the manners, customs, social habits, and daily life of the nation, and was eminently successful. Of a kindred character with these works was the "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," an amusing embodiment of

folk-lore and mementos of childhood descending from one generation to another. By the establishment of the *Journal*, he was led into a new walk of literature—that of a weekly essayist. For fifteen years, as he has himself related, he laboured in this field, "alternately gay, grave, sentimental, and philosophical," until not much fewer than four hundred separate papers proceeded from his pen. In these were best seen his imaginative faculties.

William having started *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* in February 1832, Robert thus became an efficient coadjutor. In the early volumes, in particular, there appear admirable essays, pathetic and humorous, from his pen. Besides these professional avocations, Mr Robert Chambers took part for many years in the proceedings of the scientific and other learned bodies in Edinburgh. He has published two works of a geological character, entitled "Ancient Sea Margins of Scotland," and "Tracings of Iceland," the result of a visit to that interesting island. Under a hope of being more useful to his copartnery, he removed to London in 1861, and there brought out one of the most laborious of his works, the "Book of Days" But here, in 1863, his health broke down; the loss of his wife, and of a beautiful and interesting daughter, all within a month, disposed him to retirement; and he was led to take up his residence for the future in a pretty sea-side villa which he built at St Andrews.

In 1863 the University of St Andrews conferred on Mr Chambers the honorary degree of LL.D. He died in that city in 1871, and in the following year his memoir, with autobiographic reminiscences of his brother. was published. It is a work which has deservedly attained a very wide popularity.

His familiar sketches of Scottish life and character are true to nature. His services were devoted to his native country, and, with the exception of his

contemporary, Sir Walter Scott, no other author has done so much to illustrate its social state, its scenery, romantic historical incidents and antiquities, the lives of its eminent men, and the changes in Scottish society and the condition of the people during the the last two centuries.

## YOUNG RANDAL.

Young Randal was a bonnie lad when he gaed awa',
Young Randal was a bonnie lad when he gaed awa',
'Twas in the sixteen hundred year o' grace and thritty-twa,
That Randal, the laird's youngest son, gaed awa'.

It was to seek his fortune in the High Germanie,
To fecht the foreign loons in the High Germanie,
That he left his father's tower o' sweet Willanslee,
And monie mae friends in the North Countrie.

He left his mother in her bower, his father in the ha',
His brother at the outer yett, but and his sisters twa,
And his bonnie cousin Jean, that look'd owre the castle wa',
And, mair than a' the lave, loot the tears down fa'.

"Oh, whan will ye be back," sae kindly did she speir,
"Oh, whan will ye be back, my hinny and my dear?"
"Whenever I can win eneuch o' Spanish gear,
To dress ye out in pearlins and silks my dear."

Oh, Randal's hair was coal-black when he gaed awa'—
Oh, Randal's cheeks were roses red when he gaed awa',
And in his bonnie e'e, a spark glintit high,
Like the merrie, merrie look in the morning sky.

Oh, Randal was an altert man when he came hame—
A sair altert man was he whan he came hame;
Wi' a ribbon at his breast, and a Sir at his name—
And grey, grey cheeks did Randal come hame.

He lichtit at the outer yett, and rispit with the ring,
And down came a ladye to see him come in,
And after the ladye came bairns feifteen;
"Can this muckle wife be my true love Jean?"

"Whatna stoure carl is this," quo' the dame,
"Sae gruff and sae grand, and sae feckless and sae lame?"
"Oh, tell me, fair madam, are ye bonnie Jeanie Graham?"
"In troth," quo' the ladye, "sweet sir, the very same."

He turned him about wi' a waefu' e'e,
And a heart as sair as sair could be;
He lap on his horse, and awa' did wildly flee,
And never mair came back to sweet Willanslee.

Oh, dule on the poortith o' this countrie,
And dule on the wars o' the High Germanie,
And dule on the love that forgetfu' can be,
For they've wreck'd the bravest heart in this hale countrie.

## SCOTLAND.

Scotland the land of all I love,
The land of all that love me;
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me.
Hail, country of the brave and good;
Hail, land of song and story;
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
Of ancient faith and glory!

Like mother's bosom o'er her child,
The sky is glowing o'er me;
Like mother's ever-smiling face,
The land lies bright before me.
Land of my home, my father's land;
Land where my soul was nourish'd;
Land of anticipated joy,
And all by memory cherished!

Oh Scotland, through thy wide domain
What hill, or vale, or river,
But in this fond enthusiast heart
Has found a place forever?
Nay, hast thou but a glen or shaw,
To shelter farm or sheiling,
That is no fondly garner'd up
Within its depths of feeling?

Adown thy hills run countless rills,
With noisy, ceaseless motion;
Their waters join the rivers broad,
Those rivers join the ocean;
And many a sunny, flowery brae,
Where childhood plays and ponders,
Is freshen'd by the lightsome flood,
As wimpling on it wanders.

Within thy long-descend'ng vales,
And on the lonely mountain,
How many wild spontaneous flowers
Hang o'er each flood and fountain!
The glowing furze, the "bonnie broom,"
The thistle and the heather;
The bluebell and the gowan fair,
Which childhood likes to gather.

Oh for that pipe of silver sound,
On which the shepherd lover,
In ancient days, breathed out his soul,
Beneath the mountain's cover!
Oh for that Great Lost Power of Song,
So soft and melancholy,
To make thy every hill and dale
Poetically holy!

And not alone each hill and dale,
Fair as they are by nature,
But every town and tower of thine,
And every lesser feature;
For where is there the spot of earth
Within my contemplation,
But from some noble deed or thing
Has taken consecration!

Scotland! the land of all I love,
The land of all that love me;
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me.
Hail, country of the brave and good;
Hail, land of song and story;
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
Of ancient faith and glory!

## JOHN MILNE,

AUTHOR of "Essays, with Illustrations in Verse," "Cromlett, a Tale of the Last Century," "The Widow and Her Son." and other works was a letter-carrier in Aberdeen. He was born there in 1791, and his father, who was a sailor, having been pressed by a gang of privateers, died abroad, John, at the age of seven, was placed in the "Poor's Hospital," where he was educated. In a lengthy sketch in one of his volumes, he tells us that when guilty of any misdemeanour their weekly tasks were doubled: they had to commit to memory a page of Watt's Catechism, along with the Scripture proofs, and repeat whole psalms; besides reciting lessons

from "Mason's Collection," with similar augmentations and correctness in our writing and arithmetic. John was an apt scholar, however, and during the time he remained in the Hospital took several prizes. At the age of twelve he was apprenticed to a shoemaker for the space of six years. His master allowed him food and clothing, for which, along with his services, he was to have from the funds of the Hospital £3 in name of 'Prentice Fee. On the completion of his services, he was compelled, on account of being liable to the ballot to enter the local militia, but wishing to visit "foreign parts," he enlisted as a *real* soldier. After fourteen months of a military life, he obtained his discharge, and returned home. Soon after, he received the appointment of letter-carrier and assistant clerk, was afterwards for several years peregrinating through the country exposing for sale at fairs, or villages, boots and shoes made up for the purpose. Several years were spent in this manner, until he *settled down* to work at his trade for customers. In the evenings he gave instruction to several young men in arithmetic, &c. In 1830 he published his first work, "The Widow and Her Son, or the Runaway," a borough tale of 1782, with interesting notes and other miscellaneous productions. Its reception was highly flattering, and induced him, in 1832, to issue a smaller work. His family now numbered twelve, and, although modestly considering that he had about as much right to call himself a *poet* as an apothecary's apprentice could be styled a doctor, he felt anxious to make something of his writings. He had already made a creditable appearance as a painter in water-colour, but after reflecting that an amalgamation of music, painting, and poetry, in one self-taught brain, was a phenomenon rather rare for getting much credit, he resolved to relinquish his pretensions to the two former, and endeavour to stick to the latter, or at least, that of a moral essayist. He studied in his leisure hours the most approved

works on philosophy, history, theology, and science. He had been put out of the post office by unjust treatment, but a change of postmaster taking place he was now permanently appointed as one of the letter-carriers.

Such, in brief, is the rather chequered career of one who has written much and well on many subjects. Most of his productions are lengthy, but the treatment is always well sustained. In his poetical tales the incidents march steadily to a fair and legitimate conclusion. He writes with simple grace, and is frequently full of real pathos, without being morbidly sad.

### LEAP YEAR:

#### OR, THE OLD MAID GONE A-WOOING.

Miss Jane of the Shaws was a maiden of note,
And could boast of some pedigree;
With a portion of land, and a well-stocked farm,
A stout young man, who could keep her from harm,
And rule over servants three.

And her serving-man was a *sensible* man,
Yclep'd "wise John of the Shaws;"
Of effect and its cause, or of cause and effect,
He could speak, and a flaw he at once could detect
In any of Nature's Laws.

Miss Jane went round her poultry-yard,
On an April morn went she;
When the brood hens 'gan crowing and clapping their wings,
And the veriest pullets seemed walking on springs,
As they joined in the minstrelsy.

"Now John, now John! come tell me," she said,
"What the meaning of this can be,
When the bantam cock 'gan scrapin his wing
How a dozen of pullets would around him cling,
And crow with such wonderful glee!

"*Leap-Year*, my lady," and John made a bow,
"In accordance with Nature's Laws,
There's not a maiden in all the land
Needs blush to extend in wedlock her hand,
Not even Miss Jane of the Shaws."

"Indeed!" quoth the lady, and she muttered the while,
Come May-day, I'm just thirty-three;
You'll saddle the grey, John, by break of day,—
Yourself on the black—I'll have something to say
To the young laird of Ochiltree.

John made a low bow, as in duty bound,
But he looked so sagaciously,
That his lady retired with a sigh and a moan,
And she wished, more than once, that her serving-man John,
Had been Laird of Ochiltree.

Now John and his lady had both left the Shaws,
Ere the sun was an hour i' th' lift,
Five miles of the moor they accomplished, when John
Gave the hint to the lady, in an audible tone,
He could make out her ladyship's *drift*.

But a banner was seen on the old castle walls,
And there were sounds of some revelry:
Ere John could announce that Miss Jane of the Shaws
Had come, in accordance with Nature's Laws,
To confer with young Ochiltree.

The young Laird appeared, with a blooming young bride,
For a blooming young bride had he;
And both took it kind, that Miss Jane of the Shaws
Had come, in accordance with Nature's Laws,
To proffer them courtesy.

Miss Jane looked behind her, but John looked before,
As a tear seemed to start from her e'e;
"Oh, John, take my hand, for the fetlock band
Has entrapped my train, and I cannot withstand
Such a sight 's this at Ochiltree."

John spread out his arms, and the lady fell in,
With a sigh and a sob fell she;
But John was a stout and a vigorous man,
And the cause and effect he could readily scan,
For a sensible man was he.

He bore her off softly, and whispered her low,
With a look, and a sigh, and a *pause*;
"You have proffered your hand in the wedlock band;
Such a look and an offer, how can I withstand?
'Twould be against Nature's Laws."

A wedding was held at fair Ochiltree,
And another was held at the Shaws;
While the young men and maidens have made up their mind,
That whatever seems wrong must be right in its kind,
And according to Nature's Laws.

## THE MURDERER'S LAST DREAM.

We reached the murderer's cell, and there he lay—
Betwixt him and eternity, the sun
Had but to gild the portals of the East
And light him to the scaffold! There he lay
Courting repose,—alas! it proved in vain:

(Ah ! never will the renovating balm
Of slumber hover o'er the murderer's couch –
Nor can he taste that "sweet forgetfulness"
Vouchsafed to mortals used to honest toil.)
For three long nights his suit had been refused,
And Nature, though externally she pressed
His swollen eyelids down, 'twas visible
That horror reigned within his guilty soul,
Now struggling on the unrelenting rack
Of mental agony ! The muttering lip,
The teeth that chattered with a savage grin,—
The agitated limb, and fingers clenched,
As if he held a serpent in his grasp ;
Nay, the whole frame internally convulsed,
Portrayed a mortal grappling with a fiend !
We trembling stood and waited the result.
He suddenly arose—his fetters rung—
And with a maniac stare and fiendish howl,
Exclaimed—"Now, hold ! I dare thee to the task !
Thou wieldest not the thunderbolts of Heaven,
Nor hath dread vengeance sounded the alarm !
But ah ! from whence that armament of crime !
Their leader, Death—their banners drenched in gore !
I see the knife unclasped—the poisoned cup—
The victims struggling on the blood-stained floor ;
I hear the rending groan—the piercing shriek—
In vain they cry for mercy—Mercy's fled,
But Retribution now surrounds our den !
And—Horror ! *he*, the partner of my guilt,
The first to brand me as a murderer !—
Then seize him, fell Destruction ! here thy mark—
Now sink we headlong in eternal ruin !"
The wretch fell backward with a hideous yell,
Grazing the fretted wall, when copiously
The blood fell trickling from his burning brain.
To where he lay my friend drew near and wept,
And, as he raised his snow-white handkerchief
To wipe his features, (then a deadly pale,)
With haggard look the murderer gazed the while ;
"Ha ! dost thou weep for me !" he cried, "then tell
If thou art come a messenger of peace,
Will tears of blood allay the wrath of Heaven,
Or time and torture renovate the soul ?
Then let me live to expiate my guilt,
And drain my vitals to their inmost core !"

We then addressed the Judge of all the earth,
And prayed with such a fervency of soul
In his behalf, entreated, nay invoked,
As one might do a father or a friend,
But in that strain of true humility,
Of real unworthiness, the saints on earth,
(By laying hold of man's redeeming pledge,)

May urge their plea before the throne of God—
That, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes,
The convict sat, and deep was the response,
As if he'd pour the tenor of his soul
Before the reverend servant of the Lord,
To analyse and prove its penitence :—
"Oh ! leave me not !" he cried, "if there be left
One latent spark of hope for such a wretch,
Entreat, implore the Majesty of Heaven
To quench the flaming terrors of his wrath !
If e'er a mortal at the eleventh hour,
Or sinner's death-cry from the verge of woe,
Might dare to importune Heaven's dread tribunal,
Here I lie prostrate, guilty, and condemned !
Nor cease to drop the penitential tear
Till sterner Justice yield the counterpoise,
And mercy whisper to my trembling soul—
"Arise ! thou yet may'st hope !" "Oh ! leave me not
But let the echo of thy latest prayer
Wing my wrapt soul to glory."

## WILLIAM SCOTT

WAS born in Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, on "Hogmanay Nicht," 1822. His mother's name was Ann Buchan (still alive at the date we write, 1881), sister of the indefatigable and widely-known antiquarian and ballad collector of Scotland, Peter Buchan, printer, publisher, and author. His father, Sandy Scott, as he was familiarly termed, was a rank Tory. He was one of the most intelligent men in the district—possessed of a very retentive memory, with strong reasoning powers—and was looked up to as an authority not only on matters of Scotch poetry, but also in Ecclesiastical and State questions. From boyhood he had made our national poet a study, and could almost repeat any poem or song of the bard. He was one of the original founders of the "Peterhead Burns' Club," and a member of it till his death. His enthusiasm is said to have been so great that on the centenary night of

the poet, Sandy was seized at the supper table with a slight shock of paralysis, from which he never recovered. He was letter-carrier, librarian, and "confidential" to the inhabitants of Peterhead, and for the faithful performance of these duties they bought him an annuity, and his last days were passed in peace and comfort.

The subject of our sketch received his education at a "Dame's School" till he was between eight and nine years of age, the school books of the time being the "Battle Door," "Barrie's Child's Assistant," "Lennie's Ladder," the "Proverbs of Solomon," and one copy for the whole school of "Mason's Collection"—this latter for the advanced class. It is worthy of note that the old dame not only taught her pupils to read the "Proverbs," but to repeat them "wi' the buik closed." Mr Scott's recollection of an "Exam'" in the Dame's school, at which the mother's of the two scholars who were to "hold forth" were present, is worthy of preservation, and so we give it as related to us. Having repeated "Naked as from the earth we came," one of Watt's hymns, and the Proverb "My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother," another boy and he were mounted on a *kist*, from which "rostrum" the one told the Dame, his mother, and fellow pupils, that his name was "Norval; on the *Grumpian hulls*," and the other that he was "a *cheftan* from the *heelans boun'*," after which the Dame tauld the "squeel to see what lair can do," at which the mithers put on their auld grey cloaks and hoods, and with a "curtchie" thanked Margaret for teaching their sons; the sons lifted a lock of hair in front of their foreheads, and said to the Dame "*a joo*;" the mithers took their sons by the hand and led them to the teacher of writing, and after being three months under him this finished or completed what in those days was called a liberal education.

At nine years of age we find Mr Scott at work as a bookbinder and printer—to which he served seven years' apprenticeship. He afterwards went to Glasgow, where he resided for sometime with his cousin, the genial Dr Buchan, recently deceased, author of the "Guidman o' Inglismill," and other poems, under whose roof he made the acquaintance of Sandy Rodgers and others of "The Whistle Binkie" days. Thereafter he was for twenty-three years a foreman at Messrs A. Pirie & Sons' paper works at Stoneywood. He has been about forty years a "professor of dancing, and teacher of elocution." Mr Scott was amongst the first in the north of Scotland to organize penny readings; was correspondent to several local and district papers; noted as a fern grower, naturalist, botanist and pigeon breeder; correspondent of the well-known artist and naturalist, Harrison Weir; travelled, it is said, from Inverness to Carlisle, staff in hand, and on his way visited the land of Scott, Hogg, and Burns; stayed a week at Abbotsford, was there kindly entertained by Thomas Currie, F.S.A., and became acquainted with the late Dean Ramsay. He has published "Peterhead Revisited," "The Witches o' Cairn Catta," "A Dowie Nicht at Yule," and contributed largely to the poets' corner of the *Aberdeen Herald* and *Free Press*, and other newspapers, under the initials "W. S." His "Witches of Cairn Catta" and his "Dowie Nicht at Yule" are meritorious productions. They are both instructive and amusing, with a considerable breadth of quiet humour and original drollery. They also show an intelligent acquaintance with the curious traits of life in the "good old times." The hillsides, moors, burns, and "laigh theeket biggin's" are rich in legendary lore and superstitions, peculiar customs, and tales of ghosts, water-kelpies and fairies, and these are treated by him in a manner breathing the real spirit of ballad poetry.

Mr Scott's social qualities have endeared him to

many friends, and an hour spent in his company is a rare treat. "A Brither Bard" writes to us as follows:—"I am never more delighted than when he drops in of an evening to talk of books, poets and poetry, birds and blossoms and 'auld langsyne,' or entertain the bairns to a little ventriloquism, mesmerism, or magic, in all which he is thoroughly at home. That he may be long spared to his wife and family, and to warble us now and then a 'liltie' to cheer us on life's journey, is the sincere wish of a 'brither bard' who has for many years enjoyed Mr Scott's genial friendship."

We give the following from "The Witches of Cairn Catta." These witches, we are told, *lived* in a romantic glen, in which may be found a natural curiosity—a meal-mill of great antiquity, supposed to be the oldest in Scotland, and which claims the particular attention of the antiquary and the man of taste. One of its ends, and part of one of its sides, were built at the creation of the world, and by the great Architect of Nature, so that its antiquity cannot be disputed by the most captious sceptic. The disguises of the witches are also here referred to. "Occasionally the witch is said to transform herself into a stone, which is a common practice in the season of agricultural operations, by which she is afforded great opportunities of mischief to the farmer's interest. The witch likewise assumes the character of a magpie on occasions of sudden emergency which requires immediate conference with a number of the members of the craft. The likeness of this bird, which is of a domestic character, and fond of hopping and picking about the doors, screens the witch from suspicion as she visits another witch's dwelling."

Ye wha hae time, a mament spare;
I'se lead ye to a spot fu' fair,
Spangled wi' bloomin' flowerets rare,
An' lythe an' lown.

Tak' by the gell o' yon grey mill,
Gang canny up the siller rill,
Jauk for a blink—we've time at will—
Noo, len' ye down.

Yon's Dennymill, sae grey an' hoar ;
'Twas biggit years on years afore
The shoreless sea, wi' awfu' roar,
Swept a' frae sicht ;
An' Peter Buchan gie's his aith,
That sides an' en's, or pairt o' baith,
War raised afore the warl' took scaith
Thro Satin's slight.

Look o'er yon scene. The rocks sublime
Grow bonnier wi' the touch o' time,
Ilk crack an' crevice, rent an' line,
Yer thochts deman' ;
The witch's-butter, lichen yellow,
The bricht cup-moss—bauld scarlet fellow—
Toned doon sae saft an' made sae mellow ;
Say—Is't nae gran' ?

Forget-me-not doon i' the dell,
An' roon a nook the dead man's bell,
By fairies rung—ilk tinklin' knell
Borne on the air ;
The roses wild we lo'e sae well,
An' climbin' vetch wi' pimpernell—
The poor man's weather glass, to tell
Gin foul or fair.

Auld Dennymill, in days o' yore,
Ye've seen fu' mony a gruesome splore ;
I'll try to glean frae witchcraft's lore
A leaflet auld.
Lang ere a mill-stane did its wark
Ye war a smiddy, an' Pate Park
Wrocht mony a lang an' sair day's wark
In comfort cauld.

Far less for beauty than for wit,
He held his wife—a dainty nit ;
She blew his bellows, or wad sit
An' claik a' nicht.
A fluchtrous jade was Brookie's Bell,
Fowk said, "She got her *airts* frae hell,"
An' mony ane was fley'd to tell
Her deeds o' fricht.

The witches roon' by Starling Hill,
An' boglebos at Dennymill,
Wi' boodies frae the siller rill,
Played cantrips queer.
Some came like starlings frae the hill,
As pyots some wi' chatterin' shrill,
To scheme wi' Bell their deeds o' ill,
Baith far an' near.

The starlings flew aboot the door,
The pyots happit on the floor,
An' Brookie's Bell fed them *galore*
Wi' dainty crumbs.
Stanes 'tweesh the couter an' the sock;
Brocht plowmen aft to a dead lock;
The carlin', grinnin', aye did mock
An' knack her thumbs.

Egg Eppie's loon begood to dwine,
An' Ellie's lassie orp an' pine,
Even Sildie's horse "teuk Mortichine"
At sicht o' Bell;
Scaredoggan's coo nae milk wad gi'e,
An' Shirkie's soo lap o'er the ree,
An' brak' her leg aboon the knee;
Oh, dire to tell.

Ilk day brocht sorrows mair an' mair,
Till Rochie shot a souple hare;
The crooket saxpence gart her stare,
Syne close her e'en.
'Twas Black Meg Grant, Bell's dearest crone.
"She's shot," quoth Bell; "I'se never moan;
Wi' witcherie I'se mak' a' groan—
An' that fu' seen."

## ROBIN BURNS AT HAME SHALL BIDE.

By the margin of a streamlet
Stood a bright ey'd noble youth,
Proudly thinking o' Auld Scotia,
And his little banner, "Truth."

Silver white the stream was glancing
With the moonbeams purest rays,
Burning thoughts his brain were crowding—
Thoughts of home and bye-gone days.

Near him rolled the mighty ocean,
On its breast a vessel's form,
Whose sailors' song "O yo heave oho,"
Raised within his heart a storm.

Tears fell in his toil-worn hard hand,
Tears would shame the brightest gem,
Tears o'erflowing of a true heart,
Tears that's only shed by men.

"As the water seeks its level
Stones do fall and flames ascend,
So shall mankind, good or evil,
To their destination tend."

Proud he raised his eyelids heavenward,
Boldly he put forth his hand,—
"Here I swear by moon an' star licht
I winna leave my native land!

Leave my native land, oh! never—
My 'Twa Dogs' an' 'Guid Scotch Drink,'
Auld 'Tam Samson' an' the 'Captain'
Wad wi' 'Clootie' tak' a wink.

'Holy Willie' soon wad tak' a
Splore in 'Poosie Nancy's' crib,
'Tam O'Shanter' tak' the 'Toothache,'
'Kirkton Jane' turn 'Unco Guid.'

'Jock Hornbook' mount the 'Auld Mare Mag,'
An' ride her to the 'Holy Fair,'
An' 'Tailor Tam' 'Poor Mailie' tak',
Syne cook her for a 'Haggis' there.

If ever 'Man was made to mourn,'
'Twas in leavin' sic a band,—
I'll string my harp for ance an' aye—
I winna leave my native land.

I'll bide an' sing o' 'Auld Langsyne,'
'Galla Water,' Duncan Gray,'
'The banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon,'
An' steel my heart wi' 'Scots wha hae.'

Dearest 'Mary' who in heaven is
Listen to this vow divine,
Slaves and slavery I detest them—
Lash and whip shall ne'er be mine.

Jamaica, never shall I see thee—
Never cross the ocean wide;
This firm vow, I swear to keep it—
Robin Burns at hame shall bide."

## THE BROKEN HEART.

"Flowers never look so lovely in my sight as when brought to wither gently on the bed of death."—MRS HEMANS.

I am dying, I am dying,
Oh, how sweet the change to me,
There are spirits round me flying
To bear me off from thee.

Only listen, only listen
To that sad and solemn tune
That the cold, cold winds are playing
'Mong the trees not yet in bloom.

Yet they will live, yet they will live,
I know they will—'tis spring;
But I must die—ah, yes I shall—
Alas! that fatal ring.

Am I raving? am I raving?
Sound not my parting knell;
Do forgive him—oh, forgive him,
Before I say farewell.

Come near to me, come near to me,
Now raise my hand and see
The gift that bound my early love
That's ne'er again been free.

Oh, remove it, oh, remove it,
Look in my work-box there;
There's a packet and a letter
With a locket and his hair.

Bring them to me, bring them to me,
What withered flower is this?
Forget me not;—I never have—
Has he? Oh yes, oh yes.

Go cull to me, go cull to me
Some snowdrops pure and white,
And let them wither in my hand,
I know I'll die to-night.

How kind to bring, how kind to bring,
To cheer my chamber's gloom,
These flowers, altho' they warn me that
I'm ready for the tomb.

Yet scatter them, yet scatter them,
I know I'll soon be dead,
And say that Mary loved to see
Them on her dying bed.

My last request, my last request,
Oh, may he be forgiven;
We'll meet again—I trust we shall—
I hope and trust in heaven.

## ARCHIBALD M'KAY,

THE octogenarian author of the "History of Kilmarnock," is a native of that spirited manufacturing town. He was born there in June, 1801. His father was a native of Sutherlandshire, and came to Kilmarnock along with the Sutherland Fencibles during the time of the Irish Rebellion. His mother, however, was a native of the town which her son has since done so much to make famous. Receiving a fairly good education in his youth, he early stored his mind with all kinds of knowledge, and his poetic taste was fostered by rambles, many and long, amidst the loveliest scenes of the surrounding district, and to places of traditional and historic interest. He learned the bookbinding trade, which he has long followed on his own account. Mr M'Kay has embraced every opportunity of cultivating his own taste, and of acquiring fresh and valuable stores of information. Leading at all times a life blameless and exemplary, he has gained the respect even of those who cared nothing for literature.

Although Mr M'Kay had commenced to write pretty early in life, yet it was not till 1844 that he published a volume. In that year appeared his "Recreations of Leisure Hours," a collection of pieces in prose and verse, which at once proved the excellence of his taste, and his powers of execution. In 1848 appeared his "History of Kilmarnock," a large work of great research, and written in a clear and pleasing style. A fourth and greatly extended edition of this work appeared in 1880. In 1868 appeared "Ingleside Lilts, and other Poems," which fully established and greatly extended his fame as a poet. In 1874 he brought out another pleasing volume in prose and verse, entitled "Burns, and His Kilmarnock Friends," and at the present time he is preparing a new and greatly extended edition of

"Ingleside Lilts." Several of his songs have been set to music, and are very popular.

Mr M'Kay's poems are marked by great simplicity and perspicuity of style, and genuine humour, with frequent touches of true pathos. The domestic and ordinary life of the humbler classes he has studied well and understands thoroughly, and the scenes of "the cottage homes of Scotland" are described by him most perfectly, and in a way which never fails to interest. His townsmen are proud of him, and he has received from them not a few tokens of the high respect and esteem in which they hold the author and the man.

### BE KIND TO AULD GRANNIE.

Be kind to auld grannie, for noo she is frail,
As a time-shatter'd tree bending low in the gale;
When ye were wee bairnies tot, totting about,
She watch'd ye when in, and she watch'd ye when out;
And aye when ye chanc'd in your daffin' and fun
To dunt your wee heads on the cauld staney grun',
She lifted ye up, and she kiss'd ye fu' fain,
Till a' your bit cares were forgotten again.
Then be kind to auld grannie, for noo she is frail,
As a time-shatter'd tree bending low in the gale.

When first in your breasts rose the feeling divine,
That's waked by the tales and the sangs o' langsyne,
Wi' auld warld cracks she would pleasure inspire,
In the lang winter nichts as she sat by the fire;
Or melt the young hearts wi' some sweet Scottish lay,
Like the "Flowers o' the Forest," or "Auld Robin Gray;"
Though eerie the win' blew around the bit cot,
Grim winter and a' its wild blasts were forgot;—
Then be kind to auld grannie, for noo she is frail,
As a time-shatter'd tree bending low in the gale.

And mind, though the blythe day o' youth noo is yours,
Time will wither its joys, as wild winter the flow'rs;
And your step that's noo licht as the bound o' the roe,
Wi' cheerless auld age may be feeble and slow;
And the freens o' your youth to the grave may be gane,
And ye on its brink may be tottering alane;
Oh, think how consoling some freen would be then,
When the gloaming o' life comes like mist o'er the glen:—
Then be kind to auld grannie, for noo she is frail,
As a time-shatter'd tree bending low in the gale.

## THE MITHER TO HER BAIRNS.

O, bairnies, be still, for your faither's asleep,
And maun rise to his wark when the mornin' beams peep ;
To break his sweet slumber it wadna be richt,
For he that toils sairly needs rest through the nicht.

Whisht ! Davie, ye're nocht but a wild skirlin' brat ;
And, Robin, nae mortal kens what ye'd be at—
A' day ye've been rakin' for nests in the shaw,
And yet, like the lave, aye keep gabblin' awa'.

And, Tam, ye're sae restless, ye're like was ne'er seen,
Ye mindna the paiks that I gied ye yestreen ;
When ye drew the bit cat through the house by the lug,
And tied to its tail grannie's auld broken jug.

Ye licht-headed gilpies, O kent ye how sair
Your puir faither labours to keep ye a' fair,
To keep ye in schulin', in meat, claes an' shune,
Ye'd mind what I tell ye, and lessen your din.

In the cuttie wren's nest by the burn yont the knowe,
That wee Jamie fand out when a-herdin' the yowe,
Ye'll no hear a cheep when the sun has gane doun—
In ilk ither's bozie they're a' sleepin' soun'.

Frae them tak' a lesson, ye rogues, and lie still,
For mirk lie the shadows o' nicht on the hill ;
And when the sweet morn glints again owre the lea,
Then rise, like the birds, to your daffin' an' glee.

## THE BEST THING WI' GEAR IS THE HAINING O'T.

I trew there's a charm in a wee pickle gear,
And wha wadna strive at the gaining o't ?
It mak's a puir body baith canty and fier,
If honesty's had the obtaining o't ;
But haith, it needs guiding, or soon like the snaw
That melts frae the dyke, it will vanish awa',
And leave us wi' nocht but our haffits to claw—
Sae the best thing wi' gear is the haining o't.

Some brag o' the gowpins o' gowd they can mak',
Yet fortune, they're ever complaining o't :
And they see wi' surprise their bit house gaun to wrack
Though rowth is brocht in for maintaining o't.
But if what is brocht in is unwisely laid out,
Cauld puirtith will come wi' its lang wizzent snout,
And mak' the bit meal-pock as souple's a clout—
Sae the best thing wi' gear is the haining o't.

The well that we drink frae is sure to rin dry,
If there's owre muckle tooming and draining o't—
And then owre its loss ye may yamer and sigh,
When there micht hae been plenty remaining o't—

And sae, though your pouch were as fu' as a nit,
If ye're owre aften in't a' its treasure will flit,
And leave ye in duds frae the head to the fit—
Sae the best thing wi' gear is the haining o't.

## MY FIRST BAWBEE.

O nane, I trew, in a' the earth, was happier than me,
When in my wee breeks pouch I gat my first bawbee:
I turn'd it roun' an' roun' wi' pride, syne toddled aff wi' glee,
To spend on something that was guid, my first bawbee.

I met auld Granny at the door; quo' she—"Noo, Rab, tak' care,
Nae feckless whigmaleeries buy when ye gang to the fair;
A gaucy row, or sonsie scone, is best for ane that's wee;
Mind, muckle lies in how ye spend yer first bawbee."

But Granny's words were sune forgot when to the fair I gaed,
An' saw sae mony ferlies there on ilka stan' array'd;
I glow'rt at this, I glow'rt at that, wi' rovin' greedy e'e,
An' felt dumfounder't how to spend my first bawbee.

Here apples lay in mony a creel, a' temptin' to the view,
Wi' plums an' pears, whase very look brocht water to the mou';
An' there were tosh wee picture books, spread out sae fair to see,
They seemed to say—"Come here an' spend your first bawbee."

I kent the ane wad gust the gab, the ither tell me how
Cock Robin fell that waefu' day the Sparrow drew his bow,
But baith, waesucks, I coudna get, an' sae, wi' tearfu' e'e,
I swither't lang on whilk to spend my first bawbee.

At length, a wheedlin' Irish loon began to bawl an' brag—
"Come here," said he, "my little lad, and try my lucky bag!
If you have but one copper got, for it you may get three;
Sure, never venture, never win! come sport your bawbee."

Thocht I, this is the very thing; I'll mak' my bawbee twa,
An' syne I'll get the plums an' pears, the picture books an' a';
Sae, at the "bag" I tried my luck, but hope was dung ajee;
A *blank* was mine, an' sae I lost my first bawbee.

A tear cam' happin' owre my cheek, as sad I dauner't hame,
The hunger rumblin' up an' doon, like win' within my wame,
I telt auld Granny a' my tale—"Ye've gane faur wrang," quo' she,
"But muckle guid may yet come oot yer first bawbee."

An' true she spak'; my loss was gain: it taught me usefu' lair;
It made me aft since syne tak' tent o' mony a gilded snare:
An' still, when rogues, to catch the plack, their fleechin phrases gi'e,
A something whispers—"*Robin, mind your first bawbee.*"

## THOMAS SMIBERT

WAS a voluminous prose-writer, and his poetry is replete with patriotic sentiment, and indicates fine fancy and deep pathos. He was born in Peebles in 1810, and died at Edinburgh in 1854, in his forty-fourth year. With a view of qualifying himself for the medical profession, he, after leaving school, was apprenticed to an apothecary. On obtaining license as a surgeon, he practiced in the village of Innerleithen, but not being successful he went back to his native town, and turned his attention to literature. He became a valued contributor to *Chambers's Journal*, and was latterly sub-editor of that periodical. In the course of five years he contributed five hundred essays, one hundred tales, and about fifty biographies to its pages. Within the same period he edited a new edition of Paley's "Natural Theology," with scientific notes, and wrote extensively for Chambers's "Information for the People." In 1842, he was appointed to the sub-editorship of the *Scotsman* newspaper. The bequest of a relative, however, enabled him to relinquish stated literary occupation, but he continued to exhibit to the world pleasing evidences of his learning and industry, by frequently contributing to *Hogg's Instructor*, producing works on "Greek History," "The Clans of the Highlands of Scotland," (his most ambitious and successful work), and collating a "Rhyming Dictionary." Mr Smibert was also author of a very successful historical play, entitled "Condé's Wife." In 1851, he was induced to issue a volume of poetry, bearing the title of "Io Anche! Poems chiefly Lyrical," which was exceedingly well received.

## THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Afore the Lammas tide
  Had dun'd the birken tree,
In a' our water-side
  Nae wife was bless'd like me.
A kind gudeman, and twa
  Sweet bairns were 'round me here,
But they're a' ta'en awa'
  Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Sair trouble cam' our gate,
  And made me, when it cam',
A bird without a mate,
  A ewe without a lamb.
Our hay was yet to maw,
  And our corn was to shear,
When they a' dwined awa'
  In the fa' o' the year.

I downa look a-field,
  For aye I trow I see
The form that was a bield
  To my wee bairns and me;
But wind, and weet, and snaw,
  They never mair can fear,
Sin' they a' got the ca'
  In the fa' o' the year.

Aft on the hill at e'ens
  I see him 'mang the ferns—
The lover o' my teens,
  The faither o' my bairns;
For there his plaid I saw,
  As gloamin' aye drew near,
But my a's now awa'
  Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Our bonnie riggs theirsel'
  Reca' my waes to mind;
Our puir dumb beasties tell
  O' a' that I hae tyned;
For wha our wheat will saw
  And wha our sheep will shear,
Sin' my a' gaed awa'
  In the fa' o' the year?

My hearth is growing cauld,
And will be caulder still,
And sair, sair in the fauld
Will be the winter's chill;
For peats were yet to ca',
Our sheep they were to smear,
When my a' passed awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

I ettle whiles to spin,
But wee, wee patterin' feet
Come rinnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet;
I ken it's fancy a',
And faster rows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

Be kind, o' Heaven abune!
To ane sae wae and lane,
And tak her hamewards sune
In pity o' her maen.
Lang ere the March winds blaw,
May she, far, far frae here,
Meet them a' that's awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year!

## JANET KELSO MUIR

IS a native of Glasgow, although nearly all her life has been passed in Kilmarnock, to which town she was brought when a child, to live with her aunt, on the death of her parents, about 1850. She had the benefit of only about a single year at a good school in Glasgow, and was considered to have completed her education when in her eleventh year. The poetic element in her nature became early developed, and, with other kinds of self-culture, she has continued her education to the present time. For several years she was employed in a millinery

establishment in Kilmarnock, but of late Miss Muir has carried on business on her own account. This, of course, occupies much of her time, though she still cultivates her fine poetic talent, and has sufficient matter for a second volume. Her first appeared in 1878, and is a goodly volume of nearly 250 pages, containing fully half that number of separate poems on all manner of subjects, which are classed under five heads—"Voices of Nature," "Sympathy and Affection," "Miscellaneous," "Sacred," and "Songs."

Miss Muir has a very graceful mode of expression, and her verse is smooth and musical, highly moral, and often earnestly religious in its tone. It always pleases, and very generally instructs.

### HOPE'S WHISPER.

The cold winds are sighing,
The flow'rets are dying,
And music is hushed in the woodland so drear;
While friendships the dearest,
The fondest and nearest,
Are fading like those from the fast fleeting year.

The sunlight now shrouded,
Grown darksome and clouded,
Scarce lends a soft ray to illumine the scene;
While hearts, dull and cheerless,
Once gladsome and fearless,
All mournfully muse o'er the joys that have been.

Yet, hark! through the wailing
Of earthly hopes failing,
There comes a faint whisper, assuring and sweet—
Away o'er death's river,
In beauty for ever,
True hearts that now sever shall joyfully meet.

### SONG.

#### THE WA' GAUN O' THE FLOWERS.

Oh, waes me, for the wily South
Has stown my flow'rs awa',
The winsome lass and waly youth,
Sweet buds an' bells an' a'.

The lads, like thistles, i' their pride ;
An' bairns wi' een o' blue :
There's no in a' the kintra side
Sic blossoms left us noo.
But dinna mind the Southerns sair,
Nor tint your Scottish claim ;
Though England welcomes, smiling fair,
She'll never lo'e the same.

For Scotia's love lies unco deep,
Like burn amang the braes,
That seems, in silence, aft to sleep
Beneath the sunny rays ;
But let the wild wind cross her path,
Or ruffle her fair form,
How white her foam, and loud her wrath
Heard in the wintry storm !
Sae dinna mind the Southerns sair,
Wha smile an' greet by turns,
But think how ye, the warm bluid share
O' patriot Bruce an' Burns.

Oh, waes the heart that sadly yearns
For joys it maunna share ;
An' waes me for the blythesome bairns
I ne'er may meet wi' mair.
The South has ta'en them ane an' a'—
Buds, blossoms, branch, and tree—
To twine them in her garlands braw,
Nor left a leaf wi' me.
But dinna mind the Southerns sair,
Though them I maunna blame ;
Whyles think o' her wha's name ye bear
In your auld Scottish hame.

## PASSING AWAY; OR, THE WIND'S WORDS.

Passing away ! passing away !
Hark ! while the autumn winds mournfully say ;
Scattering widely the leaves from the tree,
As they wail through the forest like moan of the sea,
Lifting the giant oak branches in play :
Passing away ! passing away !

Passing away ! passing away !
Passing, the summer with sweet-smiling ray,
Passing, the spring with its blossoming birth,
The rich golden clusters of autumn from earth,
Passing, the winter all gloomy and grey,
Passing away ! passing away !

Passing away ! passing away !
Passing, the glory and gladness of May,

Passing, the sweet-scented breezes of June,
Passing, the flow'rets that wither so soon,
Passing, the wild notes of warblers so gay,
Passing away ! passing away !

Passing away ! passing away !
Softly and sadly the autumn winds say ;
Sighing betimes through the churchyard so drear,
Tossing the leaflets all shrivelled and sere,
Waving the willow that weeps in its sway :
Passing away ! passing away !

Passing away ! passing away !
Passing, the loved and the loving each day ;
Passing, the tender, the true, and the bold ;
Passing, the young, and the strong, and the old ;
Passing, the season to labour and pray :
Passing away ! passing away !

Passing away ! passing away !
Cometh the stern truth disguise as we may :
Roses will wither, fair forms will grow old,
Friendship will fade as a tale that is told ;
Life hath no surety, and time hath no stay ;
All that is earthly is passing away !

PR
8657
E4
ser.2

Edwards, David Herschell
Modern Scottish poets

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY